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The China martyrs of 1900

THE CHINA MARTYRS OF 1900

TAI YUEN FU MARTYRS.

G. B. FARTHING. MRS. FARTHING.

THE FARTHING CHILDREN.

E. M. STEWART. MRS. WHITEHOUSE. S. F. WHITEHOUSE.

THE CHINA MARTYRS OF 1900. A COMPLETE ROLL OF THE CHRISTIAN HEROES MARTYRED IN CHINA IN 1900 WITH NARRATIVES OF SURVIVORS

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

ROBERT COVENTRY FORSYTH

FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS A MISSIONARY OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN SHANTUNG

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR PORTRAITS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

THE aim of the writer in the present volume has been to place before his readers a connected account of the events which affected Missions and missionaries in China during the Boxer rising of 1900. All that has yet appeared has been almost necessarily sectional and mainly denominational, and therefore there is a legitimate place for a narrative which combines all the Missions represented, and describes the tragic scenes as a whole.

With so large a field to cover, and such a wealth of material to use, some line must be drawn so as not to exceed reasonable limits of time and space; and this has been done by confining the present volume to the description of events affecting the Protestant missionary body in China. With this end in view, the heroic defence of the Pei-Tang Cathedral in Peking, and the equally heroic resistance successfully offered by Roman Catholic priests and native converts to the marauding bands of Boxers and Imperial troops at Ma Cheng in

Shan-si, and in other parts of the Northern provinces, have been excluded.

Only a selection of the marvellous tales of the escape of Protestant missionaries from the hands of their enemies has been given for the same reason. All available sources of information have been freely used, and the narratives and descriptions of events are given mainly in the form in which they appeared at the time of their publication, or from the pens of those most conversant with the circumstances described.

As the China Inland Mission has the largest missionary staff in the eighteen provinces of China, it naturally follows that the heaviest losses fell upon that body. In order, therefore, to make the picture complete, the writer has availed himself of the liberty, kindly granted by Rev. J. W. Stevenson, the director of that Mission in Shanghai, and by the Home authorities of the Mission, to make what use he pleased of the books and pamphlets issued by the members of the Mission. He has fully availed himself of this permission; other friends have also generously assisted by writing special articles for this volume, or placing their productions at his disposal for the purpose intended, and for these the writer offers his best thanks.

The tragic events of 1900 and their consequences in China, and their relation to Protestant missions in that country, should not remain scattered, and possibly buried

in fugitive books, magazines, and pamphlets. That they should not be focussed in some way in a compact and convenient form seemed to the writer a deplorable loss, to be avoided at all cost if possible. The attempt has been made, therefore, to place the events of this stirring and formative period in a connected and readable form before the reader. The Churches in Europe and America forget only too soon such great upheavals and such heroic deeds as those which occurred in China in 1900. Hence the chief aim of the writer has been to place on record the complete story in a permanent form.

The terrible story of the sufferings of our missionary brethren and sisters, ending, as they did in so many cases, in cruel deaths, has been given so far as practicable in order of time. To increase the general interest and usefulness of the book, and also to illustrate in the best possible way the true catholicity of the great modern missionary enterprise, the main facts and circumstances in the early life and training of the martyrs have been collected together in Chapter XXI. The details are as complete and accurate as it was possible to make them; but biographical facts in some cases have not been procurable.

That this effort, which has been undertaken as a labour of love, and brought to completion amid the many distractions incident to missionary labour during

the whole of the trying period it has endeavoured to record, may have the blessing of God, and may be used by Him to deepen the interest of His people and call forth more enthusiastic support for the ardent prosecution of His work in the Chinese Empire, is the earnest hope and prayer of the writer.

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THE CHINA MARTYRS OF 1900

CHAPTER I

THE BOXER RISING OF 1900

TOWARDS the end of November 1897, the writer, with others in the interior of the province of Shantung, was startled by the rumour, which for some time seemed unworthy of belief, that the Germans had landed troops and taken possession of Kiaochou Bay, one of the finest natural harbours in the province. This was done ostensibly because two Roman Catholic missionaries of German nationality had been murdered in the south-east of the province of Shantung a short time before.

The seizure was easily made. Three German war vessels, commanded by Admiral Diedrichs, entered the bay at Tsing-tau on November 14, 1897, and pointed their guns at the Chinese forts, marines were landed, and an order was given to the commander of the fortress to surrender within three hours. The Chinese troops, who were entrusted with the duty of holding the forts, fled inland, and their commander had no option but to surrender to the enemy within the specified time. The Chinese soldiers, it is said, finding that they were not

pursued, took courage, and, doffing their uniform, joined the ranks of the coolies, and busily assisted in bringing the baggage of the German troops into the fortifications which they had so recently evacuated in a manner so undignified.

This seizure, so easily accomplished, and regarded at the time merely as a punitive measure, met with a chorus of applause from foreign Powers; but none knew then how pregnant this act was with consequences which were to cause all the world to wonder, and to inaugurate one of the most startling revolutions in the history of China.

Following on this event came the demand of Russia for Port Arthur in Manchuria; and, backed as this demand was by France and Germany, that fortress was wrested from Japan, and handed over to Russia without a struggle. Russia immediately thereafter poured troops into Manchuria, altered the terminus of her Siberian railway from Vladivostock to Dalny, and has remained practically in possession of that country ever since. The British, jealous of Russian influence, immediately pressed for the cession to them of Wei-Hai-wei, a convenient harbour also in the province of Shantung, and, after many negotiations and threatenings, finally secured this important place. Up to this time it had been held by the Japanese as a guarantee for the payment of their indemnity. The British took peaceful possession of it, and have remained in occupation till the present time, with every evidence of permanent possession.

All these events were rendered possible by the revelations of the utter helplessness of the Chinese Government, made to an astonished world by the war with Japan. The pride of the Chinese, and the

corruption which marked the administration of public funds by their officials, was the efficient cause which could not fail to bring its Nemesis of disaster and humiliation for the whole nation. That the Chinese Government was stung to the quick by these humiliations it was forced to endure in silence, goes without saying. The young Emperor, Kuang Hsu, seeing that the empire was in danger of rapidly disappearing piecemeal, made efforts which were nothing less than heroic, to stem the tide of encroachment by the reform of the administration. Calling to his aid enlightened and progressive men, he issued, with a rapidity which dazzled and amazed all beholders, edicts which abolished the existing system of Government examinations, turned idol temples into village schools, reduced the various venerable boards in Peking to ciphers, and made the trembling mandarinate feel as if the heavens were about to fall. Not only so, but it seemed as if the new reform movement was to have a strong infusion of Christianity. Early in 1898 the Emperor sent to the American Bible and Tract Depôt in Peking, and ordered a copy of the Bible and of every tract and book that the depôt could supply, for his own reading. These books were passed into the palace, and early and late this ruler of millions could be seen poring over these books, and devouring their contents.

Taking their cue from the Emperor, some of his advisers freely advocated placing Christianity on the same level of toleration with Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism, and some even urged that it should be adopted as the national religion.

This reform movement was hailed with delight by the younger literary men amongst the Chinese, and a demand for Christian literature sprang up unprece-

dented in the history of Christian missions in China. Mission schools were soon crowded, and men of means in Peking and other important centres subscribed large sums for the establishment of schools of Western learning, where their sons might be taught under the new system.

But all this could not proceed without arousing immense opposition, and from very powerful quarters. Many of the high officials, when what they considered as their vested interests were touched, and themselves superseded by men whom they despised as upstarts, turned in their dismay to the Empress-Dowager, and implored her to save their country—by this meaning themselves—from ruin. She, in giving over the reins of government to the Emperor, had still retained in her own hands two of the Imperial prerogatives—first, the use of the Great Seal of State ; and second, the appointment of all the higher civil and military officials. The Emperor strongly urged that these prerogatives should be under his control, but this was indignantly refused. After nearly a week's struggle, the end came on September 22, 1898, in what is known as *The coup d'état*, and the complete triumph of the Empress-Dowager.

Within a week from that date the heads of six of the more prominent reformers were shorn off by the knife of the executioner, giving ghastly testimony to the fact that in the propagation of new ideas there are dangers of which men who love their lives should not lose sight. The names of these men, called the proto-martyrs of the reform party, were T'an-ssu-t'ung, Lui-kuang-ti, Yang-tsui, Liu-hsio, Yang-shen-hsiu, K'ang-kuang-jen. Kang-yu-wei and others, however, succeeded in making their escape. The young Emperor himself was put

under restraint, and the reins of the Government snatched from his grasp, and wielded once more by the able and unscrupulous woman who has controlled the destinies of the empire for nearly half a century. Under the new régime the Government immediately revoked the edicts which had caused so much offence, and, looking about for some means of supporting their designs, thought that they had found a fitting instrument in what is known as the 'Boxer Sect.'

This movement originated in the south-east of Shantung, and was part of the effect of the taking of Kiao-Chou by the Germans. In intention its object was to resist the foreign invasion of the country, and one of its banners had the motto inscribed upon it, 'Support the present dynasty, and destroy the foreigners.' Under the direct encouragement of Yü Hsien, who was then Governor of Shantung, the sect spread rapidly in his jurisdiction, and it was one of their bands who was responsible for the murder of Mr. Brooks. This, however, led to the removal of Yü Hsien, and the policy of repression of the Boxers, inaugurated by his successor, prevented the spread of the movement in Shantung, but drove it more to the north and west; and in the provinces of Chih-li, Shansi, and Manchuria it flourished unchecked. In Shansi—under the rule of Yü Hsien, who had been transferred to that province from Shantung, notwithstanding all the opposition of the foreign Powers — it culminated in the awful murders and massacres of foreigners and natives which have made that province notorious in the annals of crime.

In Chih-li the Boxers began the siege of the Legations in Peking, although it was subsequently carried on by Imperial troops; and in Manchuria they for a time laid low, and in some places almost destroyed,

the work of Christian missions in that part of the empire.

Amongst the secrets of the rapid spread of the Boxers was the fact that they practised incantations, and were supposed by the credulous multitude to be invulnerable. These incantations are thus described in a brochure issued by Dr. John Ross of Moukden, Manchuria. He says: 'The candidate was made to stand facing the south-east, the direction in which Kuan Yin', the Goddess of Mercy, is worshipped. The feet of the novice were set on the sign of the cross. The tips of the forefingers and thumbs were brought together to form a circle. The other fingers were folded backwards on each other towards the forefinger. Through this circle, or through a glass, the youth (it was generally young persons of both sexes who were initiated) looked, placing a circle against each eye, the eyes being closed. His (or her) hands were thus held, and the eyes kept closed during the whole ceremony. The performer went to the side of the youth, and, speaking close to his ear, said, "Ta t'ien, t'ien men kai," "Strike heaven, heaven's door opens," etc., repeating four lines of five syllables which rhymed pleasantly. After the words were said, the "teacher" breathed gently into the ear. He then went to the other side and repeated the same ceremony. From side to side he went till the spell worked and the youth fell back in a trance. He was then asked what spirit he was of, and replied, the God of War, or other deity. He was then known as the medium of that spirit. He stood erect, uttered unearthly yells, calling out, "Slay, slay! kill, kill! burn, burn! the foreigners." He went blindly knocking against walls or any obstacle in his way until exhausted, and then by a smart slap on the forehead

was recalled to his senses. In other words, the youth was hypnotised, and amongst an ignorant and superstitious populace was supposed to be possessed of supernatural powers. It was this which gave the Boxer element such a hold on the people, and led to such portentous and disastrous results of awful wickedness and folly, which, with the encouragement in the highest quarters, well-nigh brought the empire to destruction.'

There were also other causes at work which helped forward this outburst of anti-foreign feeling.

The Chinese are strong in their attachment to, and reverence for, the past. The old ways hallowed by custom, the ways of their ancestors, are looked upon by them with superstitious reverence, and this feeling is enhanced by the worship at the tombs of their fathers, and their constant desire to appease the spirits of the dead in every act of life.

The new ways introduced by the hated foreign devil, who is responsible amongst other things for the introduction of the national curse of the opium habit, which is eating out the vital powers of the nation, have caused, and are causing, the bitterest spirit of animosity in the people generally.

The introduction of Christianity has also caused a ferment amongst the people, and the success of the Protestant form of it has been a source of intense uneasiness amongst the lazy, and mostly vicious, priesthood of the Buddhist, Taoist, and Confucianist forms of religion.

Roman Catholicism is also responsible for creating an antagonism which amounts almost to a passion of hatred amongst rulers and people alike, by their arrogant assumption of equal status with the higher officials, the prosecuting of lawsuits with all the force which

they derive from the unscrupulous use of the protection bestowed on them by the French Government in the person of its representatives, the acquiring of property in all directions, and the use they make of the power and wealth which is thus created.

The condition of the country, too, was such as to cause much discontent amongst the labouring classes. Famine is never far off from the people of Shantung, especially amongst the inhabitants of those counties bordering on the Yellow River, that fruitful source of sorrow and misery. In Chihli, Shansi, and Shensi, the crops had failed, and the sharpest pangs of hunger assailed multitudes of the unfortunate peasantry. In Shensi so great was the distress, that human flesh was sold on the markets as a not uncommon article of diet.

These sufferings were made much of in the proclamations which were issued by the Empress-Dowager and her advisers, as the just anger of Heaven for allowing the foreigners to encroach on the sacred territory of China, and calling upon all patriotic citizens to rise in their wrath and expel them from their coasts. The treatment of the Chinese by foreigners in the treaty ports and elsewhere, the want of respect for their feelings and customs too often met with by them there, their exclusion from other countries by the jealous artisan class, and the cruel way in which many of their countrymen had been treated in these foreign lands,—all these things have helped to swell the tide of anti-foreign feeling which culminated in the disastrous outbreak, to portray which is the purpose of these pages, in so far as it affected missions and missionary interests in China.

CHAPTER II

The First Martyrs

The story of the 'beginning of sorrows' is most pathetic. Mr. Brooks, a young man twenty-four years of age, had joined, two years previously, the S.P.G. Mission, working in the south-west of the province of Shantung, In the year 1894 he had entered St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, and was accepted for work in North China in the spring of 1897. After arrival at his post he struggled sturdily with the Chinese language, and was making good progress. He had already begun his missionary labours, and was devout and earnest in his work. Mr. Brooks had been made a deacon of his Church.

Mr. Brooks had been spending Christmas with his sister, who had lately arrived in China as the bride of Rev. H. J. Brown of the same mission, stationed at T'ai ngan fu. Boxer troubles in the province had caused great anxiety; but up to that time no foreigner had been attacked, and it was still believed to be a local, rather than a general, disturbance, and fully under the control of the authorities.

At Ping-Yin, the other station of the mission in Shantung, about fifty miles from T'ai ngan, Mr. Matthews was alone, and Mr. Brooks, who belonged to that station, was anxious to join his colleague, to be of assistance

during that troublous period. This faithfulness to duty and loyalty to his fellow-worker cost Mr. Brooks his life.

In connection with the death of Mr. Brooks a remarkable dream is recorded. He dreamt, some months before he was called home, that 'he was again at St. Augustine's College, that he read once more the names on the cloister walls, and also in the Memorial Chapel. Then he noticed on one of the walls a space reserved exclusivly for the names of martyrs who had belonged to the college. As he gazed at the space he noticed no name thereon, until gradually as he looked some letters stood out upon the wall, and he read the characters which spelled his own name.' In the light of subsequent events, this seems rather a startling coincidence. It was a subject on which Mr. Brooks frequently dwelt. He certainly had a presentiment that he would die a violent death, and that as a witness for the Faith.

On Friday, December 29, 1899, Mr. Brooks started on his fateful journey. He rode a donkey, and had a lad as donkey driver with him. He passed a night on the road, and the next day arrived at a village called Chang-chia-tien, within a comparatively short distance of his destination. Here he was set upon by a band of ruffians, pulled off his donkey, and led along outside the village. He managed to escape from his captors, and, being an athlete, he ran for his life, and soon outdistanced his pursuers; but men on horseback started in pursuit, and, having overtaken him, they immediately cut him down with their swords and decapitated him, and then threw his body into a ravine by the roadside.

Thus passed away the brave spirit of a young soldier

of Christ, the first martyr who perished under the rule of Yü Hsien, who was then Governor of Shantung. Mr. Brooks's body was subsequently recovered by his colleague, Mr. Matthews, and with the red cross of martyrdom placed upon his breast, he was laid in the tomb at Ping-Yin till the dawn of the resurrection morn.

His colleague, the Rev. H. Matthews, thus writes of Mr. Brooks: 'He was very dear to me, and it was to no small extent due to his wish to be with me in the time of great anxiety that he laid down his life in martyrdom. I wrote most strongly to Brown to keep him back, but he felt it his duty to come, with this terrible result. What a New Year to him! It was on New Year's Day we heard of his death. He was a bright and happy fellow, very cheerful, and a most lovable companion. He himself is at rest, and I know that he was not unwilling to lay down his life in martyrdom.'

As a result of the trial which took place three months after the murder, in presence of Mr. C. W. Campbell, British Consul, who was commissioned to act as assessor, two men were executed, one was sentenced to imprisonment for life, and another for ten years, and a fifth to exile for two years. Besides this, a sum of 9000 taels (about £1500) was paid for erecting a memorial church at Ping-Yin; another memorial at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury; and the head men of the village where Mr. Brooks was captured were fined 500 taels (about £70) for the erection of a memorial tablet under a stone pavilion on the spot where the murder took place.

The death of Mr. Brooks, so sad in itself, so cruel a blow to the sorrowing relatives, was in the providence of God used as a means for the preservation of the lives

of many missionaries scattered throughout the province of Shantung.

Owing to the energetic protests of the American Minister at Peking, backed as we understand by the representations of Sir Claude Macdonald, the infamous Yü Hsien was removed from the Governorship of Shantung, and by this means was prevented from continuing, for the time at least, the policy of active encouragement of the Boxer movement which led to the death of Mr. Brooks. This, if persevered in, would certainly have led to wholesale massacre of foreigners, and destruction of property in Shantung, as actually occurred in the province of Shansi, to which he was afterwards transferred. That Yü Hsien was thus allowed to continue the career which ended in so terrible a calamity in Shansi, is a blot on the action of the diplomatists which brings disgrace on the Governments represented.

The succession in place of Yü Hsien of the enlightened Governor, Yuan Shih Kai, to the governorship of Shantung was, indeed, the salvation of that province, so far as the interests of foreign missionaries and their converts were concerned. True, the evil effects of the policy of the previous governor could not be easily reversed, and, owing to the encouragement from Peking which the Boxer leaders in Shantung received, they were able for a time to defy all the efforts of H. E. Yuan to keep them under control; and thus much damage to property of foreigners and natives alike was the result. In the case of Christian natives there was grievous loss of life, especially in northern districts on the borders of the province of Chih-li. Yet it may be safely inferred that but for the interposition of the restraining influence exercised by a ruler so powerful as Yuan Shih Kai,

the province of Shantung would have been, in all human probability, a scene of carnage and cruelty as bad perhaps as the ill-fated province of Shansi.

Those whose lot as missionaries in the interior of Shantung exposed them to peculiar peril, have every reason to thank God that in His over-ruling providence the death of Mr. Brooks was used as the means of their salvation. They have every reason also to remember him who at the cost of his life secured for them changes which are at the present time of very great value to the cause of missions in the province of Shantung.

Thus this young life, may we not say, so far from being wasted, was spent to the best account, and has been used of God in a marvellous way to further the interests of His Kingdom, a cause to which Mr. Brooks had freely dedicated it.

The second murderous outbreak occurred at Yung-ch'ing, and the following sketch of those who suffered there is from the pen of the Rev. Frank L. Norris.

'Harry Norman was the son of a working man who lived at Portland, near Weymouth, in the south of England. When his school days were over, he was apprenticed to a carpenter, and so learned the trade that was to be useful to him long afterwards in China. His naturally enthusiastic spirit was kindled into a great longing to help in mission work. He was at this time teaching in a National school at Dorchester, and when the wish of his heart was made known, the Dorset Missionary Studentship Association helped him to go to Warminster, where from 1888 to 1890 he was trained for missionary work at St. Boniface College.

'While at Warminster Norman attended lectures in

medicine, and showed such aptitude that it seemed well worth while to enable him to go for six months' further training at Salisbury Infirmary, before he came out to China. I remember times when the compound at Yung-ch'ing would be full of out-patients who came to be treated by him, although he had hardly any instruments, and very scanty drugs.

'In the autumn of 1891 he came out to Chefoo, and in April 1892 he was ordained deacon in Peking, where he worked for five years. He threw himself into the work of the boys' school, and his resistless energy is well exemplified in the two following instances. One of his boys hurt his leg in jumping off a wall, when Mr. Norman was away. He was taken to an American Mission Hospital, where the injury was found to be such that the leg had to be taken off at once above the knee. The poor little fellow was very weak, and the operation—the one chance of saving his life—seemed likely to have ended it. His father came up from the country, with Mr. Norman, to take his son home, as we thought, to die. Norman himself had to go to bed at once on his return, having been for some time seriously out of sorts. I urged him to go to Chefoo for the summer, as his doctor strongly recommended; but I was rather surprised when, after resisting the suggestion for two or three days, he was suddenly converted to its immediate importance. And for twenty-four hours I was left in the dark as to the cause. Then, on the very day we were to start, I understood it. For there, in a cart ready to go with us to the station, was the little one-legged schoolboy, so weak that Mr. Norman carried him in his arms from the cart to the train, from the train to the steamer, and from the steamer's side at Chefoo to the mission house

there. But he saved the boy's life, and he returned a bonny, healthy boy, on crutches made by Mr. Norman himself, and is now married and living happily at home.

'The other instance is equally characteristic. One of our older schoolboys was due to leave school. He was a dunce at his books, and not very popular, and disinclined for farm work after five or six years at school. Mr. Norman said he would make a good carpenter, and when we pointed out the failure of previous attempts to launch our schoolboys in that way, we were told we, and not they, were to blame for it. Honestly, I think we all felt the experiment had been tried and failed, and was not worth trying again. But then we were not Normans. He taught the boy, he made us give him little orders,—the table he made for me was a curiosity,—he apprenticed him (at his own expense) to a Peking carpenter, and when he was dissatisfied with the result, as we had been in former days, he sent the boy, at his own expense, to Chefoo, and apprenticed him there to one of the best carpenters in North China, Tong Hing, where he kept him for three years. The boy is now making twelve dollars a month, and has taught two other Christian boys his trade. He was Norman's head carpenter at Yung-ch'ing in building his church rooms and furnishing them, and we have found him very useful at Tientsin in the same capacity. But he owes his skill entirely to Norman's invincible perseverance.

'In 1897, Norman went to Yung-ch'ing, fifty miles south of Peking, to live; and in the autumn he was joined there by Charles Robinson. He at once began to inspire the school work there with fresh life. "Mr. Norman," wrote the Bishop a year later, "is indefatig-

able, as in his general work, so especially, perhaps, in the pains he takes with his boys." And he himself ended an appeal for help at the same time with the words, "Whatever is done will not be done in vain; the future Church in China will reap the advantage. 'Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.'" But he did not neglect other work for the school. In 1898, through "the black clouds of political trouble," which he thought "affected our work very considerably," he increased the roll of communicants by twenty-five per cent. Between December 25, 1898, and January 6, 1899, he "celebrated the Holy Communion eight times, communicated about one hundred and thirty people, and travelled about three hundred and eighty miles." On July 6, 1899, he saw the completion of a district church, now in ruins, of which he wrote: "We cannot boast of a church built entirely by native money, but we can truly say that most of the Christians did as much as we could expect, and some even more. For they gave us of their money to buy, they lent their beasts of burden to draw materials, and as many as could be spared from farming occupations came and helped as labourers."

'Mr. Charles Robinson was also trained at St. Boniface College, Warminster, where he had gone in 1895 from Leeds. He was well known and much respected in his own parish at Wortley, near Leeds, and two years' steady work at St. Boniface College made us hope that he would be a great help to the work in China.

'The first impression he produced was that of an extraordinarily methodical worker. And he worked at his Chinese with a curious unselfishness. He was

THE FIRST MARTYRS.

A BOXER IN 1900.
CHARLES ROBINSON.

S. M. W. BROOKS.
H. V. NORMAN.

[*To face page* 17.

engaged to be married, and all through the dull grind of learning the language in its first stages, he thought and planned how he could make it easier and simpler for his intended wife.

'He came to meet me at Chefoo, on my return from England, in March 1900. His intended bride, Miss Rule, had left home with me, and had died at sea near Colombo. I had, of course, wired the news to Peking, but the Bishop had rightly encouraged Mr. Robinson to proceed to Chefoo to meet us, and so to hear as soon as possible the details of her death. What impressed me was his perfect self-control, due, if one was to judge by little indications, to an absolute conviction that God's ways are always best. He had had an almost prophetic intuition of what was coming. I remember his saying to me, as we walked up and down together, "After all, it is best as it is. I shall be freer when the trouble comes at Yung-ch'ing; I could not face it with her." In two months it had come, and I doubt not that she was among the first to welcome him on the other side.

'Trouble had threatened in that district for some little time, and Mr. Norman repeatedly urged the British Consul in Tientsin to make the Viceroy send troops to disperse the gathering Boxer bands. But no effective measures—if any—were taken, and things looked darker every day as the month of May wore on. Norman and Robinson were urged to escape; the former refused, and the latter expressed his determination to stick to his comrade.

'Norman's courage in remaining at his post was in my opinion entirely justified by the chance it offered of overawing the local Boxers, who at that time still feared the foreigners somewhat, and by the time it

afforded for some of the Christians to seek safety. Moreover, if the magistrate had done his duty, neither Norman nor Robinson would have lost their lives.

'Very early on June 1, the attack began on our Christians in two villages, distant half a mile and one and a half miles respectively from the city. By daylight the Boxers were at the doors of our own compound. The two or three Christians there were urged by Mr. Norman to save themselves, and he and Mr. Robinson did the technically correct thing in flying for refuge to the Magistrate's Yamen. But when the Boxers demanded their surrender, they were forced to leave the Yamen by a back way, and denied a promised asylum in the Confucian Temple, and compelled to escape as best they could. Charles Robinson was killed in a moment, inside the north gate of the city, and, later in the day, the magistrate, terrified for the consequences of his own cowardice, gathered the remains in a coffin. Norman had managed to get outside the city, but was almost immediately found and taken prisoner. For twenty-four terrible hours he lived to bear witness how a Christian could face death; and then was released from captivity and from life, and passed to his reward in heaven. His body was hurriedly buried under a tree, not far from the spot where he was murdered, and there it is to-day, with that of Charles Robinson and one of our native catcehists alongside of it, in a portion of ground which will for long years to come be the Christian cemetery of the Yung-ch'ing Church. May their example help us to be more like them!'

CHAPTER III

The Massacre at Pao-ting-fu[1]

Pao-ting-fu, the capital of the province of Chih-li, is situated about one hundred and twenty miles south-west of Peking. The district in the vicinity of Peking is known as the Metropolitan district, and, together with the capital of the empire, has a governmental system entirely separate from the provincial government of Chih-li, to which province it geographically belongs. Chih-li is governed by a Viceroy (for many years the Viceroy was the famous Li Hung Chang); and for convenience of administration the Viceroy resides in the city of Tientsin, as being the most important centre for trade. The presence of many foreign residents gives it also more importance than Pao-ting-fu, the proper provincial capital.

Though the Boxer Society had its origin in Shantung, its first outbreak on any large scale was in the villages about Pao-ting-fu, whence it ravaged along the railway known as the Lu Han line, the great trunk line route between Peking and Hankow, then in course of construction. The engineers, with their wives and families, were driven off, and had to force their way to Tientsin by desperate fighting, in which some lost their lives.

[1] For biographical details of the missionaries referred to in this chapter, see pp. 412–424.

All the stations on the new line were wrecked, and at Feng tai, the immense new workshops, built for the construction of the railway, were entirely destroyed. The Boxers, gaining courage from their efforts, swept all before them, and swarmed down on Pao-ting-fu.

For the story of the massacre we follow mainly the account of the Rev. J. Walter Lowrie, of the American Presbyterian Mission, who belonged to the station of Pao-ting-fu, but, fortunately, happened to be absent when the final catastrophe came.

In the spring of 1900 there were some thirty-two of the Protestant missionary community, including women and children, resident in Pao-ting-fu. These were distributed in three compounds. Two of these, the American Board and the China Inland Missions, were situated south of the city, and distant from the city gate half a mile or more, and from each other less than a quarter of a mile; the third, the American Presbyterian Mission, was located north of the city about a mile. The Roman Catholics had a fine pile of buildings, including a handsome church, priests' residences, and schools.

On June 1, 1900, many of the Protestant missionaries were absent from their station, some being in the United States and others elsewhere in China. There were in all fifteen left at Pao-ting-fu, one being Mr. William Cooper, of the China Inland Mission, Shanghai, who was there on a visit. The remainder consisted of five men, five women, and four children. Belonging to the American Presbyterian Mission were Dr. G. Y. Taylor, Rev. F. E. S. Simcox, Mrs. Simcox, and three children, and Dr. C. V. R. and Mrs. Hodge. Of the American Board were Rev. H. T. Pitkin, Miss M. S. Morrill, and Miss A. A. Gould. Of the China Inland Mission were Mr. and Mrs. B. Bagnall and one child, and Mr. W. Cooper.

All communication by road was destroyed before June 8, 1900, but protection was promised by the authorities. The Boxers often said they had no ill-will to Protestant missionaries; still they grew more violent in the country round about, and the missionaries telegraphed frequently to Tientsin and Peking for military protection. This the Viceroy, Yü Lu, repeatedly promised, and some soldiers were sent as a guard, but were soon withdrawn. As the impending danger became more threatening, the city authorities suggested to the missionaries to come within the walls and occupy a rented house in the city. But the missionaries, fearing that if they abandoned the mission premises, these would be destroyed, decided to remain where they were. They were advised to put up the notice, in large characters, the words 'Protestant Mission,' and this was done.

About June 24 some of the servants and helpers fled, but others, with splendid fidelity, remained to the end, and perished with their foreign friends. About that time a ferocious edict was issued inciting the people to kill the foreigners and to destroy their property. This was all that was needed to encourage the Boxers to begin their operations.

On the afternoon of Thursday, June 28, 1900, while Pastor Meng, of the American Board Mission, was packing the books in the street chapel within the city, preparatory to removing everything and sealing up the premises, he was suddenly seized and bound, and carried off to a temple occupied by the Boxers. Mr. Pitkin sent his card to the Yamen to secure Meng's release, but in vain. After a night of suffering, he was beheaded, and his body thrown into a ditch behind the temple. His body was afterwards recovered, and received

decent Christian burial at the hands of his native brethren in Christ.

On the day of Pastor Meng's arrest, Dr. Taylor had made his regular visit to the city dispensary in the north street. Some native college men, frequent patients of his, came in a body, and with tears in their eyes expressed their inability to help him. They themselves narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Boxers later on. Dr. Taylor shed tears with them for a moment, then recovering himself, bade them good-bye, and, closing the dispensary door with his accustomed self-control, he returned with peaceful countenance to sustain the hearts of the younger missionaries at his home. He never betrayed the slightest fear during these trying days, but, with amazing cheerfulness, diverted the ladies and strengthened the courage of his colleagues. They thought of fleeing southward by cart, and drew all their silver from the native bank; it appears, however, that they could not get a carter who could be induced to risk the journey.

On the morning of June 27 an officer came from the Yamen to ask Dr. Taylor to give up the keys of his city dispensary, so that the furniture and medicines could be removed to a safe place, for fear of the Boxers looting them. These he gave; and to the officer's suggestion that he should appeal to some of his friends among the gentry for protection, Dr. Taylor answered with a sigh, 'My gentry friends are only friends in the dispensary; they will do nothing for me now. My only real friend is President Wu-ru-sun, and he can with difficulty preserve his own life.' President Wu had in fact fled alone and in disguise from the city that very morning.

The dispensary furniture was removed, the Chinese attendants fleeing to the country that day; they

returned, however, on the following day to the mission compound, and there met their death. One escaped southward with a little boy, a son of a relative who had been entrusted to his care; he had a son of his own also with him. He found that he could not save the two boys, and after a mental conflict he concluded to leave his own son with friends, and endeavour to escape with the son of his relative. He was able to escape, and in due time arrived at his relative's house, and delivered up his charge safe and sound in his own home.

On June 30, a mob of Boxers and rabble from the streets bent on pillage came by a circuitous route to the Presbyterian Mission compound. They piled stubble against the outer gate, fired it, and soon reduced it to ashes. Then they looted the hospital, chapel, and Mr. Miller's house, and also the houses of Mrs. Lowrie and Dr. Hodge, setting fire to each before the contents were entirely removed.

The natives in the compound—two faithful gate-keepers, some servants, and two old women and some children—were either killed or driven to leap into the well; while two of the foreigners with a rifle and shot-gun held the crowd at bay from the windows of the house of Mr. Simcox, where they had all fled for refuge. The leading Boxer was killed by the shot, but finally the crowd succeeded in firing the building itself, and all the inmates perished in the flames. Mr Simcox was seen walking to and fro, hand in hand with his two little sons, as the flames enveloped them. Dr. Taylor had remonstrated with the crowd from the window of his own room, pleading the deeds of kindness which they all had done so many times for the people; but it was unavailing, and he also perished in the flames of his house. Thus this noble party

passed from their funeral pyre to the reward laid up for those who suffer for Christ's sake and the Gospel's.

Dr. Taylor's faithful medical assistant had received travelling expenses from his master, so as to be able to flee for his life, but had nevertheless remained to the last. He was seized and killed, and his body, still writhing in death agonies, was buried in a shallow grave.

The report of this foul massacre soon reached the ears of the other missionaries, so they had a little time to prepare for the worst. Mr. Pitkin prayed with a Chinese school teacher who was with him, then he wrote some letters, which were buried in an outhouse behind his residence. His last words to the faithful Chinaman who was with him were, 'Tell the mother of little Horace to tell Horace that his father's last wish was that when he is twenty-five years of age he should come to China as a missionary.' The Chinaman, at Mr. Pitkin's request, then leaped over the wall, and managed finally to escape.

Next morning, in the middle of pouring rain, the compound was attacked. Soon the gate was burst open, and the crowd, aided by Imperial soldiery, rushed in and surrounded the chapel, where Mr. Pitkin, Miss Morrill, and Miss Gould had fled. Through the window Mr. Pitkin fired on the mob till his ammunition was exhausted, then Mr. Pitkin and the two ladies leaped through a near window of the church into the schoolyard, and took refuge in a small room there. They were soon found, and Mr. Pitkin's head was severed from his body by a sword stroke. The ladies were rudely seized by the brutal mob. Miss Gould became powerless with excitement, and fell motionless to the ground. Her hands and feet were

bound, and by means of a pole she was carried to a temple which was the headquarters of the Boxers. Miss Morrill exhorted the people as she walked along to the temple, and even gave some silver to a poor creature in the crowd. They were detained in the temple some time, and while there Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and their little daughter Gladys, with Mr. W. Cooper, were also brought to the same place.

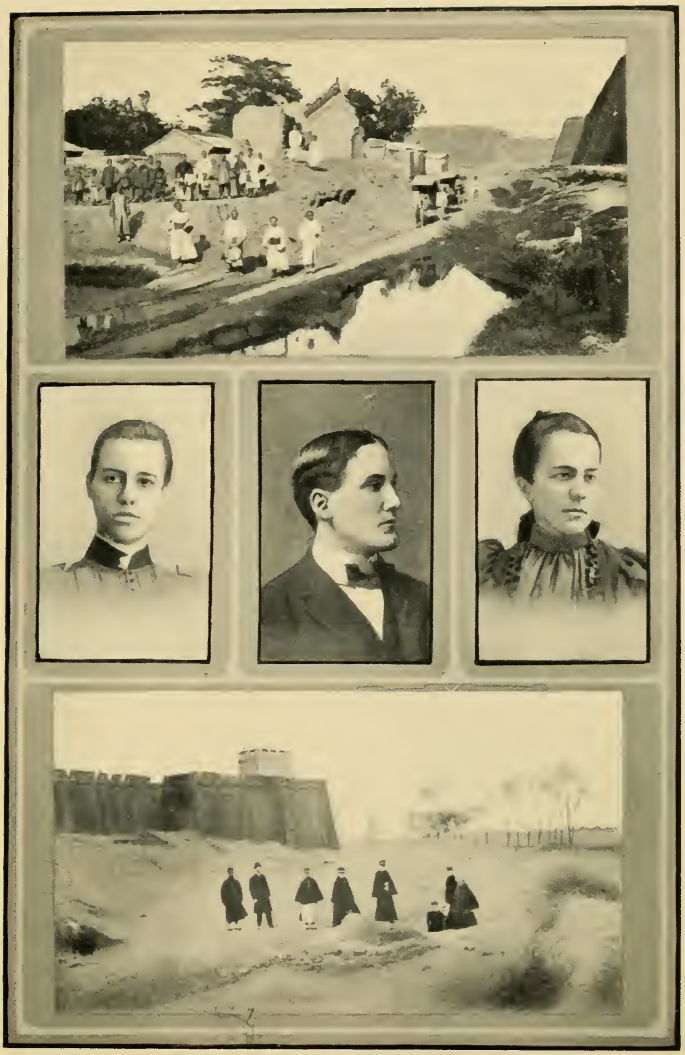
It seems that this latter party, hearing and seeing what was going on in the neighbouring mission compound not half a mile away, had made a hasty collection of money and valuables and fled to the Imperial military camp near their house, hoping that the soldiers would at least permit them to pass on towards Tientsin. The colonel in charge, named Wang Ch'an Kuei, instead of helping them, deprived the party of all the money and valuables they had, and then handed them over to the provincial judge, who in turn delivered them to the Boxers.

The Boxers, after detaining the whole party till the afternoon in the temple, finally led them outside the city to the south-east corner of the city wall. They were led in a line by the Boxers, by means of a rope passed round and tied to the uplifted hands of Mr. Bagnall, and thence fastened round his neck. Each member of the party was similarly tied, and attached to the one in front, except little Gladys Bagnall, who was allowed to walk freely at the side. Guns were fired and demonstrations made until they reached a large mound, said to have been the grave of a Boxer previously killed in one of the many attacks on the native Christians. There they were all beheaded, except little Gladys, who was thrust through with a sword. They were all buried in one grave.

On the arrival of the foreign troops, some three and a half months later, it was found that these remains had been much disturbed, and were seemingly undistinguishable. But kindly hands amongst the friendly natives of the neighbourhood had evidently reburied the bodies as they became exposed to view. With regard to this subject, Dr. Edwards writes, in a letter dated February 23, 1901, as follows :—'Yesterday we recovered the remains of those killed, and placed them in coffins; we found only the skeleton of one headless body, which was recognised by some garments on it as that of Miss Gould. There was also part of another body. In the same pit were seven heads, six foreign and one Chinese; and these were all recognised by some distinguishing mark. Even dear little Gladys Bagnall had been beheaded, but whether before or after death we could not tell. Mr. Bagnall and Mr. Cooper had both been tightly bound round the head with a rope which passed over the eyes, so tight was it that when removed it left quite a distinct mark on the skull. Most of the coffins will contain only a skull. We had a short informal service outside the city.'

Mr. Pitkin's body was buried with those of a number of native Christians who were killed on that fatal day. Pao-ting-fu city has since been punished for these offences by the soldiers of the allies. The provincial judge, the military commandant, and the colonel who refused aid to Mr. Cooper's party, have been beheaded. The gate towers, the city wall towers, and a portion of the wall have been blown up, the Boxer temple destroyed, and the gentry have been fined one hundred thousand taels (about £17,000 or $85,000, gold).

On Friday, March 22, 1901, a party left Peking for



PAO TING FU MARTYRS.

RUINS OF TEMPLE WHERE THE MISSIONARIES WERE IMPRISONED.

A. A. GOULD. H. T. PITKIN. M. S. MORRILL.

SCENE OF MARTYRDOM OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

[*To face p. 26.*

Pao-ting-fu over the newly reopened Lu-han railway line. The train passed through a breach in the Peking city wall, and thence southwards to the Lu K'ou bridge, without going near Feng t'ai, the former junction. All the railway stations along the line, except one or two near T'ao teng fu, had been destroyed in the recent troubles.

The object of this visit to Pao-ting-fu was to attend the memorial service for the Protestant missionaries who were killed there last year. Rev. J. Walter Lowrie, of the American Presbyterian Mission, and Dr. A. Peck, of the American Board Mission, had made all necessary arrangements to this end. The provincial and city officials had also exerted themselves to make everything as comfortable as possible for the visitors. They had fitted up rooms at their own expense, provided with furniture sufficient for all the party needing accommodation. On the night of their arrival they sent red cards, with four sheep, forty fowls, two hundred pears, and five hundred eggs, besides furnishing a quantity of foreign stores.

The first service was on Saturday, March 23, on the ruins of the Presbyterian compound, which had been utterly destroyed by the Boxers. A mat-shed had been erected in the usual manner of Chinese funerals, and under it the company, which included some Chinese officials, were shortly assembled, and where an interesting and impressive ceremony was held, conducted, in this case, mostly in the English language. As no remains of the bodies were found, the whole party having perished in the flames of the burning houses where they had assembled, there were no coffins prepared, and there was, of course, no burial service other than the memorial service described above. At the

close of the service each of the Chinese officials came forward and saluted the memorial tablets and inscriptions with which the mat pavilion was decorated. The number of native Christians belonging to the Presbyterian Mission who suffered martyrdom about the same time was, so far as known, about thirty. Many of them, however, having died at a distance from the city, the recovery of their bodies was impossible.

On the following day — Sunday, March 24 — the services for the martyrs of the American Board and China Inland Missions were held in a large Chinese compound at no great distance from the place formerly occupied by the mission; the mission compounds themselves being in ruins, and only a few of the walls remaining. The officials, observing that at the service on the previous day a large company assembled, provided still more ample accommodation in the way of mat-sheds for those who might come on this occasion.

In one of the mat-sheds were twenty-six coffins, containing the remains of the foreign martyrs of the China Inland and American Board Missions, and the bodies of some of the Chinese who had perished about the same time.

The service held was similar to that of the preceding day, and the attendance included those already mentioned and others who made it their business to be present.

In the afternoon of the same day the burial proper took place, at a cemetery newly acquired on a large plot of land lying between the former American Board Mission compound and their hospital premises. Only six catafalques remained in the city, and all of them were voluntarily placed at the disposal of the missions without charge. The remaining coffins were otherwise

transported to the graves, and the long and imposing procession, headed by screens, banners, and mottoes, passed through the entire length of the south suburb to the south gate, and then by a devious route to the cemetery, and was witnessed in respectful silence by thousands of spectators.

Without previous intention, the day in each of these funeral services turned out to be exactly nine months after the massacres. The contrast between the tumultuous rioting of that terrible occasion and the Sabbath stillness of this, was among the most striking contrasts of this extraordinary experience. A few simple words at the graves concluded the public ceremonies.

At a late hour the eighteen foreigners interested, who included representatives of four missions, met at the residence of Mr. Lowrie for a private memorial service, where tearful tributes and testimonies were offered to the memories and work of those who had fallen, several of them on the very threshold of life's task, and others after decades of Christian service.

CHAPTER IV

The T'ai-yuen-fu Tragedy [1]

T'AI-YUEN-FU, the capital of the province of Shan-si, lies on the northern border of a fertile plain, 3000 feet above the level of the sea; this plain, which extends for about two thousand square miles, owes its existence to the gradual filling up of a lake, the waters which were once held in it having gradually cut their way out and left the river Fan to drain the surplus. The city itself is not large in extent nor of great importance commercially, and within the city walls there is much vacant space. The inhabitants have been considered intelligent and, in the matter of banking business, enterprising. They are, as a rule, mild and inoffensive in manner, and have hitherto treated foreigners, whether traveller casually passing through, or missionary resident, with indifference, but seldom with hostility. Their most conspicuous vice, which they share with the people of Shan-si generally, is the opium habit.

Protestant missionary enterprise began in that city in 1877, at the time of the great famine which raged throughout the province, and is said to have cut off, by the slow process of starvation, millions of

[1] For biographical details of missionaries referred to in this chapter, see pp. 424-443.

men, women, and children. Whole villages were depopulated, and became a prey to the ravages of wolves, who battened on the bodies of the dead and dying people. Cannibalism was of frequent occurrence, and even the corpses of some were exhumed and eaten. Relief work was undertaken by Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries alike, and was begun as early as the summer of 1877.

'At the beginning of their labours,' writes the Secretary of the Central Committee in Shanghai, the late Rev. W. Muirhead, D.D., 'the distributors were received with a degree of prejudice and suspicion which utterly frustrated any attempt to prosecute the work. They were supposed to have sinister objects in view, and not only was their charity refused, but they were even in imminent danger of their lives. After a time, however, they bore down the ill-will and aspersions of the people of all classes, changing their sentiments and feelings of doubt and distrust into those of the deepest gratitude and respect. They gained the zealous co-operation of Li Hung Chang, who was then Governor of Chih-li, and the active countenance and help of the rulers and gentry of other provinces. Amongst others who distinguished themselves in the work of distribution may be mentioned Rev. David Hill, late of Hankow; Professor F. H. James, who was killed at the siege in Peking; and the Rev. Timothy Richard, D.D., now of Shanghai.

Thus did the hand of charity open the hearts of the people, and thus was begun a work which has been nobly carried on by later workers, who have laboured long, and passed from us, with little to encourage and much to depress, but with a persistence and enthusiasm which, in later years, had begun to tell in a marked

degree; and there was promise of a harvest of in-gathering into the Christian Church which the recent outburst of anti-foreign hatred only served to render more conspicuous.

T'ai-yuen-fu is the centre of the missionary work conducted in the province by the Shao-yang or North China Mission, the English Baptists, and the British and Foreign Bible Society. The China Inland Mission, whose work lies mainly in the southern part of the province, had also frequent communication with, and interest in, its capital city.

About the end of April 1900, the then notorious Yü Hsien reached T'ai-yuen-fu. He had previously been Governor of Shantung, but had been removed in December 1899, owing to the representations of some of the Legations in Peking. He had been received, however, by the Empress-Dowager with special marks of favour, and, in recognition of his services, was appointed to the governorship of Shan-si. As soon as he arrived at the capital of his province, and even on the way thither, the Boxer movement sprang into active existence.

Towards the end of May, letters began to come to T'ai-yuen-fu from the south of the province with the information that the Boxers had made disturbances in several places. On receiving this information, Mr. Farthing, of the English Baptist Mission, stationed at T'ai-yuen-fu, made representations to the authorities, pointing out the danger to which all foreigners and Christian natives were exposed if these outbreaks remained unchecked. These representations, however, seem to have had no result. Early in June, Mrs. Millar Wilson and child came from P'ing-yang to T'ai-yuen-fu, accompanied by Miss J. Stevens and

Miss M. Clark from Ho-chau, and, on June 26, Dr. Millar Wilson arrived in the provincial capital. These were all members of the China Inland Mission, and unwittingly, as it seems, were all gathered to their doom, which fell upon them with startling suddenness. On June 27, without any previous warning, a mob assembled in front of the Schofield Memorial Hospital, which was then in charge of Dr. Lovitt. On the compound at the time were Dr. and Mrs. Lovitt and child, Mr. and Mrs. Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, and Miss Coombs. In a short time the mob began to loot the premises, and proceeded to set the buildings on fire. Those within the buildings, with the exception of Miss Coombs, forced their way through the crowd, and finally succeeded in reaching Mr. Farthing's house in safety. Miss Coombs had returned to the buildings in order to help a little Chinese girl to escape who was a patient in the hospital. When leaving the building, she was struck on the head with a piece of iron, knocked down, and, when she rose, was pushed back into the burning house, where she finally perished. Her charred remains were, however, recovered on the following day, and buried in the courtyard.

In the meantime the other missionaries had made every effort to secure protection for those in such peril, and to repress the rioters. After some time soldiers were sent to the scene of destruction and bloodshed, but it was only to look on idly while the mob proceeded with their deadly business. The missionaries subsequently made other efforts to rouse the authorities to a sense of their duty and their need of protection; but it became increasingly evident that no help was to be expected, and in the end it proved that their massacre was intended, and that all was done of settled purpose.

On Tuesday, July 3, three officials came from the Governor and said, 'If you ask for protection, you must go to a house in the Chu-tu-h'siang. The house has four courts, and you can occupy two, and the Roman Catholics the other two.' This house was near the centre of the city, and had been used as the head-quarters of the Railway Bureau. The missionaries, not without many misgivings, finally consented to go, and removed there on Friday, July 6. Some faithful Chinese servants accompanied them, and for a day or two they were left in some degree of comfort and comparative quiet.

Meanwhile, other events were transpiring which afterwards helped to explain why these doomed ones were allowed this respite from the fate which, alas! too surely awaited them. About eighty miles east from T'ai-yuen-fu is the county town of Shao-yang, and in this town, which has a market and is on the main road to Peking, were stationed Rev. T. W. Pigott, B.A., with his wife and child. In the household was a gentleman named Mr. J. Robinson, engaged as tutor to Master Wellesley Pigott, and Miss Duval as governess, and two girls, children of Rev. S. R. Atwater, of Fen-chou-fu, who were there at the time, and also under instruction from Miss Duval and Mr. Robinson.

Early in June, Mr. Pigott began to be uneasy about the condition of the country. Rumours were being circulated accusing the Christians of poisoning the wells, and in consequence Mr. Pigott wrote to the resident official on the subject, and received a friendly and apparently satisfactory reply. On June 29, a letter came from the magistrate, which stated that, on the day previously, he had received, through the Governor, an Imperial Proclamation, and the tenor of it was that foreigners were no longer to receive official protection.

If Mr. Pigott wished to leave, he would escort him in any direction to the boundaries of his jurisdiction, but could do no more.

Mr. Pigott, on receipt of this, called together his household to discuss the situation, but before anything was decided a letter arrived from T'ai-yuen-fu which increased the alarm. It was written by Mr. Stokes, who belonged to the same mission, and was sent from Mr. Farthing's house, whither he and the others had fled. It described the burning of the hospital and other mission buildings, and the murder of Miss Coombs, on June 27. On receiving this, immediate preparations were made for flight. On the premises at the time was a Christian woman who had been residing there as a patient. Her husband, also a Christian, had that very day come to take his wife home, and they invited Mr. Pigott and his household to go with them to their village, a small one of ten families, situated in an isolated position. This invitation was accepted, and they started off the same day about four o'clock. The ladies and children of the party rode on animals, Mr. Pigott and Mr. Robinson travelling on foot. It was quite dark when they reached the village of Pei-liang-shan, where they occupied for the night the cave-dwelling of the Christian native who had invited them there.

The next morning they were surprised to find that several hundreds of people came, as they said, to see the foreigners. All day the country people crowded the little yard in front of the house which the foreigners occupied, and a continuous stream of people went to and fro in and out of the place. Some were overheard discussing the doings of the Boxers and the destruction of mission premises in other places.

That night rain fell heavily, so that the next day was comparatively free from crowds; but two native Christians arrived from Shao-yang, who described what had happened there after the party had left. The assistant in the dispensary had cleared out all the drugs and instruments which were left there, besides stores, and had taken them, as he said, for safety to his own house. Later, a renegade Christian had led the crowd in breaking into the mission premises, looting their property, and destroying much that they could not carry away, even doors and windows.

On July 2, a man came to tell them that only a few miles off some native Christians had been killed. This news was soon spread about, and then crowds began to gather, and commenced to pillage, not only the goods of the foreigners, but also of the Christian natives who had so kindly befriended them. Seeing that no effort of his could restrain the mob, Mr. Pigott finally decided to return to Shao-yang and seek the protection of the mandarin, whom he believed was willing to be friendly, and might be able to protect them. Just as the party left the village they all knelt in prayer. Mr. and Mrs. Pigott prayed in the Chinese, and the others in the English, language, and then they continued their sad journey.

On reaching the river just outside the city of Shao-yang, they had some difficulty in crossing it, owing to the recent heavy rains. On reaching the other side, they were, as a consequence, more or less wet and muddy. Some of the people of the city recognised them, and ran, shouting 'The foreign devils have come back.' They, however, finally eluded these rowdies, and about midnight got to the Yamen, where they were ultimately placed in a guard-house.

In a day or two they were all conveyed on their way to T'ai-yuen-fu in a large country cart without any covering over it, and Mr. Pigott and Mr. Robinson were handcuffed. They had an escort of about fifty soldiers, who protected them in several places from the attacks of the Boxers. On the journey it is stated that Mrs. Pigott fed her husband, as he was handcuffed, with the common Chinese food, which can be purchased along the road from itinerant vendors. Mr. Robinson, however, managed to take the food himself. Whilst they were watering the animals by the roadside, Mr. Pigott and Mr. Robinson occupied the time in preaching to the people who gathered round. The people were much astonished at this, and said, 'They are going to be killed for preaching, and yet go on doing so.' Thus did these faithful servants of Christ witness a good confession before many witnesses, and were not ashamed of their chains. May we not hope that their testimony may yet be used of God in the salvation of many?

When about three miles from T'ai-yuen-fu they were met by an escort of two hundred horse and foot soldiers, and by these they were brought into the city on the evening of July 8. They asked to be taken to where the other foreigners were, but they were told by the soldiers that they had all gone to the Yamen, and so Mr. Pigott and his party were lodged in the district prison.

On Monday, July 9, 1900, an order came from the Governor to the party confined in the house on the Chu-tu-h'siang, that they were to be brought to his Yamen, in order to be sent off under escort to the coast. One can well imagine with what alacrity all got themselves ready in anticipation of their journey to a place of safety. On arrival at the Yamen, however, they

were speedily undeceived. They were all ranged in line outside the Yamen entrance in the open space next to the street. The whole number of men, women, and children were then stripped to the waist like common criminals, and were made to wait in this degrading condition till the Governor came out to inspect them. On his arrival, he asked of what nationality they were, and some one replied, 'Ta ying Kuo' ('Great heroic nation': the official title for England). At this the Governor laughed scornfully, and at once gave the order for the murder of the prisoners.

The first to suffer martyrdom was Mr. Farthing of the English Baptist Mission. His wife clung to him, but he gently put her aside, and, going in front of the soldiers, knelt down without uttering a word, and then received the death-blow. He was speedily followed by Messrs. Hoddle and Beynon, and Drs. Lovitt and Wilson, all of whom were beheaded by the executioner with one blow. Then the Governor, Yü Hsien, getting impatient, ordered his bodyguard to assist in the massacre. Messrs. Stokes and Simpson were next killed, one or two after several blows from the knives of the executioners. When the men were all despatched, the ladies were taken. Mrs. Farthing had hold of the hands of her children, who clung to her, but the soldiers roughly parted them, and with one blow beheaded their mother. The children were beheaded by the executioners in turn at a single blow, but the soldiers, being unskilled, required several blows to finish their victims.

Mrs. Lovitt was wearing her spectacles, and held the hand of her little boy even when she was killed. She said to the people, 'We all came to China to bring you the good news of salvation by Jesus Christ. We

T'AI YUEN FU MARTYRS.

E. A. COOMBS. A. E. LOVITT. MRS. LOVITT.
A. HODDLE.
MRS. STOKES. G. W. STOKES. MRS. SIMPSON. J. SIMPSON.

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have done you no harm, but only sought your good; why do you treat us so?' A soldier took off her spectacles before beheading her, which was done in two blows.

When the Protestants belonging to T'ai-yuen-fu were beheaded, the Roman Catholics were led forward. The Bishop, an old man with a large white beard, asked the Governor why he did this wicked deed. For an answer, the Governor drew his sword across the face of the Bishop, causing the blood to flow down his beard, and he was then speedily massacred. The priests and nuns quickly followed him in death.

Then Mr. Pigott and his party were led out of the county jail, which was close by. Mr. Pigott preached to the people till the very last. Mr. Robinson suffered death very calmly. Mrs. Pigott held the hand of her son even when she was beheaded, and he was killed immediately after her. Miss Duval and the two Atwater girls were then despatched, finishing the ghastly tragedy, so far as the Europeans were concerned, although on that day and subsequently many native Christians, both Catholic and Protestant, were massacred. All the bystanders were surprised at the firmness and quietness of the foreigners in the hour of death. None of them made any noise except three of the children.

Forty-six Europeans—thirty-four Protestants and twelve Roman Catholics—suffered martyrdom at this time, besides Miss E. Coombs, who died on June 27. The bodies were all left where they fell till the next morning, as it was evening before the work was finished. During the night, they were stripped of their clothing and robbed of their rings and watches. The next day, the remains were removed to a place inside the South Gate, and were finally (some months afterwards) interred

in a cemetery which was situated about two miles from the city, on the top of a hill. This was specially prepared for their interment by the then Governor of the province. After the massacre, all the houses of the foreigners and the Roman Catholic Cathedral were looted and destroyed.

The following is the martyr roll:—

Mission.	Protestants.	
English Baptist. T'ai-yuen-fu.	Rev. G. B. Farthing, Mrs. Farthing, Ruth, Guy, and Baby	5
	Miss E. M. Stewart, governess, do.	1
	Rev. S. F. Whitehouse, Mrs. Whitehouse	2
North China. Shao-yang.	Mr. T. W. Pigott, Mrs. Pigott, and their son Wellesley	3
	Miss Duval, Mr. J. Robinson, Ernestine Atwater, Mary Atwater. (The two girls belonged to the A.B.C.F.M., Fen-chou-fu.)	4
T'ai-yuen-fu.	Dr. A. E. Lovitt, Mrs. Lovitt and Baby Jack	3
	Mr. G. W. Stokes, Mrs. Stokes, Mr. J. Simpson, Mrs. Simpson	4
	Miss E. A. Coombs (killed on June 27)	1
Independent.	Mr. A. Hoddle (formerly of the Shao-yang Mission	1
China Inland. P'ing-yang.	Dr. W. Millar Wilson, Mrs. Millar Wlson, and Baby Alexander	3
Do. Ho-chau.	Miss J. Stevens, Miss M. Clarke	2
B. & F. Bible Society. T'ai-yuen-fu.	Mr. W. F. Beynon, Mrs. Beynon, Daisy, Kenneth, and Norman Beynon	5
		34
	Roman Catholics.	
	Two bishops, two priests, seven Sisters of Mercy, and one lay brother	12
		46

The heads of the six missionaries of the American Board at T'ai-ku were sent to the Governor in T'ai-yuen-fu. This made the full tale of fifty-one (not counting Miss Coombs), for which it was afterwards

found Yü Hsien had claimed a reward from the Empress-Dowager in Peking.

Mr. Fei-chi-hao, a school teacher employed by the American Board at Fen-cheu-fu, was the first to bring authentic news of this frightful massacre to his mission in Tientsin, in September. His escape and journey thither, which is detailed later, is a tale of almost incredible hardship and suffering, heroically borne in order to accomplish this service.

When the news was telegraphed to England, it created a profound impression. Queen Victoria herself instructed Lord Salisbury to write, on September 20, 1900, to the Emperor of China, that—'It is reported that a number of missionaries have been killed, some by the direct orders of the Governor of Shansi, and that the fate of a still larger number, including children, is unknown. The Queen has been deeply moved by the dreadful accounts which have reached her. Until the Emperor has shown in some signal manner his disapproval of these shocking acts committed in the proximity of His Imperial Majesty's Court, and has issued stringent orders for the rescue of those sufferers who may still have survived, Lord Salisbury cannot advise Her Majesty to reply to the Emperor's message.'

Some reparation was made for the awful tragedy enacted at that time. The infamous Yü Hsien was beheaded by command of the Emperor. The new Governor of Shan-si received a party of missionaries with every mark of respect, and a profoundly impressive service was held over the tombs of the sacred dead.

The place where the martyrs were imprisoned has been razed to the ground, and a monument erected, and the place made into a public garden. The tablet erected by the people to Yü Hsien has been taken down, and

replaced by one to the memory of the martyrs. In addition to this, at the suggestion of Rev. T. Richard, D.D., who had the honour of being publicly invited to propose a settlement of the matter, so far as Protestant missions were concerned, a fine has been levied on the province amounting to 500,000 taels (£75,000, or $375,000, gold). This sum is to be used for educational purposes throughout the province, so that the ignorance and superstition which was the root cause of this terrible tragedy may be removed for ever.

HOUSE IN T'AI YUEN FU WHERE THE MISSIONARIES LIVED A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE MASSACRE.

STARTING OF THE MEMORIAL PROCESSION.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT T'AI YUEN FU.

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CHAPTER V

'In Deaths Oft'[1]

There are two stations of the English Baptist Mission in the province of Shan-si, one in T'ai-yuen-fu, and the other in Hsin-chou, which is situated about forty-five miles north of that city. The station of Hsin-chou was opened by Mr. Dixon in 1885.

There the work had prospered, and with the addition to the staff of Mr. and Mrs. McCurrach, and later of Mr. Ennals and Miss Renaut, of the B.Z.M., there seemed every reason for encouragement and the prospect of definite extension. A new mission-house was, in 1900, in process of building, and was almost finished when the troubles began, which ended so disastrously.

On June 29, 1900, a messenger who had been sent to T'ai-yuen-fu with the mail for the coast, returned without having delivered his letters. He brought the news of the burning of the hospital in T'ai-yuen-fu and the death of Miss Coombs, which had happened only two days before. There were stationed at Hsin-chou at the time, Rev. H. Dixon and Mrs. Dixon, Rev. W. A. McCurrach and Mrs. McCurrach, Miss B. Renaut and Rev. S. W. Ennals; and belonging to the same mission from T'ai-yuen-fu were Rev. T. J. Underwood and Mrs.

[1] For biographical details of missionaries mentioned in this chapter, see pp. 443-451.

Underwood, who were on a visit to Hsin-chou at the time.

On hearing the news brought by the messenger, the missionaries immediately decided to fly for their lives. They had two horses, two carts, and a mule litter to carry them, and, as soon as they could be got ready, they left the city, quietly and without molestation. They reached a place called Hsia-ho-pei, about ten miles off, where they stopped for rest and refreshment for the animals and themselves. The party remained there for some hours, but, on the arrival of a messenger from Hsin-chou with the news that the party of missionaries were wanted by the magistrate of that place, they hastened their flight. They succeeded in reaching, the same evening, a place called Liu-chia-shan, where some native Christians were living, and took refuge in the house of one of them, named Ngan-wan-niu. This man's house was situated at the head of a narrow valley, with high steep hills on either hand, and the living rooms were hollowed out of the hillside. It could be made impregnable by a sufficient and well-provisioned force contending against undisciplined peasantry, such as would be their pursuers, and it was with this object in view that the flight of the missionaries was directed to this friendly shelter.

They remained there for over a fortnight, undiscovered and without molestation; but about that time their retreat became known to their enemies, who had been out searching for their hiding-place. This fact led to the flight of the friendly villagers and Christian natives, on whom they depended for their supplies of food and water, and it soon became evident that their position was untenable. The party then took to the hills, and tried to conceal themselves in a cave. The

missionaries were known to have some firearms with them for defence, and so were avoided by the cowardly enemies who sought to molest them.

This state of things lasted for nearly a week, but on July 25, 1900, a military official arrived with some soldiers from Hsin-chou, and opened up communication with the party, and tried to capture them. His men were at first repulsed, but, seeing that resistance was useless, the missionaries surrendered themselves, were brought back to Hsin-chou, saw the magistrate, and after the interview were placed in the common jail. There they remained for a fortnight, and their condition may be imagined, but not adequately described. The Chinese call a prison 'the tiger's mouth,' and it well earns the appellation, for the rapacity of the jailers and the filth and wretchedness of the dens in which the prisoners are forced to live make life in them almost intolerable, especially during the heat of summer.

On August 9, after the arrival of a deputy and ten soldiers from T'ai-yuen-fu with special instructions from the Governor, the missionaries were informed that they were to be escorted to the coast. This apparently joyful news was confirmed by the appearance of four carts such as are ordinarily used in travelling, and the eight foreigners gladly exchanged the loathsome prison for the prospect of life and liberty in the near future, and arranged themselves two in each cart, as is the usual custom in China. They started, but when the inner gate of the city was reached, they were met, evidently by previous arrangement, by a number of Boxers. The carts were stopped, the occupants were dragged out, stripped naked, their heads cut off, and their bodies taken to the banks of a small river near by, and thrown down, to be abused in the most shameful way

by the rowdies of the neighbouring village of Wang-chia-chuang. Afterwards, one of the gentry of the city named Chou hired some men to place the bodies in matting and bury them at the foot of the city wall, just outside the city.

All the goods of the missionaries were looted, but a new building erected by Mr. Dixon was allowed to stand. The respectable people of the place, it is said, greatly regretted these shocking proceedings, which took place by the command of the infamous Yü Hsien, who has since himself gone to give an account to the Judge of all the earth for the atrocities committed by him, and at his instigation, and by his authority.

The magistrate of Hsin-chou, named Li-ch'ung-kuan, who so faithfully carried out the diabolical instructions received from his superior, was rewarded by the Empress-Dowager and her party by being made prefect in another part of the province,—an appointment which has, we may well believe, been cancelled long ago, so that his triumph over defenceless men and women was fleeting, and his punishment and disgrace made therefore more bitter.

Mr. Dixon has left a name which will long be an inspiration to the Churches. His life had in it much heroism and self-sacrificing toil, with little pleasure and ease, and it was ended by the cruel sword-blows that won for him the martyr's crown. He was born in 1856. At the age of eleven years he was left an orphan, and was educated at the London Orphan Asylum School. On leaving school he spent some years in commercial life. Divine grace had early wrought a change in him, and he became a member of Downs Chapel, Clapton, then under the care of the Rev. T. Vincent Tymms. The Lord, who had chosen him to be sent 'far hence

unto the Gentiles,' laid on his heart the needs of Africa, and he felt strongly the call to give his life to the great work then being commenced on the Congo River.

After a three years' course at Regent's Park College, he was accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for the Congo Mission, but remained in England for two years longer, to get medical and surgical training, as well as such other training as seemed needful. Thoroughly well equipped, he promised to become an ideal African missionary. He left England in the autumn of 1881, and was stationed at San Salvador, where there fell to him the onerous duties of receiving and forwarding supplies to his colleagues on the higher reaches of the river. His letters from Africa show with what earnestness and zest he entered on his work; but the deadly climate laid him low with attacks of fever, and frequent exposure to the sun when he was unfitted by illness brought about a complete breakdown in health, so that in September 1883 he returned to England suffering from paralysis of the limbs, from which it was thought he might never recover. After months of careful nursing, he was once more able to walk, but the physicians forbade his return to the Congo.

Just then, however, a letter from a former fellow-student in China led him to apply to the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society to be sent to that country. To this they consented, and in the spring of 1885 Mr. and Mrs. Dixon arrived in T'ai-yuen-fu. For some years both of them had indifferent health, but they struggled on with indomitable courage. Two years after arrival in China they took up the work at Hsin-chou. For the next three years they were the

only missionaries there, and their nearest neighbours were forty-five miles away. They had to endure many hardships, but the work made splendid progress. The little Church increased steadily in spite of much opposition, and a band of native evangelists under the guidance of Mr. Dixon carried the Gospel to the surrounding towns and villages.

In September 1893, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon returned to England with their four children; but for him it was a short stay. Leaving his wife and children behind, a few months later he was back again at his lonely station. When he was very weary he would come to T'ai-yuen-fu, and remain with his friends for a few weeks. He was a welcome guest, and with the children always a favourite, and this relaxation seemed to put new life into the tired but heroic missionary.

In 1898 he returned once more to England, after four years' separation from his family. The winter before, Mr. McCurrach had joined him in his solitude, and there was every prospect of an enlargement of the Mission. The premises which were then rented were expensive, incommodious, and in a most confined and unhealthy situation. Mr. Dixon proposed to erect new premises on a healthy site. By the sale of some embroidery amongst his friends, and by an earnest and skilful advocacy of the work, he secured about £1000, so that when he returned with Mrs. Dixon in 1899 he was at once able to begin operations, and speedily made rapid progress. The work at Hsin-chou and the connected out-stations had prospered steadily during his absence, and he was much encouraged by the results.

Fresh force was added by the arrival of Mr. Ennals and Miss Renaut, and everything was prosperous, when

THE HSIN CHOU MARTYRS.

MRS. MCCURRACH. W. A. MCCURRACH.
MRS. DIXON. HERBERT DIXON.
MRS. UNDERWOOD. T. J. UNDERWOOD.
B. RENAUT. S. W. ENNALS.

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the blow fell which forced them suddenly to flee from their station to the mountains.

Mr. Dixon and some of his companions left diaries of this terrible time, which have since been recovered, and are of the deepest interest and very stimulating to faith and hope. The following extracts are from Mr. Dixon's own diary:—

'Rumours of plans to destroy all foreigners and native Christians had been persistent, and the appointment of Yü Hsien Governor of Shan-si seemed the finishing touch. The outburst of Boxers at Pao-ting-fu cut us off from all communication with the coast (about June 4 or 5).

'*Friday, June* 29.—Last night had letter from G. B. Farthing saying very bad rumours about, but could not say if there was any real foundation for them. This morning, five o'clock, our letter-carrier from T'ai-Yuen came in saying that Dr. Edwards's premises were burnt down by a mob on night of June 27, and at least one lady (Miss Coombs) was burnt. That he could not get at Mr. Farthing—that troops and Boxers were searching everywhere for the missionaries—all the city gates being guarded to prevent their escape.

'After short consultation, we (Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. McCurrach, Mr. Ennals, Miss Renaut, and Mr. and Mrs. Underwood) decided to escape outside the city of Hsin-chou before the news could be generally known—so hurriedly secured carts and made good our escape out of the west gate, having arranged to inform the official after our start, that he might protect our property. Made our way toward T'ai-Yuen, and there branched off south-west toward Chuan Mo Chen. Spent the afternoon waiting at a Christian's home. Sudden alarm of soldiers pursuing us made us start

off about 6.45 p.m., and after an hour's toilsome march, pushed up into a deep gully; dismissed our two carts, and hid our baggage in a hole, whilst we waited in the dark the arrival of some Christians with donkeys.

'At last they came, and we started up a wide river-bed about midnight. Three ladies on horses, we men leading them; Mr. Ennals and Miss Renaut on donkeys. An awful march through alternate water and deep dry sand. Could not keep up or in touch with our guides. Dared carry no light, neither dared we call out. Lost our bearings, got some mile or more out of our way. At last hit the entrance up a narrow pass, and found our guides. Then a terrible climb over a rough path: Mrs. Dixon very ill.

'Arrived near village at daybreak, Saturday. Would not go in, for fear of bringing trouble on the village. Went away up a glen, and lay out all day. Rained heavily, and we had to sit sopped through in a rocky torrent-bed until near midnight. Then Christians came with lights, and with infinite trouble took us and our things into the village about two miles off (over most difficult ground).

'No sooner there than we men had to be marched away over the mountain-side to hide in a cave, whilst the ladies were put down in a tiny cellar and the lid shut down,—it almost cost them their lives. They were pulled out only just in time, and then stayed in a cave room. This was all necessitated by a fair at a temple on a mountain near by. About midnight we men returned to the ladies. Thus we spent Sunday, July 1.

'On Friday Chao was sent off toward the coast with instructions to try and convey news of our danger to some foreign troops or officials. On Sunday our cook and boy turned up, and were sent to T'ai-Yuen to try

and get news of the missionaries there. Monday and Tuesday brought one and another Christian with bad news of T'ai Chou and Ku Hsien. Wednesday, our cook and boy returned from T'ai-Yuen with news that all the missionaries were prisoners in Mr. Farthing's house, and were expecting execution at any moment. Thursday, sent off cook with a small note concealed in his hat-string to try and go to Pao-ting-fu, Peking, or Tien-tsin, asking for the utmost efforts to be made to save T'ai-Yuen friends and ourselves. Friday and Saturday, all quiet living in village.

'*Sunday, July* 8.—Had open-air service. Monday, all quiet apparently. Tuesday, getting anxious at non-return of our messenger from Hsin-chou city. The past four days have had men digging a small cave up in the heart of the mountains—difficulty is the impossibility of concealing the dug-out earth.

'*Wednesday, July* 11.—Villager carried home from his daughter's home fifteen li off, having been beaten almost to death for *poisoning the wells by order of the foreigner:* the Boxers who beat him threaten to invade the village on Friday.

'11 *p.m.*—News received of rioting in Hsin-chou—official threatened for letting us escape—our houses probably all looted. A hundred Boxers setting out to destroy Catholic villages, and to come up and kill us. Every village has its forty to sixty Boxers—so by the time they get here they will number a thousand. Decide to advise the villagers to scatter and abandon their village, and we ourselves pack up a little bedding and the few stores we have, and go into hiding in our cave in the mountains.

'*Thursday, July* 12.—Had a most trying climb last night, but all got safely to the cave—a mere hole in a bank—room enough for all to lie down. Water a mile

below us, but we have two buckets full. All quiet until 7 p.m., when four villagers came, saying reliable news to hand that *all foreigners in T'ai-Yuen executed by Tai Tung troops last Monday* (or Tuesday). *Twenty-six all told* and *ten or eleven* Catholic priests. This means *no hope* for us—as they were all under *especial protection* of the T'ai-Yuen magistrate, having been moved by him from Mr. Farthing's house to a house near the Yamen.

'*Friday, July* 13.—Had a quiet night, all sleeping out of doors, but have to keep strictly in the cave during the day—and no talking allowed. Villagers all fled, so cannot get food. Must economise our biscuit and milk. A messenger left yesterday to try and get to Pao-ting-fu for help—but all seems hopeless, as our cave is known to at least one outsider. But God is keeping our hearts stayed upon Him—our lives are His. Should we be killed, don't forget to recompense the villagers here—they have given their all for us. Liu Chia San.

'*Saturday, July* 14.—Ink in pen is finished. One or two of the villagers came in during the day, saying their village is deserted and has been plundered by Fu-chia-chuan men, *i.e.* men from the big village five li below them. An offer was made later on by two of the villagers and an outsider to take us by night to a more secluded spot, where there is an old cave. We had come to an end of our ordinary rough oatmeal bread, and having no prospect of getting any more, we had had a special prayer-meeting to ask for food and guidance. This cave is horribly damp, and all our bedding is sopping wet, and we dare not dry it out in the sunshine, as it might be seen from one of the heights around—so we should welcome a change. Just after the prayer-meeting the three men came and made an offer, bringing with them some of the roughest of bread,

but it was indeed welcome, and the whole seemed God's answer to our prayers. We are to move on Sunday night.

'*Sunday, July* 15.—A burning hot day. All quiet hiding in the cave. Two more villagers came, bringing a few very coarse dumplings. It's awfully good of them, as they have nothing themselves. We are much worse off than Mafeking at its worst; and we have no Baden Powell! Comforted greatly by God; and by the thought of the prayers of the congregations at home. At night packed up our wet bedding for removal—waited till 1.30 a.m., but no one came. Rain coming on, had to unpack and hide again in the cave.

'*Monday, July* 16.—Heavy rain all the morning, mountains enveloped in mist. No one been near (2 p.m.). How long can we hold out? Only few biscuits, sardines, etc., and milk. Sad to see wasting of the ladies' faces. Mrs. Dixon almost gone this morning. Cannot get any information as to outside events. Villagers dare not be seen in any village around. Either gone clean away or hiding in the mountains. Two of our evangelists turned up on Friday, and one undertook to try and carry letter to any Russian or other troops that he might find up in the north of Kalgan, or possibly Peking. They told us, "Tien-tsin taken by foreign troops 20th of 5th moon (June 17), and Peking invested but action delayed owing to foreigners being inside the city." That is our only news. Surely if Peking be taken, relief ought to reach us ere long. Every village has its band of Boxers drilling, and our position grows more and more desperate, humanly speaking. But God is our refuge and strength.

'*Tuesday, July* 17.—Last night God sent us more food and a man to carry us some water. But they say some

of the villagers, Erh Yu tzu and his brother and Hsia Kuei tzu, are plotting to betray us, or to prevent food reaching us, so as to starve us to death. Rumours came this afternoon of Boxers coming up from T'ai-yuen-fu to hunt us to death. We are still in God's hands.

'*Wednesday, July* 18.—Last night heard firing in Ten hsi Kou village, just below us, and much shouting. This morning at 6.15 a.m. a man from Lui erh Kou came to our cave (he is related to An jung ch'ang), and said he himself had seen thirty or forty Boxers go past his village toward Fu chia chuan last night, and that the commotion we heard was caused by them. That at Fu chia chuan probably a hundred were gathered. He offered to lead us to a cave about a mile away, and just above Lui erh Kou. We prayed for guidance, and decided to abandon all the bedding we could not carry, to bury all milk we could not carry, and after a hurried march exposed to view on the mountain-side we have arrived at said cave. God knows all about it, and we trust Him to save us, but we are willing to die if that be God's will. Give the bearer of this book and letters a handsome reward, if delivered into the hands of friends. Love, warmest love, to our children.

'*Thursday, July* 19.—Yesterday found small tunnel running from this cave into another small cave, the roof of which had fallen badly. By dint of hard work two of us levelled the rubbish, and all crept in for the night; very tight quarters, and bedding scarce. A good hiding-place; but a death-trap if betrayed, as a mob could smoke us to death. Am staying on until further guidance. Last night four people from two villages brought us some coarse food in exchange for silver, but supply very scanty and unpalatable. They say all roads blocked against any supplies being sent to us or bought

for us. 'Tis famine time, and local supplies are exhausted; but God has supplied us day by day with something. Boxers in villages below been fighting amongst themselves, so the elders have disbanded them. The band of Boxers that came through on Tuesday night had been pursuing one of our Christians, but failed to overtake him. Heavy slaughter amongst the Catholics around T'ai-Yuen. Military reported to be coming to block all paths whilst Boxers from T'ai-Yuen come in to kill us.

'*Friday, July* 20.—A quiet day. Mrs. Dixon very ill. Recovered remainder of bedding left in first cave. Wednesday night, Mr. Ennals and I went across with two Chinese to the first cave and brought back our buried stores. At night the man brought some oatmeal strings, but wanted *silver, silver.*

'*Saturday, July* 21, 7 *a.m.*—About 11 last night the man came with some boiled millet. He said that he had seen some thirty or forty Boxers at a village two miles away, and at another three Boxers from T'ai-Yuen were drilling the people, all bent on finding and attacking us. As we do not mean to fight, we can only run for our lives, and so had once more to pack up and march by night back to our first cave on the other side of the watershed. On the march Mrs. Dixon fell three or four times from utter exhaustion, and had finally to be carried in unconscious. The utter uncertainty of our position and lack of all news from the outside makes us dependent on mere local rumours brought to us by an opium-smoker, as the Christians have all had to run for their lives. But we believe God is guarding and guiding us day by day. Were it not for this trust in God we should be in utter despair. To see the ladies, and especially my dear wife in her weakness, have to tramp over these rough mountain paths by night, and lie hiding all day

on wet bedding, damp or dusty caves, without proper food, and of course without water to wash ourselves, makes me think some very bitter thoughts against the Governor of the province, who has promoted this terrible persecution. But "vengeance is Mine, saith the Lord."

'Have omitted to say that some four days before we left Hsin-chou, the magistrate had definitely refused us protection; this was the consequence of a secret despatch received from the Governor on or about June 23 or 24. O Lord, may relief come soon! Chao gone east twenty-two days, cook gone east seventeen days, Ho gone east ten days, and Wen gone north eight days. God grant some of them may have got through the Governor's troops, which are guarding the passes into Chih-li, so that no news of his doings shall leak out. Our love to our children and all friends.

'*Saturday, July* 21, 4 *p.m.*—About 9 a.m. heard shouting of "Pastor," "Pastor," then silence; then saw one, two, three, four men on top of mountain evidently watching our cave mouth; this went on till about 2.45 p.m., when suddenly an attack was commenced by men over the cave hurling immense stones at the small mouth of the cave. After a few moments of this, fearing we should be blocked in, McCurrach and I dashed out, and amid a hail of huge stones commenced firing with a revolver and a gun at the more prominent leaders. One man with a yellow cap was most persistent, so I gave him a charge of No. 1 shot, and then they began to run up the hill, the wounded man rolling over and over down the hill-side into the gully below us. Then gradually the crowd streamed away over the ridge down to a village below, and left us the field. On examining the ridge above the cave where they had first gathered, we found one of our Hsin-chou Church members with a terrible gash in his

head and his throat cut. It was evident he had been dead some hours, and as his hands were bound behind him with a leading rope, it is evident they had caught him on the mountains and had led him captive to see the attack, and that the dear fellow had shouted to warn us, and had been killed on the spot.

'That warning probably saved us. The wounded man had only a scalp wound, and will, I trust, soon be able to go off, as we have no means of dressing him here. He seems to be a captain of Boxers.

'May God guide our steps, for we are at our wits' end. Thank Him for the nerve He gave us men (Mr. Underwood fired his revolver, Mr. Ennals has none), and also for His grace to the women, who joined in prayer while we went out. Thank Him above all that we drove them off without killing any of them. They numbered probably fifty to sixty. We may not live to add more to this account. But we are still in God's hands, and hoping for possible rescue. Our warmest love to our children and to their guardians.

'9 *p.m.*—Our wounded prisoner says the band came from Hsin-chou south suburb, sent by Yang lao yeh, who is attached to Hsü-Kuei-feng, the newly arrived magistrate, with instructions to kill us all. He after said that Hsü-kuei-feng himself sent them. The prisoner's name is Chang-yui-hsiang, of south suburb. Their leader's name is Chang Hsien, of south suburb. The man they killed was Chang Chih Kuo of Hsia-ho-pien. They killed him simply because he was a Christian.'

With this entry the diary abruptly ends, and the remainder of the terrible story is given in the description at the beginning of this chapter.

From the last letters which Mr. McCurrach wrote to

his mother, we take the following extract. The first is dated July 3, 1900:—

'We are now in very great danger of losing our lives. Our present Governor hates foreigners, and his desire is to murder all of us. He has sent word to all the officials to refuse us foreigners protection, in event of trouble.

'We had hoped to flee the country by North Manchuria, but alas! persecution broke out in the north before it did in our district, and as there is fighting at Pao Fu, there is absolutely no means of escape. We stayed at home until Friday night. June 29, about 6 o'clock, our special messenger ran all night to inform us that the T'ai-yueu-fu missionaries had been attacked, and Dr. Edwards's premises burned to the ground. We, on hearing this news by our postman, all decided to flee to the hills.

'This is a sad time for China. If all missionaries are murdered, it will move the Church in a remarkable way. If it is God's way of evangelising China, then surely we ought to be ready to die for the Gospel's sake. None of us want to die, but we all want to say, "Thy will be done." We have been here for four days; we hear that the soldiers are out seeking for us; if that be so, we may be caught at any moment. We have had a lot of rain, and this may be God's way of saving us. He delivered Peter from the prison, and can deliver us, if it be His will. It is very dark. I can't say more. Miss Renaut and Mr. Ennals are writing a fuller account of affairs, and we are leaving this with the natives to be buried, until another missionary comes to whom it can be given.

'It may be my last message to you all. Clara and I have been praying for you all one by one. I want to meet you all in heaven. Sorrow not for us, dearest

mother. If we die, I trust it is together, and then we shall enter heaven together and together receive our crowns.

'*Wednesday night.* — Messenger to-day from T'ai-yuen-fu. Mr. Farthing and twenty-five more are prisoners in T'ai-yuen-fu awaiting their death. Governor sentenced them to death. Thus far they are not killed; we hope and pray for deliverance. God keeps us happy and cheerful, and we are ready to die if it be His will. If we hear of soldiers coming, we are going to do a bolt to another place.

'Men are busy digging a cave. We are justified in fleeing, since our Saviour said, "If they persecute you in one city, flee to another." May God deliver and save us and all our friends! May He comfort your hearts, is the prayer of your loving son and daughter.'

The second letter is dated Friday, July 13, 1900:—

'Our place of hiding is known to some, but it is our last hope. Yesterday we learned that all missionaries, ladies, and children at T'ai-yuen-fu were beheaded, twenty-six in all, besides Frenchmen. This is sad, sad news; our hope has practically almost gone. This is a most awful wave of persecution that has broken out. May God help the natives! One of my evangelists, the Fan Shih man, and an enquirer, were burned to death. We hear of other murders too. This must be God's way of purifying the Church and making sure of its final success. We have some provisions which can keep body and soul together for a few days, if we are spared so long. My heart goes out to you, knowing how terribly you will feel for us. May God comfort you, and if I go before you all, then I will await your arrival. I could write on, but my heart is too full. I have given the main points, and now I can only say—Good-bye,

God bless you all, and keep you in safety and comfort and happiness.'

'Mr. Ennals also kept a diary during the fearful days of suspense and waiting in the caves near Hsin-chou, the city where he had been stationed, and where he spent his short life in China. From this document we give the following extracts :—

'*July* 4, 1900.—The last two nights three of us men have been sleeping in the straw-house where we have our meals. To-day three boxes came up from the village down below where we stayed to rest on our way up. Two contained stores and one clothes. One feels quite unable to say much in a letter under these sad circumstances; we one and all, however, have been wonderfully calm, trusting in God. I do not regret I came to China, and although my life will have been short, it will in some way have fulfilled the Master's will. May the Lord's will be done! I pray earnestly for His deliverance, and feel we shall have it, but after all we may glorify Him better by passing through a deeper persecution. If we flee far into the mountains we can get no food. We keep coming back to this, that the Lord is near, and we are safe in His keeping. We sent a boy off to Pao-ting-fu, or wherever he could find the foreign troops, to try and bring us help. We are adding these letters to the account in a book which is to be sent home if we are all killed. It is dreadful writing like this, but you know that if the trumpet call comes, I shall rejoice to follow my Lord, not in my strength, but in His who giveth strength to the faint. Good-bye, dearest ones; may the Lord take all the future in His hands, and grant us all to meet in Jesus' presence.

'*July* 6.—There has been trouble at each of our three

north stations, Fan Shih, the mission place, and two Christians are burnt, the one being the evangelist. At Tai-chou the mission place is burnt, and other members' buildings at both these places. At Kuo Hsien the mission place has been looted. At Chï ts'un the mission place has been looted. At Chao Mon Chung one Christian, taken by his heels and dragged round the place, was killed. Truly the persecution is dreadful. We hear that Tien-tsin is burnt to the ground; and Peking, the Chinese have surrounded it.

'Where is our deliverance coming? My help cometh from the Lord, and truly in Him is our help. We have trusted in Him, and not one good thing of all that the Lord has promised has ever or can ever fail us. May the Lord preserve our friends and us, extending us speedy deliverance; if not, then we shall meet around the throne. The Lord watch between us. Mizpah.

'*July* 7.—On the night the Tung Chia Hsiang was burnt, Mr. Farthing saw the Governor himself, but he said he was too busy to attend to that business, and when the other four officials went to intercede, he cursed them. Yet we trust the Lord will bring the devices of the wicked to nought. We rejoice that our times are in God's hands. The Lord is my light and my salvation; of whom shall I be afraid? Trust in the Lord at all times. Oh the peace that Jesus gives! We want to know this more and more day by day, that if He shall call we shall gladly answer, Here am I, Lord, come to do Thy will. To-morrow is Sunday; may the Lord be with you and all of us here, and if we meet no more on earth we shall in heaven sing His praises.

'*July* 8.—Another day has passed, and we are once more drawing near to sunset. Our hearts are full of praise to the Lord for all His goodness. We are just

here waiting, waiting on the Lord for deliverance for our friends and ourselves if it is His will.

'These days of quiet have helped us to see the Saviour's face, and if He calls us to go, or if during this week and other weeks we are to pass through severe trials, we trust we may be more prepared. We strive to feel at heart "that One above in perfect wisdom, perfect love is working for the best." I know this, that I would not wish that the Lord should lead us by any other path than that which we have come; and if we are to be still more refined for His service, we will praise Him that He has accounted us worthy to suffer for His name. The Lord be with you all and keep you safe now and for ever. "He is our Peace."

'*July* 18.—I fear this may be my last to you. We hear there are a hundred Boxers in the village below, came last night, 6 o'clock. We moved to this cave, warned by a stranger. "The angel of His presence went before them." We are half a mile from other place, in large cave and dry. The Lord alone can save us. If He wants us to glorify Him by death, think of us as wearing the martyr's crown in the Master's presence.

'We shall see Jesus and walk with Him. The Lord bring us all home at last.'

Miss Renaut's letters from China testify to her interest in the work of the station, of her visits to the homes of the people in company with Mrs. Dixon, and her intense earnestness of desire to be able to speak to those around her the words of eternal life. During the awful weeks of suspense and weary wandering over hills and hiding in dens and caves, Miss Renaut managed to keep a diary, which was buried and afterwards recovered. From this we take one or two pathetic pages:—

3rd July 1900

'Dear Father + all loved ones,

We do not know today whether we shall soon be in glory; if we are we are ready - do not grieve; you will see fr. a piece of diary all about it. My love to all. God has + is being good to us. The people in this village are splendid, + say we shall not be taken by the soldiers.

Love

. Bessie.

him behind, battered him abt badly + cut the side of his throat He was one of the earliest converts, one of many others who have shewn themselves willing to lay down their lives for us - He is in glory, we may be able to thank him in a day or two. Mr D. has examed the wounded man, taken fr. him his charm, native medicine wrapped in various papers with his title; he is captain of 100 men, quite a youth abt 20; we are going to wash his wounds, + if too weak to be sent off, will drag him up so as to be able to keep the wolves fr. him. We cannot hear outside news but rescue may come still, the Chinese have all fled so do not know how news can come Love to all at home + all dear friends I will fear no evil for Thou art with me. A Bessie C. Renaut.

he is young, + yellow cap

I. LETTER IN THE DIARY FROM MISS RENAUT. II. THE LAST ENTRY IN THE DIARY.

[To face p. 63.

'*July* 18.—This is our twentieth day. Rescue can soon come. God grant it may! But we have often said we would rather walk with God in the dark than alone in the light, and now we can prove to God our sincerity. He is making us willing. Oh, may He give you all grace to say His will is best! In prayer for you all. Love to all dear friends.

'*July* 21.—The man who conducted us here came last night to tell us that the Boxers were in his village, and advised our return to a former one. At 2.45 an attack was made from ground above, great stones and boulders being hurled in at mouth. The attack was sharp and fearful, but, praise God, is over for the present —most likely only to be renewed. Alas! one of our native Christians has given his life for his friends. Chang Chih Kuo had come to warn us, and was captured as he came. They tied his hands behind him and battered him about badly and cut the side of his throat. He was one of the earliest converts. He is in glory. . . . We may be able to thank him in a day or two. . . . One of the Boxers was wounded—a real Boxer —we are going to wash his wounds. The Christians have all fled, so we do not know how news can come. Moving seems out of the question. We are praying for guidance, and do not expect another attack for a day or two. To-day we are sitting out in the valley, which after so much close confinement is beautiful, but the beauty of it seems mockery—the groans of the wounded man, and the great sharp boulders lying about, make us lift our hearts to God, and pray. Psalm lxx.'

Here the record ends.

When the diary from which all the extracts given in this chapter are taken was recovered, the following

touching letter was found with it, and forwarded to the Secretary of the Baptist Zenana Mission:—

'*July* 13, 1900.

'DEAR MISS ANGUS,—You will know our circumstances from the diary in which this is enclosed. Give my love to the Committee. We have food enough for a few days and water for two; the nearest is a mile of difficult climb, but the gentlemen will try for it, if we are left so long. We have heard almost certain tidings of the execution of all our friends at T'ai-Yuen — all Mrs. Farthing's dear children and many others — and they were taken to the Yamen under pretence of protection, and two days afterwards massacred. Chao Hsien Sheng has been gone fifteen days towards the coast seeking help, our cook about eight, and to-day another evangelist to Kalgan. We are not building on assistance. God is helping us. He has given us wonderful strength and surefootedness for hard climbing. China's Christians are splendid. Lui Chia Shan villagers have risked their lives for us, and now have had to flee from their village without food and money. All our servants are faithful.—With love to you all, Yours sincerely,

'BESSIE RENAUT.'

CHAPTER VI

'DESTITUTE, AFFLICTED, TORMENTED'[1]

BEFORE the events narrated in the last chapter had begun, others of a like nature, in different parts of the province of Shan-si, had been perpetrated.

I. HSIAO-I-HSIEN

Hsiao-I-Hsien, a county town about seventy-five miles south-west of T'ai-yuen-fu, was the scene of a most brutal massacre. It is one of the stations of the China Inland Mission in that district, and was occupied at the time by Miss Whitchurch and Miss Searell. The narrative of the events which happened there is largely that of a Chinese Christian teacher, named Wang Ying-Kuei, who nearly shared the fate of his foreign friends.

The first intimation of trouble was the arrival, on June 27, 1900, of the letter messenger, who brought the news that, on the day previous, the station of Ping Yao had been looted, and that Mr. Saunders, who was in charge of it, had fled northward towards T'ai-yuen-fu. The ladies thereupon sent a messenger to Fen-chou-fu, which is about ten miles to the west, asking for information. The messenger returned on June 28,

[1] For biographical details of missionaries mentioned in this chapter, see pp. 451–478.

with the news that the missionaries there had also been attacked. This news the messenger had carelessly told the towns-people, with the result that a great crowd followed the messenger to the door of the mission premises. While the ladies were reading the letter which they had just received, the Chinese who surrounded them asked what it contained. But the ladies would not tell them; they only said, 'Let us have some prayer.'

While they were praying, the crowd began beating the outer door and making a great disturbance. The ladies then went to open the door leading on to the street, but could not, as the pile of brickbats which had been thrown against it prevented them from drawing the bolt. They then said, 'We cannot open the door; perhaps this is God's method of protecting us.' Then the ladies and the faithful Chinese Christians who were with them went to an inner courtyard, and there sang some hymns together. The crowd being unable to force open the house door, attacked the door of the chapel, which was soon burst open. The ladies with some of the Chinese then went outside, and Miss Whitchurch spoke to the crowd, asking the people what harm they had ever done them, and trying to persuade them to go away quietly. While she was speaking to them the people were very quiet.

Meanwhile the deacon of the native Church, named Heh-siao-fu, having climbed over the back wall, had rushed to the Yamen and rung the bell which is kept in all Yamens as the signal for help in dire distress. The mandarin set out at once, without even waiting to don his official robes. On arrival at the chapel, he found things fairly quiet, and he turned round and accused Deacon Heh of having deceived him. He made him kneel before him, and with his own hands he boxed his

ears, and his underlings joined in kicking him. The mandarin then came into the chapel and asked the ladies why they did not go away. They replied that they did not wish to go.

On leaving he told them to shut the chapel door, but as it had been broken by the crowd, this was impossible. He told the local constable to guard the door, and then left. The constable informed the ladies that he could not defend the door himself, but if they wished he would hire three men to help him, and to this they consented. The crowd, however, soon became unmanageable again, and the constable and the hired men all fled. The rioters then smashed the gate of the courtyard leading to the house. The ladies remained standing in the chapel, hoping to be able to speak to the crowd. The crowd were, however, now in no mood for listening to anything they might say. They were soon assailed with brickbats, and they then retired to the inner courtyard and united in prayer.

Then the mandarin came again, and said to the ladies, 'If you do not go, I cannot protect you'; and they replied 'We have nowhere to go to.' 'Well, then,' he said, 'I cannot protect you.' The native Christians dared to remonstrate with him, but without effect. He forced all the Chinese Christians to flee except their cook, named Yao, who remained with them to prepare their food. That night they were free from molestation, but early the following morning, June 29, the crowd reassembled, and began at once their cruel work. They forced their way into the house where the ladies were. They took up the ornaments in the room and other things, asked what they were, and then flung them violently at the helpless women. They were thus slowly battered to death while they remained kneeling in prayer. Their bodies were then

stripped, exposed, and defiled. All their goods were piled in a heap in the courtyard, and gradually disappeared.

The magistrates sent two cheap coffins, such as are supplied to pauper criminals, and their poor battered bodies were placed in those, and finally laid in the baptistery of the chapel. One of the last undertakings of Miss Searell had been to superintend the construction of this baptistery, which, with her great love for flowers, she had bordered with flower-beds. It was done all unwittingly 'against their burial.' There these two noble women lie 'Until He come.'

II. T'AI KU HSIEN

Twenty miles south of T'ai-yuen-fu is the county town of T'ai Ku. Here were stationed, during the summer of 1900, six missionaries of the American Board (A.B.C.F.M.): Rev. Dwight H. Clapp and Mrs. Clapp, Rev. Francis W. Davis, Rev. George L. Williams, Miss Rowena Bird, and Miss Mary L. Partridge. Although two ladies had been murdered on June 29 at Hsiao-I, and the larger party massacred at T'ai-yuen-fu on July 9, yet no movement or measures of defence seem to have been taken by the missionaries at T'ai Ku, except to recall Miss Partridge from an out-station.

The news of these events seems to have reached them, and it seems inexplicable that they did not seek safety in flight. Some native Christian women had fled to the hills, but soon came back, as they could not remain away for want of food, and the purchase of a quantity at one time excited suspicion. The missionaries evidently relied for protection on the local official, who had all along proved friendly; but, from a diary kept by Mr. Clapp, which has an entry as late as July 16, it

THE T'AI KU HSIEN MARTYRS.

R. BIRD. M. L. PARTRIDGE.
MRS. CLAPP. D. H. CLAPP.
G. L. WILLIAMS. F. W. DAVIS.

[*To face p.* 68.

seems that then the missionaries had given up all hope of being saved, though they appear to have quietly carried on their work as far as possible till the very last. This they continued till July 31, 1900, when the Chinese with them numbered eight, all the others having one by one gradually disappeared. These eight nobly waited till the end came, and some died in their company.

On July 31, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a cry was heard of 'Kill, kill!' and the yells of the approaching mob gradually grew louder. The missionaries and some Chinese retired to the flat roof of one of their premises, and determined to make a stand. They saw approaching a band of some three hundred Boxers and soldiers, evidently sent by Yü Hsien to attack them. The friendly official had been removed only two days before. The mob soon set fire to the buildings facing the street, and broke in the front gate of the compound. An elder of the native Church, named Liu, and a most valued helper, was calmly sitting in a chair in the courtyard, when the soldiers set upon him, and killed him. The three gentlemen fired on the mob from the roof, and killed some of their assailants, but their ammunition soon gave out, and they were easily overpowered and beheaded. The heads of them all were sent in a basket to T'ai-yuen-fu to the Governor. Their bodies were thrown into the flames of the burning houses, and were speedily reduced to ashes.

Thus these faithful missionaries, who had evidently determined not to forsake their converts in the hour of their trial, passed to their reward.

III. FEN-CHOU-FU

Fen-chou-fu is situated fifty miles south-west of T'ai-yuen-fu, and about ten miles from Hsiao-I, the station where Misses Whitchurch and Searell were murdered. The foreign residents in Fen-chou-fu were amongst the last objects of Yü Hsien's diabolical designs. The prefect and the district magistrates had both been friendly to the missionaries, and up to August 13, 1900, they had been able to protect them.

On that day the prefect died, and the Governor sent a new man, who was in full sympathy with his murderous plans. Two days after his arrival, this man demanded of the local magistrate why the foreigners had not been driven out, saying that in all other places they had been forced to fly for their lives. The magistrate replied that these Americans were peaceable and kindly disposed people, and that he had no occasion to send them away. The prefect insisted that they should go within two days, so that the local magistrate had no choice but to comply. The prefect then arrested the native dispenser at the hospital, and had him beaten three hundred blows with a bamboo rod, and sent him to fetch all the firearms belonging to the missionaries. These were accordingly given up: two pistols and two rifles or guns.

A few days' respite were demanded for Mrs. Atwater, who was nearing her confinement, but the prefect insisted that they must leave for the coast on the following day. Four country carts, roughly made and without springs, were prepared, and some of the missionaries' goods were packed in them. They were to start on August 15, and a guard of twenty soldiers was got ready. As soon

as these arrangements had been made, the houses of the missionaries were placed under official seal.

The missionaries requested that they might be permitted to sell their houses to secure some money for their journey, but the official replied that all their property had been confiscated by Imperial decree, and so could not be sold, but that a small property belonging to the Mission at one of their out-stations might be sold. This was accordingly done, and for property worth two thousand taels of silver the official gave them one hundred and fifty taels.

One of the native assistants named Mr. Fei, who had nobly stood by the missionaries through all this trying and perilous time, accompanied them on horseback. He was soon, however, obliged to dismount and go on the cart. They left the city, in full sight of thousands of spectators, on August 15, 1900. The party of foreigners consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Atwater and two little girls, Celia and Bertha, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Price and their daughter Florence, — all of these belonged to the American Board Mission; there were also Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Lundgren, of the China Inland Mission, stationed at Ku-hui, and Miss Annie Eldred, of the China Inland Mission, from P'ing-yang-fu. These friends of the C.I.M. were staying with the missionaries in Fen-chou-fu by invitation. On one cart were Mr. and Mrs. Atwater and two children, Mrs. Lundgren, and Mr. Fei; on the second cart were Mr. and Mrs. Price and daughter, Miss Eldred, and Mr. Lundgren, with two Chinese Christians and the baggage.

They went together some miles, and as they thought they were escaping from death they became quite cheerful, one lady saying, 'What a turnout there was to escort us!' and another adding, 'What fine new

uniforms the soldiers wore!' and the children were kept amused by the Chinese teacher, Mr. Fei. When they had nearly reached K'ai-chih, a market town thirty-seven miles north-east of Fen-chou-fu on the way to Tien-tsin, one of the soldiers said to Mr. Fei, 'Escape for your life! We are about to kill the foreigners.' On this he fled, and finally escaped to tell, with intense feeling and vivid minuteness of detail, all that befell those whom he loved so well, and from whom he had found it so hard to part.

Just as the doomed party were entering the village, they were met by an official named Lu, and on his firing a shot as a signal, his attendants and the soldiers set upon the helpless missionaries and despatched them with their swords and bayonets, then stripped them of their clothing, and left their bodies by the roadside. Finally, at the instigation of the villagers, the bodies were buried by the soldiers in a pit near by.

Mrs. Atwater, during that awful month of suspense before the end came, wrote to her family thus:—

'We have tried to get away to the hills, but the plans do not work. Our things are being stolen right and left, for the people know we are condemned. Why our lives have been spared we cannot tell. . . . Dear ones, I long for a sight of your dear faces, but I fear we shall not meet on earth. I have loved you so much, and know you will not forget the one who lies in China. . . . I am preparing for the end very quietly and calmly. The Lord is wonderfully near, and He will not fail me. I was very restless and excited while there seemed a chance of life, but God has taken away that feeling, and now I just pray for grace to meet the terrible end bravely. The pain will soon be over, and oh! the sweetness of the welcome above. . . . I do not regret coming to China, but I am sorry I have done so little.

My married life, ten precious years, has been so very full of happiness. We will die together, my dear husband and I. I used to dread separation. If we escape now, it will be a miracle. I send my love to you all, and the dear friends who remember me.—Your loving sister, 'LIZZIE.'

This letter was written on August 3, just twelve days before the end. Thus the whole family, including four children, perished: Ernestine and Mary in the massacre at T'ai-yuen-fu, and the two youngest, Bertha and Celia, in the party from Fen-chou-fu.

IV. YO-YANG AND HO-TSIN

Time and space would fail to recount all the tales of martyrdom and perilous adventures in escaping for their lives which befell missionaries in various parts of China. But an endeavour must be made to commemorate the other martyrs who fell during the troubles of the year 1900.

Mr. David Barratt, one of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission connected with Yo-yang station, near Lu-ch'eng-fu, Shan-si, died of sickness and privation at T'ang-ch'eng. He was a bright, active Christian from Australia, full of enthusiasm for the work, earnest and eager in preaching the word of life. He had the opportunity to do this for only about two years before his death. He reached his station in December 1898. Mr. Alfred Woodroffe was Mr. Barratt's colleague in Yo-yang. He also died of privation and suffering amongst the mountains of Shan-si. He had only joined the Mission in 1897, and had been trained for three years by Dr. Guinness, at Harley and Cliff Colleges. By his death at the

early age of twenty-eight a promising career was cut short.

A party from Ho-tsin, in South Shan-si, near the borders of Shen-si, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. M'Connell and child, Mr. and Mrs. J. Young, with Miss E. Burton and Miss A. King, were all barbarously murdered by a band of soldiers at Tseng-kia-uan, a ferry on the Yellow River, on July 16, 1900. They supposed the soldiers had come to escort them, but they had been sent expressly to murder the party. This company consisted of the missionary workers whose records are given below.

Mr. George M'Connell came originally from the north of Ireland, and was engaged as a home missionary in Dundee, Scotland, when he offered for work in China. He arrived in China in 1890, opened the station of Ho-tsin, married Miss Isabella Gray of the same Mission in December 1894. Miss Gray came from Dundee in 1892. These two had much trial to endure ere they attained the martyr's crown. Their only remaining child, Kenneth, died with them.

Mr. John Young came from Glasgow to China in 1896. He was able to acquire the Chinese language so as to speak fluently in a comparatively short time, and was settled in Ki-chau, a lonely station in the mountains of Shan-si. He married, in 1899, Miss Sarah Alice Troyer, who came from Indiana to China in the same year as her husband, so that they had little more than a year of married life when they left their station to join Mr. M'Connell's party, and perished with them.

Miss Annie King, who came from Chesterfield to China in 1898, Miss Burton and Miss Elizabeth Burton were murdered at the same time. All three were workers of promise.

THE YOYANG AND HO TSIN MARTYRS.

A. KING. D. BARRATT.

MR. AND MRS. MCCONNELL.

A. WOODROFFE. E. BURTON.

J. YOUNG. MRS. YOUNG.

[*To face p.* 74.

V. K'U-WU

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Kay, with their daughter Jennie, left their station of K'u-wu, near P'ing-yang-fu, South Shan-si, in company with Mr. Graham M'Kie, Miss Chapman, and Miss Way, on July 4, 1900. The three latter, having by agreement separated from Mr. and Mrs. Kay, were finally rescued. Mr. and Mrs. Kay, after escaping to the mountains and wandering about for nearly two months, were murdered by a band of Boxers on August 30, 1900. They left three children, who were being educated in the China Inland Mission school in Chefoo. Mr. Duncan Kay and his wife were esteemed as amongst the best workers in the Mission; both were exceptionally good speakers of the Chinese language. Mr. Kay had been sent from the Yang-tze valley owing to ill-health. As an evangelist and as a teacher he stood high, and as an eager, anxious worker for Christ he had few equals. He joined the Mission in 1884, and was thus an experienced worker. Mrs. Kay was as successful amongst the women and girls as her husband was amongst the men and boys in the land of their adoption.

VI. TA-NING

Miss F. E. Nathan, Miss M. R. Nathan, and Miss M. Heaysman were working together in the station of Ta-ning, in Shan-si, near the Yellow River, on the borders of Shen-si. These three appear to have been murdered at that place, along with the faithful Christian natives, on August 13, 1900. They had, like others, wandered about amongst the hills, being sheltered by native Christians. They finally took refuge in a cave, but

were discovered, brought back to Ta-ning, and murdered outside the west gate of that city.

Miss F. E. Nathan sailed for China in September 1894, and, after some time passed in study at Yang-chau, she took up work in Ta-ning in 1896. She had the work amongst the women much at heart, and was a devout and earnest worker. Miss M. R. Nathan joined her sister in Ta-ning in 1899. She had had a good school and college education, and was successful as a teacher before leaving for China. She was studying the Chinese language, and helping as far as possible in the work, when called upon to lay down her life.

Miss Mary Heaysman went with her parents to Australia when she was ten years of age. When twenty years of age, after some preliminary training at Hope College, Adelaide, she sailed for China in 1897. She worked for some time with Miss Chapman at I-ch'eng, under Mr. Duncan Kay's direction, and just before the outbreak of the troubles had been sent to join the Misses Nathan at Ta-ning. Her last letter to her home friends was headed, 'There shall be showers of blessing.'

VII. SI-CHAU

Mr. and Mrs. Peat and two children, along with Miss Dobson and Miss Hurn, were murdered by Boxers from K'u-wu at Liang-shi-kia Memorial Arch, in the Ai-keo Mountains. This party had come from their station of Si-chau, near Ta-ning, in South Shan-si, and were murdered about the same time as Mr. and Mrs. Kay. They had been wandering about amongst the mountains for some weeks before they were found and killed.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Peat were both from Scotland:

Mr. Peat from Hamilton, Mrs. Peat, whose maiden name was Helen Mackenzie, from Oidiquhill, Banffshire. Mr. Peat, who was formerly engaged in an architect's office, joined the China Inland Mission in 1887. His station was originally P'ing-yao, but after his marriage in 1891 he was stationed at Si-chau. Mrs. Peat, before coming to China, had been an earnest worker in connection with the Carrubbers Close Mission in Edinburgh. She had worked in Gan-ren, in Kiang-si, for about a year before she married Mr. Peat, and then went to Shan-si. 'She loved the Chinese, and was full of enthusiasm, tact, and common sense.' Their two children, Margaretta, aged seven years, and Mary, three years, were with their parents at the time of their death, and suffered the same fate.

Miss Edith L. Dobson was trained as a hospital nurse before coming to China, where she arrived in 1894, spending two years in the Sanatorium at Chefoo as nurse and assistant to Dr. Douthwaite. She joined the Si-chau Mission station in 1896, and her services were much valued, both as worker amongst the Chinese, and as a nurse to her fellow-missionaries when sick. Miss Emma Georgina Hurn had only arrived in China in 1898, and was thus a little more than two years a worker in that land. She was born in Peckham Rye, London, in 1868; converted in 1890; and had been a valued worker in connection with the Y.W.C.A. movement before coming to China. Her life in China was marked by a prayerful and earnest spirit.

VIII. THE TA-TUNG-FU MASSACRE

On June 14, 1900, the Boxer movement made its first appearance in Ta-tung-fu, in North Shan-si. Here

were stationed: Mr. and Mrs. C. S. I'Anson and three children; Mr. and Mrs. Stewart M'Kee and two children; Miss M. Aspden, and Miss M. E. Smith—all of the China Inland Mission.

On June 24 the crowd assembled and burst into the mission compound, Mr. and Mrs. M'Kee and their daughter Alice, with Miss Aspden and Miss Smith, having barely time to escape. A number of the crowd rushed after them, and threw stones. Mr. M'Kee fell stunned with a wound in his head, and Mrs. M'Kee had her ankle injured and fell insensible, and they were left for dead. Recovering, they took refuge in a shop, and finally gained the Yamen. Mr. and Mrs. I'Anson and children, living in another compound, had also fled to the Yamen, where they were kindly received. The Hsien magistrate did his best to protect them, and for a few days they remained in his Yamen. On June 27 they were taken back to Mr. M'Kee's house, and given a guard of fifty soldiers to protect them.

On the evening of June 30, Mrs. M'Kee gave birth to a son. The guard of soldiers were gradually withdrawn, till on July 12 only two remained. The same evening a minor official called, and advised them all not to leave the house nor let any one of their converts come near them. An hour later, the crowd burst in upon them. The house was surrounded by three hundred horse and foot soldiers, so that there was no chance of escape, while the Boxers did their fiendish work.

Mr. M'Kee and Mr. I'Anson were killed first, and then the women and children. Alice M'Kee hid in the cow-house, but was discovered, and thrown into the flames of the burning houses. In all, about one hundred persons, including Catholic and Protestant missionaries and Christian natives, were killed in Tatung.

THE TA TUNG FU MARTYRS.

MR. AND MRS. M'KEE. M. E. SMITH. M. ASPDEN.
MR. AND MRS. I'ANSON AND TWO CHILDREN.

[*To face p.* 78.

IX. SO-PING-FU

Ten associate members of the China Inland Mission, belonging to the Swedish Holiness Union, were murdered in June 1900, near So-ping-fu, in North Shan-si. With them also were Mr. and Mrs. O. Forsberg and their child, and Mr. and Mrs. C. Blomberg and a child. These all belonged to the Christian and Missionary Alliance Mission, and came from the neighbouring stations of H'un-yun and Tso-yün, also in the province of Shan-si. The ten members of the Swedish Holiness Union were: Mr. N. Carlsson, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Persson, Mr. G. E. Karlberg, Mr. O. A. L. Larsson, Mr. E. Petterson, Miss M. Hedlund, Miss A. Johansson, Miss J. Lundell, and Miss J. Engvall.

A conference of the missionaries of the Swedish Holiness Union had been arranged for June 24 at So-ping-fu, this being the day upon which the Convention of the mother Church in Sweden fell. The Boxer troubles had been so serious in the neighbouring stations that the missionaries decided to go to Kalgan, and escape northwards if possible. But before they could get away the mob burst in upon them, and they hurriedly escaped to the Yamen, where the official was friendly. The mob burned the mission premises on June 26, and went to the Yamen, and insisted on the missionaries being delivered to them to be killed. The magistrate, in order to pacify them, told the mob that he had orders to send the missionaries bound to Peking, and in order to give colour to his statement had five of the party put into fetters, and this seemed to satisfy the mob for the time being. Early on the morning of June 27, they were taken outside the city in carts, where, however, the crowd was waiting for them,

and they were immediately torn from the carts and stoned to death; the child of Mr. and Mrs. Forsberg was, indeed, torn asunder by the violence of the mob. Messrs. Carlsson and Persson managed to flee, but were pursued, overtaken, and killed. The corpses of these two were burned, but all the others were buried in a field close by, their heads having been previously cut off and hung up on the city wall. H'un-yun and Tso-yün were looted and afterwards destroyed by fire.

X. THE CHICAGO MISSION AMONG THE MONGOLS

The Scandinavian Alliance Mission of Chicago established a mission for work amongst the Mongols in 1896. The members of the Mission were: Mr. D. W. Stenberg, Mr. C. J. Suber, Mr. N. J. Friedstrom, Miss Clara Anderson, Miss Hilda Anderson, and Miss Hanna Lund. These workers were most earnest in the prosecution of the rough pioneering work they had undertaken. For the greater part of the year, and sometimes for the whole year, they lived in tents in the open plains of Mongolia, living on native food, and without a settled home. After several years of this life, they had purchased, with funds specially contributed in the United States, a large tract of land in Mongolia, and were founding a farm colony. It had seemed to these workers impossible to accomplish anything except by settled work. It was hoped that some of the Mongols would be induced to settle at least for a time, and place themselves under Christian instruction; at any rate the colony would have furnished a base for wider operations, and its working provide an object lesson of great value in such a country.

In May 1900, Mr. Stenberg wrote:—

'The ladies have just been out on a seven weeks' journey; it is hot now, and difficult to travel. They were, although tired and worn out by the journey, glad to have performed it, and felt confident of the future. They are living in tents, which is not convenient, being hot in summer and cold in winter, and easily overturned by the strong winds. At present we have to bear with very evil reports: "Any one who eats or drinks with us will die." "Any one who believes our doctrine will lose his soul, and any one who follows us will be snatched away to some foreign country." The fight is severe. We expect a breaking out . . . but we know God is on our side, and after this hour of darkness shall dawn the day of salvation for the Mongols.'

The whole band, except Mr. Friedstrom, were murdered by Boxers, Mr. Stenberg and the three ladies on September 1, 1900, and Mr. Suber ten or twelve days later. Mr. Friedstrom escaped. He was followed by the Boxers, but he was able to frighten them off by firing a gun which he carried. He fired into the air, and did not kill any one. This party were murdered at Dallat Hosso, in the Ortos district, near the Yellow River.

Mr. C. J. Suber was born in Sweden in 1872. He graduated from the Chicago Theological Seminary in 1896, and went to Mongolia as a missionary in the same year. Mr. D. W. Stenberg was born in Jonköping, Sweden, in 1872. He went to America and studied in the Chicago Theological Seminary. He went to Mongolia with the party in 1896, and became their leader. One said of him, 'There is nothing bad about him, he is pure gold.' He was a favourite with all. Early in 1898, Mr. Friedstrom, Miss Hilda and Miss Clara Anderson and Miss Hanna Lund arrived in

Mongolia from the United States. One who knew them says, 'There could not be found any braver souls; they were fully consecrated to the Lord's service.'

XI. THE SWEDISH-MONGOLIAN MISSION

was established under the presidency of Prince Bernadotte of Sweden in 1899. Mr. and Mrs. Helleberg, who formerly belonged to the Christian and Missionary Alliance, having returned to Sweden because of financial difficulties, were chosen to become the leaders in this new work. They came back to China, accompanied by Mr. Wahlstedt, in the autumn of 1899, full of bright hopes for the future. They first settled in Kalgan, and devoted themselves to the study of the Mongolian language. When the Boxer troubles began, they were on a visit to the Swedish missionaries in Kuei-hua-ch'eng, in Shan-si. Mr. and Mrs. Helleberg and Mr. Wahlstedt managed to escape to Ta-shih-t'ai, two hundred miles north-west of Kuei-hua-ch'eng, where, however, they were ruthlessly murdered by Manchu soldiers.

XII. THE CHRISTIAN AND MISSIONARY ALLIANCE

This organisation has its headquarters in New York. They began work in China in 1893. In 1900, they had a total force of thirty-eight missionaries connected with their China work, counting those who were on furlough in the United States at that time. Of this number, twenty-one fell during the Boxer troubles, besides fourteen children. Two families have already been mentioned as having fallen with the others at So-p'ing-fu, namely, Mr. and Mrs. O. Forsberg and one child, and

Mr. and Mrs. C. Blomberg and one child. The remainder were: Mr. and Mrs. Emil Olson and three children; Mr. and Mrs. C. Noven and two children; Mr. and Mrs. E. Anderson and two children; Mr. and Mrs. O. Bingmark and two children; Mr. and Mrs. M. Nystrom and one child; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Lundberg and two children; Miss K. Hall, Miss K. Orn, Miss A. Gustasson, Miss Emelie Erickson, and Mr. A. E. Palm,—in all seventeen adults and twelve children.

The headquarters of the work in Mongolia were at Kuei-hua-ch'eng, in Shan-si, outside the Great Wall. Their work was in the towns and villages of the neighbourhood, and amongst the Chinese who had settled in the great plains of Mongolia. They were under the direction of Mr. Emil Olson, as superintendent, helped by his faithful wife, who is described 'as a tower of strength in every time of perplexity or trial.'

Mr. C. L. Lundberg, in a letter dated August 16, 1900, describes some of the sufferings which he and his companions passed through before the final end, in which he himself suffered martyrdom with the last survivors of the party. He writes as follows:—

'In Kuei-hua-ch'eng, where we were stationed, the people began to treat us badly, so we left, intending to reach Urga and Russia; but on the second day we were at different times and gradually robbed of all we possessed. The robbers stripped us even of some of the clothes we were wearing, so that we were both hungry and cold. In our vicinity lived four Catholic priests, who invited us to come to them; and we went. We have now been here eight days, but even here it is very dangerous, as Boxers and soldiers intend coming to destroy it. All stations we know of belonging to our Mission are destroyed, but of the missionaries we

know nothing. Those of us here are Mr. and Mrs. E. Olson and three children, Mr. and Mrs. E. Anderson with two children, one only a few days old, Miss Emelie Erickson, myself and wife and two children. Our way to the coast is cut off. If we are not able to escape, tell all our friends we live and die for the Lord. . . . I do not regret coming to China; the Lord has called me, and His grace is sufficient. The way He chooses is best for me. May His will be done. Excuse my writing; my hand is shivering.'

August 22 he writes: 'The soldiers have arrived, and will to-day attack our place. The Catholics are preparing to defend themselves, but it is vain. We do not like to die with weapons in our hands; if it be the Lord's will, let them take our lives.'

The messenger who brought the letter stated that the same day the whole place was burned, and the missionaries all perished. Mr. Olson and Mr. Lundberg indeed escaped, but were pursued, caught and beheaded.

CHAPTER VII

Flight Across the Desert

After reading the harrowing details of suffering contained in the preceding chapter, it is a relief to read of the escape of a party of missionaries of the American Board, who, with ten Swedish missionaries, finally succeeded in crossing the Desert of Gobi, and found safety in Russia. The account here given is taken from the London *Daily News* of September 25, 1900. It runs as follows:—

'A party of American missionaries who escaped from the Boxers near the Great Wall in June last have just reached England, *viâ* Siberia, after a long and painful flight through the Gobi Desert. The refugees, who are now in good health, belong to the American Board Mission, and one of the number, the Rev. Mark Williams, has worked in China for thirty-four years. The remainder are: Rev. W. P. and Mrs. Sprague, Rev. J. H. Roberts, and Miss V. C. Murdock, M.D. To Reuter's representative the Rev. Mark Williams gave the following account of the experiences of the party:—

'"On May 25," he said, "I went down to Tungchow, near Peking, from the Great Wall to attend a Conference of the American Board, and then heard of the murder of native Christians. Following on these reports came news of the Boxer attacks on the railway,

and of the murder of two S.P.G. missionaries. On June 5, Rev. J. H. Roberts and I proceeded to Peking, and on our arrival in the capital rumours were current of a massacre at Pao-ting-fu. The following day, accompanied by Miss Murdock, M.D., we set out to return to our station at Kalgan, on the Great Wall, one hundred and forty miles distant. On nearing our residence, we were astonished to see hundreds of people collected round our buildings. Though shouting loudly and hissing vigorously, they allowed us to pass into our compound. Once inside our house, we held a hasty conference to decide upon our future action, and resolved to remain until matters became more threatening. As soon as darkness set in, we heard a great din, and crowds of people came to the gate, shouting and yelling, and endeavoured to batter it down with stones. Mr. Sprague, Mr. Roberts, and myself hastily seized our guns in readiness to fire if the gate were broken open. We discharged a few shots in the air, and warned the crowd that if they did not disperse we should fire upon them.

'"Later in the evening the mob cleared, but we now saw that it would be useless to remain. At midnight we sent the girls of our boarding school off to a Christian near by for safety, and we decided to put ourselves in the hands of the magistrate of the city. We hurriedly collected a few necessaries, and at three in the morning locked up the station and started for the Yamen, two miles distant. After some delay we were admitted. The same afternoon, the magistrate informed us that we must leave immediately, as he had just received a wire from Peking that our premises at T'ung-chou had been destroyed, that many Christians had been murdered, and that the missionaries were being escorted to the capital by American soldiers. The magistrate advised

us to go to an inn, but we knew that this would not be safe, so, after allowing us to draw our riches from the native bank, he sent fifty soldiers to escort us out of the great gate into Mongolia. He feared not only for us but also for his own Yamen if he sheltered us. At this time we had no idea of the terrible journey that awaited us — we had no notion of having to escape across Siberia; our only idea was to remain at a place of safety and return after the crisis.

'"At Tautai an old friendly Mongol chief lived, but on his advice the party continued the journey, and two days later reached Harausa. Here the official was unfriendly, and ordered us to leave at once, a Boxer army being only ten miles distant.

'"Fortunately," continued the narrator, "there was in readiness a caravan, ordered for Mr. Campbell, the British Vice-Consul at Shanghai, in charge of Mr. Larson, a Swedish missionary, and we availed ourselves of it, and prepared to start for the desert wastes ahead of us. On June 23 we started. In addition to our own party, we were joined by three Swedish missionary families, who had barely escaped with their lives, and a few days later we were joined by four other Swedes, who had had terrible experiences. A lady member of the party had been horribly treated, and she had been almost clubbed to death. One of the men missionaries, too, presented a frightful spectacle, and was covered with blood and dust. Our caravan now included twenty camels, nineteen horses, and six camel carts for the ladies and children. Our fears on entering the desert were not allayed by the threats that we should not be allowed to get water from the wells, and at some of the places we touched soldiers were sent to draw the water, so that we should not poison the wells. For eight days

there was nothing to be seen but sand. We were surrounded by it. The heat was intense, and the air was like that of an oven. We all suffered greatly, and our animals had no grass or water. Day marching was impossible, so we ineffectually tried to snatch some sleep in the daytime, first of all drawing up our caravan in horseshoe formation, and keeping the necessary look-out. We were completely isolated, and the telegraph wire which crossed the desert had been cut behind us by Russian merchants, who, like ourselves, were fugitives, with a view to prevent orders being sent for our pursuit by Boxers.

'"After thirty-eight days of terrible anxiety, we arrived at the Mongol city of Urga, on the other side of the desert. We presented a sorry spectacle, the want of sleep and the mental strain having told heavily on all of us. Shortly before our arrival on July 30, we had sent messages to the Russian Consul-General at Urga, demanding protection. He was most kind and friendly, and set aside for our use fourteen rooms of the Consulate. Just before we got into Urga we encountered a terrific hailstorm with vivid lightning, and every one of us was drenched to the skin. We badly needed the rest which we thought we should get at Urga, but, to our dismay, the Consul-General told us that we must leave at once, as there were two thousand Mongol soldiers in the neighbourhood, who might be hostile. He added that he was himself expecting a reinforcement of three hundred and fifty Cossacks from Kiakhta. He warned us that tens of thousands of Mongols were gathering for a religious festival, and that if we valued our safety we had better clear out without delay. So after three days we again resumed our weary progress, now aware of the fact that we should not be safe until we reached the

Russian frontier town of Kiakhta. The second day out of Urga we passed the force of Cossacks the Consul-General had spoken of, and cheered them heartily. We were now crossing a forest and mountainous country, and every day we were becoming more weary and ill-fitted to travel.

'"In about a fortnight, on August 13, we reached Kiakhta. There we remained until August 27, awaiting advices from home. Meanwhile, the American Minister at St. Petersburg was arranging with the authorities for us to travel without hindrance on the Siberian railway. Having sold our caravan, we proceeded by tarantass, our object being to reach Lake Baikal, and strike the railway at its terminus at Irkutsk. We travelled all day over a beautiful country, sometimes at an altitude of eight thousand feet, and stopped at the Government posthouses at night. On September 2 we reached Irkutsk, where we joined the train, and reached St. Petersburg sixteen days later."'[1]

[1] For descriptions full of attraction and power of the regions referred to in this chapter, see *Among the Mongols*, by the late James Gilmour.

CHAPTER VIII

The Massacre at Chu-chou-fu

When the edict of the Empress-Dowager, ordering the destruction of all foreigners, was issued in July 1900, it found its way—as it did to others—to the Governor of the province of Chekiang, Liu-shu-T'ang by name. He hesitated at first to issue it, and desired to consult the Viceroy at Nanking, Liu-K'un-i, as to his proper course; had he done so, in all human probability the events now to be related would not have occurred, as it is well known that H. E. Liu-K'un-i had the courage to withhold the edict from circulation. Unfortunately, the Governor of Chekiang was prevailed upon by the provincial judge, Yung Chuan, a Manchu, to publish this most monstrous edict; and although he did not publish it in the usual solemn manner, and withdrew it altogether a few days later, the mischief in Chu-chou was irreparably done.

Owing to the disturbed condition of affairs in the north, armed bands of marauders were gathering on the borders of the province, and had begun their depredations, and, ostensibly for the purpose of protecting the city, the gentry and officials decided to raise a local band of militiamen. This force soon became a source of terror to the peaceably disposed citizens, but most of all to the defenceless missionaries of the China Inland

Mission who were stationed there. These were: Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Thompson and their two boys, Edwin and Sydney, with Miss J. Desmond, Miss Edith S. Sherwood, and Miss M. Etta Manchester.

Notwithstanding the disturbed state of the city and the surrounding country, the missionaries decided to remain where they were, and they were encouraged to do so by the friendly assurances of the county magistrate, named Wu. These assurances were given in all sincerity, and the consequences to the magistrate himself were disastrous, for, incited by the gentry and high officials, and by the proclamation made by the Viceroy in the name of the Emperor, the brutal soldiery, on July 21, 1900, turned upon this magistrate, seized him and all his family and servants, dragged them into the presence of the prefect and other high officials, and there murdered them to the number of thirty-one persons; the unfortunate magistrate's wife and grandmother were the only persons who managed to escape.

On the morning of the same day Mr. Thompson's house was attacked by a mob, who began looting and plundering, and were encouraged to do so by the military official who should have protected them. Mr. Thompson tried to expostulate with the rioters, but, finding all his efforts useless, he and his household made their way by desperate efforts to the Taotai's Yamen, as being possibly the place where protection might be afforded. In this, however, they were cruelly deceived, for, having passed the outer gate and getting to the second gateway, they found the door closed against them, and, on knocking for admittance, were told by an attendant, 'We cannot be troubled about your affairs now.'

Thus, with all their hopes blasted they turned away, sick at heart, to face the cruel mob awaiting them. These, taking their cue from the officials, at once rushed upon Mr. Thompson, dragged him out in the street before the Yamen gate, and stabbed him to death with knives and tridents, his body being covered with wounds. One of the children was then killed in the same way, and the mother pleaded in vain for the life of her second child. The response of the mob was to dash the child on the hard stones, and stab him to death before her eyes, and then she herself and Miss Desmond were cruelly murdered. The gentry of the city and officials who were directly responsible for these dastardly outrages then sent public criers through the city, who, after beating a gong, gave warning that if any one harboured any of the foreigners or native Christians they would be killed as well as those found in their houses.

The residences of Miss Sherwood and Miss Manchester were situated in the north of the city, some distance from where the Thompsons resided. It was about noon on July 21 when the mob came rushing into the compound where these ladies were, and began plundering and destroying all they could lay hands on. The ladies, in trying to escape, were discovered, and set upon by some ruffians and severely wounded, but managed to get off with their lives, and found shelter for a time within the precincts of the temple of the city god, and there they were able to remain until Monday, July 23. On that day they were discovered, and forced to fly from their refuge, and the cry immediately arose, 'Here are more foreigners.'

The crowd rushed upon them from all quarters, pushed and dragged them till they arrived near to the Roman

CHU CHOU FU MARTYRS.

MRS. THOMPSON.

D. B. THOMPSON.

J. DESMOND.

E. SHERWOOD.

E. MANCHESTER.

[*To face p.* 92.

Catholic chapel, where they were stabbed to death, and their dead bodies dragged up and flung into the chapel itself.

These crimes, black as they are, did not finish the ghastly tale of murders in this city and neighbourhood. Ch'ang-shan, a city about thirty miles from Chu-chou, had within it some other missionaries of the China Inland Mission, these were: Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Ward and child, and Miss E. A. Thirgood. The neighbourhood of Ch'ang-shan had been very unsettled for some time, and the magistrate, fearing for the safety of the foreigners, with whom he was on friendly terms, advised them to leave, promising an escort for their protection. Mr. Ward thought there was no necessity for him to leave, but decided to send away the ladies and the child, and made arrangements for them to start on July 21, promising, if any serious danger of an attack on the city occurred, to follow them on foot. The ladies and child went by water, and got to within ten miles of Chu-chou the same evening, where they anchored. An angry red glare in the sky in the direction of Ch'ang-shan led them to suppose that the rebels had arrived and were burning that city, and they therefore got the boatmen to proceed, which they did, and arrived at Chu-chou at daybreak on July 22.

Mrs. Ward, finding that she and her party could not enter the city on account of the confusion there, asked the boatmen to proceed down the river, but they refused unless they were paid two hundred dollars to do so, an amount utterly beyond the means of the fugitives. She said, however, that the amount would be paid in Hang-chou on their arrival there; the boatmen refused, having evidently no intention of proceeding further, and taking their effects out of the boat, threw them on the bank, and

ordered the ladies and child to land, which they had no choice but to do.

After waiting on the banks some time, a passing boatman offered to take them to Hang-chou for thirty dollars, and to this they gladly assented, and began placing their goods on board the boat. While this was proceeding, however, the brutal soldiery who had lately murdered Mr. Thompson's party arrived, and behaved in a violent and threatening manner, demanding money. Mrs. Ward took off her wedding ring and offered it to her assailants, only to have it snatched from her hand and dashed in her face, with the words, 'We want your life, not your gold rings.'

Then they stabbed her in the arm, and with a push she fell on her side. The crowd then seemed to fade from her sight, and all she saw was her babe needing to be fed from her breast, and drawing the helpless infant to her she pressed it to her bosom. The fiends then stabbed mother and child together, and with the next blow severed the mother's head from her shoulders, and so ended their sufferings together.

Miss Thirgood seeing all this, knew there was no escape for her, and, kneeling in prayer, committed her soul to God, and while in this attitude received her death wounds, and thus obtained release from her cruel tormentors.

While all this was proceeding, six Chinese gunboats were lying in full view of what was going on, and with soldiers and officers on board whose duty it was to uphold law and order; but not a hand or an arm was lifted in their defence.

Mr. Ward remained in Ch'ang-shan till the marauders actually entered the city, which they did on July 21, and the same night he escaped on foot, attended by a native

evangelist and a servant. They avoided the main roads, fearing to fall into the hands of the banditti, and travelled on all night. Nothing unusual happened until the following afternoon, when they arrived at a small village named San-mo-kia, about five miles out of Chu-chou. Here a crowd surrounded them, on the cry being raised that 'a foreign devil was coming.' One of the mob rushed up to Mr. Ward, and asked in insulting tones where he was going. He answered, to Chu-chou, at which the crowd laughed, and shouted out that 'all the foreigners there are killed,' and then surrounded them more closely, hemming them so that escape was almost impossible. Mr. Ward, however, pushed his way to the side of the road, and ran along a field path, but found it only led to a pond, and so had to return. The crowd then set upon and beat Mr. Ward and his servant to death with sticks and clubs, and left the evangelist on the ground, also supposing him to be dead. He was not, however, even insensible, but saw all that was going on, and in the night crawled to a place of safety, and afterwards recovered to tell the tale here related.

Mr. A. Wright, of the China Inland Mission, from whose careful and accurate report the foregoing facts have been for the most part collected, visited Chu-chou-fu some nine months after these events. He received a special passport from the Governor of the province, through Consul-General Warren, and left Hang-chou about the beginning of April 1901. As he was under official protection, each county magistrate through whose jurisdiction he passed provided an escort of soldiers, and about sixty miles from Chu-chou a native gunboat with soldiers on board met and escorted the party for the remainder of the journey. About five miles from Chu-chou, twenty-two of the principal gentry of the city

met Mr. Wright, and with much knocking of heads on the ground expressed their sorrow for what had been done in their city during the troubles of last year. A mile from the city, all the officials made their appearance and joined the procession, and brought Mr. Wright with much ceremony to a large Yamen especially prepared for his reception.

In company with the county magistrate, the scenes of the massacre were visited, and with his assistance all proper respect was shown to the remains of the marytrs. It was found, however, that the bodies of three of those who were killed were missing.

The following terms were agreed upon with the Taotai, as some reparation for the dastardly deeds of 1900:—

1. A public monument to the martyrs to be erected in a prominent position in the city.

2. A piece of land in the city to be given free of cost, to be used as a cemetery for the burial of those who were slain and for others.

3. When all is ready, the remains of the martyrs are to be conveyed to their resting-place in a public manner, all the officials and gentry and prominent citizens to attend the funeral, and the city to go into mourning from three to five days.

4. A public reception to be given to the missionary who will be sent to reside in Chu-chou, the city to be draped on his arrival with red-coloured decorations (the sign of rejoicing).

5. Free quarters to be granted to the missionary in residence until his own mission premises can be rebuilt.

These stipulations, of course, in no way affect the action of the British Government with regard to the responsibility resting upon it to see to the adequate

punishment of those who were responsible for the deeds done by their authority; nor is it so regarded. This is simply reinstating the mission work carried on in the city in a manner which will adequately impress the inhabitants with a sense of its importance, and the sacredness of the lives of those who were slain at their hands, and the necessity of adequately protecting those who may go there to carry on the work.

CHAPTER IX

The Siege in Peking

The narrative of the siege of the Legations in Peking is one of the most marvellous which the annals of war have produced. If we look at it from the standpoint of the soldier, and consider the overwhelming force of the besiegers and the smallness of the numbers and resources of the besieged; the length of time which elapsed before the relieving column arrived; the number of non-combatants who required protection, and the inadequacy of the supplies of provisions by means of which all the besieged had to be sustained in life and health; as also the scarcity of the supplies of ammunition necessary for defence: the siege in Peking must rank as one of the most extraordinary on record.

From the point of view of the diplomat it is equally remarkable. Consider the negotiations carried on before and during the siege, and the many times when destruction was intended by the Chinese, and as often averted as if by accident. For instance, the negotiations which resulted in the murder of Baron von Ketteler led to a complete change of attitude on the part of the Legation authorities, which undoubtedly saved the lives of the entire foreign community, as well as those of a large number of natives. This change was the

decision then arrived at to remain within the Legation walls, and to defend themselves there, rather than to trust to the promises of protection and safe escort to the coast made by the Chinese Government.

Or we may view it from the standpoint of the besieged non-combatant, whether merchant, missionary, or one of the staff of the Legations or Customs, or as a Chinese Christian. Three thousand souls, including the foreigners and natives, had to be supplied with food and shelter. If we consider how the supplies were obtained, and the needed house accommodation provided; how the non-combatants, foreigners and natives alike, were found to be as necessary as the soldier for the adequate protection, safety, and comfort of all,—we have here the material for one of the most stirring incidents in the history of war.

It is not, however, from any of these standpoints exclusively that we here deal with the narrative of the siege. It is rather from that of the devout believer in Divine Providence, who loves to trace the finger of God in the affairs of men. Men, some of whom possibly were without thought of God at all, were yet controlled and guided by an invisible power outside themselves, which, on the one hand, upheld and sustained, and on the other, diverted and restrained, we may reverently and truthfully say,

'beyond all knowledge and all thought.'

The intense anxiety which prevailed throughout Christendom concerning the fate of the besieged, and the earnest and prevailing prayers of God's people throughout the world in their behalf, had a potency and an influence on the result 'undreamt of in the philosophy' of those who have neither the spiritual

eyes to see nor the heart to understand the ways of God amongst the children of men.

The events which led up to the siege in Peking were briefly these. The murder of Mr. Brooks, which occurred in the province of Shantung, on December 30, 1899, though apparently without significance, was the beginning of all the disastrous events which followed. Negotiations were carried on which resulted in the removal of Yü Hsien from the Governorship of Shantung, only, alas! to transfer him, with all the signs of approval of his conduct from those in authority in the capital, to the province of Shan-si.

The Boxer Society, under the guidance of Yü Hsien, and at the direct instigation of the Empress-Dowager and her advisers, spread rapidly from the province of Shantung into Chih-li, and as early as March 1900 their depredations and violence were causing serious concern to the various Legations in Peking. Efforts were made to obtain satisfactory edicts for the suppression of these anti-foreign societies, but such efforts obtained only specious promises. Owing to the increase of disturbances, and the uneasiness they caused, two British war vessels, about the end of March, were ordered to proceed to Taku. This action produced the issue of an edict, apparently satisfactory, but intended only as a blind, behind which the schemes of the hostile section of the Government could be more fully developed. The gunboats were withdrawn, and for a time there was an outward calm, which, it was hoped, betokened better things.

About the middle of May a rude awakening took place from the attitude of false security which had been till then indulged in. The destruction of three villages near Pao-ting-fu, and the murder of sixty-one Catholic

Christians, was the beginning of a long series of outrages which terminated in the attempted destruction of all the foreigners in Peking.

On May 28, the news reached Peking of the burning by the Boxers of the station at Feng-t'ai, on the Peking and Tien-tsin railway, and the flight of the Belgian engineers working on the line, nine of whom were killed. On May 31, the guards for the various Legations arrived in Peking. They numbered three hundred and forty marines, drawn from the various war vessels which at that time had arrived at Taku, or were anchored at the bar outside that port. Later, these were increased by eighty-five German and Austrian sailors, making a total of four hundred and twenty-five men of all nationalities sent for the defence of their representatives in the capital.

On June 4, the day after the last of the troops had arrived, the connection between Peking and Tien-tsin by rail was destroyed. On June 8, Chinese troops, under the command of General Tung-fu-hsiang, began pouring into Peking, and Boxers followed soon after, and burning, looting of property, and even murder became common. On June 9 the grand stand at the race-course, six miles from Peking, was destroyed by fire. On June 11, Mr. Sugiyama, the Japanese Secretary of Legation, was killed by Tartar cavalry, near one of the gates of Peking; and on June 13 many of the Chinese Christians in Peking, and native servants in the employ of foreigners, were murdered.

On June 17, after six hours' engagement, the forts at Taku were stormed and taken from the Chinese by the allied fleets. Seven days previously, Admiral Seymour's force had left Tien-tsin with the intention of relieving Peking, but were eventually obliged to turn back to prevent being cut off from their base, and only managed

to make good their escape after severe fighting and much loss of life. On June 19 the news of the taking of the forts at Taku reached the Chinese authorities at Peking, and the Tsung-li Yamen immediately sent word to the Legations that all foreigners must leave the city within twenty-four hours. At a meeting of the chiefs of the Legations, it was decided by a majority to leave the city the next day, and all the foreigners in Peking got notice to that effect.

At about eight o'clock on the morning of June 20, Baron von Ketteler, the head of the German Legation, with his secretary, Mr. Cordes, left his headquarters to interview the Chinese authorities at the Tsung-li Yamen. They took with them an interpreter and some German marines. When the party arrived at the Chinese outposts placed opposite the Austrian Legation, a number of Chinese soldiers came forward and offered to escort the German Minister wherever he might wish to go. The Baron thereupon ordered his own escort to return, and went forward, accompanied by Mr. Cordes, towards the Tsung-li Yamen with the Chinese troops. They were nearing the Yamen, when suddenly Mr. Cordes, who was in the rear, saw a Chinese soldier take deliberate aim and fire at Baron von Ketteler from behind. The Baron fell forward, and was soon despatched, and Mr. Cordes, who was immediately afterwards attacked and severely wounded, managed to crawl towards a missionary compound in the neighbourhood, and was there rescued and succoured. As soon as these dastardly deeds became known, all the foreigners living in Peking with one consent began to pour into the British Legation for protection, and at four o'clock the same day the siege commenced which was to last till August 14, a period of nearly two months.

We may here pause to review the events, which show how marked was the intervention of Providence in preserving the lives of the foreigners living in Peking at that time. It is now well known that it was the intention of the Empress-Dowager and her advisers to annihilate the foreigners and to destroy all their works. A day had been fixed in which, all over the empire, there was to be a simultaneous rising against and massacre of all who were not Chinese, and also of all those Chinese who had adopted the religion of the hated foreigner or any of his ways. Risings, however, took place before the full arrangements had been made. These forced the hands of the authorities, and made concerted action impossible.

Again, patriotic and far-seeing statesmen, like the two great Viceroys on the Yang-tze, Liu-K'un-i and Chang Chih Tung, and the Governor of Shantung, Yuan Shih K'ai, refused to execute the orders they received for the extermination of foreigners within their jurisdiction. Owing to these brave men, who thus risked their own lives and others, the lives of multitudes of helpless and unsuspecting foreigners were saved.

The Legations in Peking were entirely in the dark regarding these deadly intentions of the Chinese Government. No one suspected for a moment that the authorities could be so utterly blind and foolish as to think themselves capable of defying all the Powers of Europe at one time. Consequently the Legation authorities implicitly believed the representations made to them, and trustingly confided in the promises of protection which were constantly reiterated. At any time in May, or early in June, had the Chinese reactionaries so determined, the whole foreign community in Peking might have been easily and utterly destroyed. What

stayed their hands? Apparently the indecision of Prince Ching, who all through the siege seems to have been one of the restraining forces which prevented matters being pushed to extremities.

Again, had the arrival of the marines who were sent to guard the various Legations been delayed by the space of forty-eight hours, it seems impossible to suppose that the foreign community could have been saved. What hindered the Chinese soldiery from destroying the railway earlier, and by so doing preventing the arrival of the troops on whom so much depended? We can only suppose that in this case also, what some would call a fortunate accident occurred; while others more reasonably would say that in the providence of God the hand of the destroyer was stayed till the troops had passed.

Another striking circumstance, on which it afterwards became evident the salvation of the foreign community in Peking depended, was the death of Baron von Ketteler. The day previously it had been decided by a majority of the Legation authorities in the capital that the offer of safe escort to the coast, which had been made by the officials of the Tsung-li Yamen, should be accepted. This decision was communicated to all concerned, and although many felt serious misgivings about entrusting themselves to the tender mercies of the Chinese soldiery, and some even went so far as to protest against it, yet there is no doubt that the whole community would have gone out of the city at the appointed time, and it seems equally certain that they would all have been surrounded and massacred before getting very far on their journey. The death of the Baron von Ketteler effectually opened the eyes of all concerned to the fact that the Chinese professions of safe escort were

a delusion, and nothing more was heard or said of the decision so recently made to retire from Peking. Instead of this, all the foreigners began to make immediate preparations for seeking the shelter afforded by the stout walls of the British Legation. The time of the opening fire of the besiegers (4 p.m.) seemed almost purposely delayed to allow all the foreigners to assemble within the lines of the allied forces.

Another circumstance seems worthy of attention. Twelve days before the siege actually began, some American missionaries took refuge in the large premises of the Methodist Mission. These missionaries, seventy in number, elaborated a system of defence, and of general organisation in the shape of committees, for a variety of purposes. Sentries were placed, fortifications improvised, the Chinese Christians who fled to them for protection, or were already on the premises, were, in so far as they were suitable, drilled and armed, so that, when all the foreigners were assembled within the Legation walls, it only became necessary to enlarge the committees already formed, and adjust them to wider purposes, in order to secure admirable and efficient service of a most invaluable kind. It seemed certain that all these things had been working together for the good of those who were about to be besieged.

When the missionaries came to the Legations, they naturally desired to bring their native Christian converts with them; but they were met by a non possumus from the authorities, which might have been expected when the facts were soberly considered. When the foreigners were all assembled they numbered nearly a thousand souls, and this number might have been deemed sufficient responsibility for those who had to make provision for their protection and the food supplies. But when it

was calmly proposed to bring in an addition of over two thousand Christian natives, the answer 'Impossible' was returned without hesitation.

Nevertheless the impossible was attempted, and finally accomplished. Mr. James, one of the professors in the Peking University, accompanied by Dr. Morrison, the correspondent of the London *Times*, went to work with an energy and persistence that overcame all obstacles, and is worthy of the highest praise. They interviewed the authorities, and finally secured the palace of Prince Su, which was on the other side of a dry moat just opposite one of the gates of the British Legation, and within its ample walls and buildings the native Christians were securely lodged, and carefully provided for. Just as this task was successfully accomplished, Mr. James met his death, though the work given him to do was finished before he was taken away. Not only in particular details, but in the circumstances which have now to be related regarding the siege, the hand of Providence is to be clearly seen.

The native Christians had been rendered safe, and the foreigners, with as many of their belongings as they could hurriedly bring with them, were all gathered within the walls, when, punctually at four o'clock in the afternoon of June 20, the attack on the Legations commenced, and the siege had begun.

The whole attention of the hostile Chinese soldiery was now concentrated upon that section of the city which was within the lines of the allied forces. It was evident that the defence must be entrusted to one who had sufficient prestige to command the allied forces, and skill enough to direct their operations. The choice naturally fell on Sir Claude Macdonald, the British Minister, who, before entering upon his diplomatic career at Peking,

had distinguished himself in Africa and elsewhere as a military officer in Her Majesty's service. Surely it was not accident that provided a commander in every way so suitable as Sir Claude Macdonald proved himself to be.

The first necessity for a besieged fortress is a plentiful supply of water, and it was found that within the Legation walls were eight wells of good water, capable of providing supply for all the ordinary necessities of the besieged, and even the extraordinary demands made upon them when the fires kindled by the enemy had to be subdued.

As regards food supplies, there had been no time or even thought of making provision for a siege. No one, indeed, imagined that a long siege was beginning, nor that the foreign troops, whom they naturally presumed to be already on the way from Tien-tsin, would have any great difficulty in reaching them within a few days, or a week or two at most. In this condition of unpreparedness, and with a community, including the Chinese Christians, of over three thousand persons, it seemed that it could only be a question of a comparatively short time before the siege would be terminated by starvation, involving unconditional surrender, and then indiscriminate massacre.

But here again all such gloomy prognostications were banished in a most remarkable manner. Within the lines of the allied forces were all the shops in Peking dealing in foreign goods and stores, and some large Chinese merchant stores were also included. In one of these stores an enterprising Chinaman had only a few days previously laid in a stock of grain and food-stuffs, which he no doubt anticipated would sell at high prices during these troublous times. As soon as the siege

began, these shops were left in haste by the owners and occupants, and their contents were without hesitation appropriated to the necessities of the besieged. This grain store contained seventy tons of wheat of that year's crop, besides stacks of rice, Indian corn, and other food-stuffs. These were afterwards found, being carefully handled and distributed, to be sufficient for the support of all the besieged during the whole time the Legation was invested.

Further, a far larger number of ponies were in Peking at that time, in the possession of foreigners, than was usually the case. They were there in training for the Peking horse races, which were about to be held. These ponies required fodder, and in the grain shop already referred to was a large quantity of millet and beans, and a huge pile of straw, which was preserved in the most surprising way, although houses on each side of it were burned. This fodder proved to be ample for the animals, which were thus kept in condition, and they rendered very material help in hauling, grinding corn, and other heavy work, while alive, and when killed added their quota to the food supplies of the besieged. Again, there was within easy access an immense quantity of coal, which proved abundant for all purposes, and wrecked buildings within the lines afforded ample fuel for firing, and timber for fortifications.

The shops which held foreign goods proved to be also as essential to the safety of the besieged as the others. It was soon found that the enemy's fire at close quarters would in a very short time breach the Legation walls, strong as they were, and render the position untenable unless backed by earthworks. Mr. Gamewell, one of the missionaries of the Methodist

IN THE BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING.

F. H. JAMES. "FORT COCKBURN" WITH THE NORDENFELDT RAPID-FIRE GUN.

THE MISSIONARIES IN THE LEGATION.

Mission in Peking, had shown considerable aptitude for planning and raising defensive works in the compound of the Mission, which they had held for twelve days before coming into the Legation. This aptitude was immediately proved on a larger scale, since Sir Claude Macdonald appointed Mr. Gamewell chief of the staff on fortifications. With a skill and an enterprise which commanded respect, and excited surprise even amongst military men, Mr. Gamewell set himself to strengthen the walls, on which the safety of the whole community absolutely depended.

The foreign stores were overhauled, immense quantities of cloth of all kinds procured, and all the women, both foreign and Chinese, who were not otherwise engaged, were set to work making sand-bags of a convenient size. These were speedily filled, and by the help of the Chinese Christians, who acted as coolies, soon began to line the walls, and to give to them a solid backing of earthworks. In all, some fifty thousand of these bags were made, filled, and placed in position. The work of making the bags provided an outlet for the activities of the women, and the filling and placing gave work to the other non-combatants. This, no doubt, had an excellent effect in steadying the nerves of all, and so rendering their position more endurable than it would otherwise have proved to human beings who were unaccustomed to the shrieking of shell, and the sharp ping-ping of the bullets which fell in showers by night and day.

It soon became evident that every hand and brain would be needed for defence. Without the abundant supply of labour which the Chinese Christians provided, the heavy coolie work of raising fortifications and sinking mines and countermines could not possibly

have been accomplished by the small force of fighting men, who were called upon continually to resist the efforts of the enemy, and whose whole time and strength were needed to make these efforts effectual. Thus it was again proved that the good hand of God was guiding those who insisted on saving the Chinese Christians when human wisdom and prudence would have withheld their consent.

Another evidence of the restraining and guiding hand of God, in connection with this siege, was in the aimless and fruitless efforts of the besiegers to compass the destruction of the besieged. If the Chinese had made a determined attack while the foreigners were assembling within the Legation walls, and when as yet nothing had been done towards organised resistance, the attack would doubtless have proved fatal. The attack commenced almost at the exact moment *after all* had safely entered the lines of the allied forces, and had to some extent settled down in their quarters. Thus their resistance from the first was effectual.

The Chinese troops had for a time the control of the city wall. This was close to the Legation grounds, and commanded the entire position. Had the enemy at that time pressed the siege, and used their opportunity, it seemed evident that no human power could have saved the unfortunate foreigners on whose destruction they seemed bent. The opportunity was allowed to slip. The walls were cleared, and held throughout the siege by the American marines, and the safety of all was again thus secured.

The counsels of the enemy were divided. During the whole time that fighting was going on, negotiations which totally ignored all this passed between besiegers and besieged. To read the despatches, it appeared as

if nothing special had come between them to cause a rupture, or anything more than strained relations, which a little give and take on both sides might easily remove. But it was noted that, after the receipt of such communications, the attack the following night was fiercer than ever. At another time, a present of flour and melons was sent to the besieged, as if the two sides were on the most friendly terms. These facts show that the counsels of the enemy were divergent, and while one party were prepared to push matters to an extremity, there were others who wished to leave at least for themselves some way of escape from the inevitable day of retribution which they rightly believed would certainly come. This was a factor in the final deliverance of the beleaguered foreigners.

Again, no heavy guns were brought to bear on the Legation defences, and, strange as it may seem, the fire of the Chinese artillerymen was invariably too high. Thus the greater part of the shot and shell cleared the buildings at which they were directed, and fell harmlessly on the other side. This fact accounts for the strange circumstance that, although a deadly fusilade was kept up almost incessantly for nearly two months, so little damage was done, and so few lives were lost.

When the Chinese soldiery found that they could make little or no impression by direct attack, they set fire to buildings in the vicinity of the British Legation, in the hope that the flames would spread until the buildings in which the foreigners were living might also take fire and be destroyed. These fires, however, never had the desired effect. It seemed as if God had said, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther,' for when the flames, fanned by a strong wind, were at their height and threatening inevitable destruction, the direction of the

wind suddenly changed, and the fires burnt out harmlessly. In fact, these fires were a distinct advantage to the besieged, as they cleared the cover under which the enemy had been able to come to close quarters and pour in their shot with more deadly effect. One of these buildings thus destroyed was the famous Han-Lin College, where were stored treasures of literature of inestimable value to the literati of China, and all those interested in the history and writings of the Chinese.

Another most singular circumstance was the fact that mining was attempted underneath the walls of the Legation, at least in two places. But these mines were never fired ; and after the siege was over it was discovered that the head of one of these had almost described a circle, and if it had been fired might possibly have been more dangerous to the Chinese soldiery than it would have been to those whose hurt was intended.

Amongst the besieged were a large number of women and children. The children were allowed to play in the more sheltered courtyards. Not one of these children suffered any harm from the shot and shell, and only one lady was hurt, and that just when the siege was raised by the arrival of the British troops. Bomb-proof shelters were laboriously dug, but were never used. Shot and shell did penetrate even into the bedroom of Sir Claude Macdonald, but he was not hurt, and others remained uninjured.

In the eyes of the astonished soldiery who first arrived with the relieving force, all covered with dust, and exhausted by hard marching and fighting, under a hot sun, the tennis lawn of the British Legation appeared to be occupied by those who were engaged in holiday-making, rather than those who had withstood a desperate attack for nearly two months.

Notwithstanding the crowded and inconvenient manner in which the besieged had to live, and the insanitary condition of their surroundings; the almost tropical heat which makes Peking during the months of July and August a most undesirable place of residence; yet the sickness was comparatively small and the deaths few.

Amongst the refugees protected by the Legation walls were a number of skilled physicians of both sexes, some of whom, laying aside professional etiquette, served as nurses. These organised a field hospital, second to none in efficiency, and in the devotion with which all risks were cheerfully taken, and all hardships uncomplainingly borne. The result was that any who were wounded had immediate attention, and the highest skill and care bestowed upon them, and so the casualties were attended with comparatively little loss of life, and the amount of suffering was reduced to a minimum.

No praise would be too high to bestow upon the brave troops of so many nationalities on whom the burden of the defence mainly rested. Although it was apparently impossible to weld all these different units of many nations into a compact and harmonious fighting force, yet the feat was accomplished, and the coolness and courage of civilian and soldier alike, in the face of what appeared overwhelming odds, was worthy to be ranked amongst those deeds of heroism which make us think more worthily of humanity.

As the siege dragged on its course, and every day the besieged looked and longed in vain for relief which never seemed to come, they made efforts to discover what was going on in the great world outside. Several messengers were sent who went out and did not return. One came back with good news, which afterwards turned

out to be false. Amongst the crowd of Chinese who had been brought in for shelter was a lad who was found friendless and homeless in the terrible days preceding the siege. He was picked up and succoured by some Good Samaritan, and in return for the kindness shown him he volunteered to take a message to Tien-tsin. His offer was accepted; he was let down from the wall in the night, and after many adventures safely reached his destination, and the precious news of the safety of the besieged was communicated to an anxious world. This feat accomplished, he also performed the much more wonderful one of a return in safety to the besieged, bringing authentic tidings of the relief force sent for their rescue.

What had hindered the relieving force from making the journey of some eighty miles from Tien-tsin to Peking in a much shorter time? The bombardment of Tien-tsin itself was one cause of detention, and when the allied forces cleared the country of their enemies between Taku and Tien-tsin, they had still to address themselves to the task of reducing the native city of Tien-tsin, whose walls sheltered a fighting force of Chinese, and from whose ramparts the streets and houses of the foreign quarter were continually raked with shot and shell. This task was found much more formidable than any of the military anticipated, and indeed it was seriously debated whether it was wise to attempt the taking of the city by assault, in view of the probable great loss of life which might ensue, and thereby imperilling the forward movement of the relieving column who were preparing to go on to Peking.

The decision hung in the balance for some time, but it was eventually settled that the assault should be made. The night before the assault was delivered, the

Chinese soldiery evacuated the place, leaving it entirely at the mercy of the attacking force. Had the decision been made to fall back, the Chinese soldiery, gaining courage, would no doubt have returned and reoccupied their defences, and the relief of Peking might have been indefinitely delayed.

The relieving column, after much discouraging delay, began their forward movement, and crept slowly on as fast as the enormous difficulties which hampered every step would allow them. Eventually, after desperate resistance from the Chinese force opposing them, they got within sight of Peking. The British column, from private information, advanced towards a quarter of the city where their attack was not expected, and entered almost unmolested. They made their way by a somewhat circuitous route to the Legation gate, and were the first to enter the Legation grounds. They had thus the honour of being foremost in making the connection, a distinction keenly coveted, and it seemed certainly fitting that the British Legation should be relieved by British troops. The joy with which the dusky Indian troops were received was enhanced by the fact that the stores of ammunition and strength of the besieged were perilously near exhaustion, and it was felt that the relieving force had arrived, as they did on August 14, not a day too soon.

Thus we may trace the good hand of God in almost every detail of this wonderful siege, and we can fully sympathise with the besieged missionaries who sent the text which was telegraphed on their release :—

'Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken, and we are escaped (Ps. cxxiv. 7).

'To God be the glory ; great things He hath done.'

CHAPTER X

Marvellous Escapes

When the troubles began in the province of Shan-si consequent on the arrival of Yü Hsien as Governor in the provincial capital, the Rev. A. R. Saunders, his wife and four children, were living, with others of their Mission, at P'ing-yao, one of the stations of the China Inland Mission, about sixty miles south of T'ai-yuen-fu. Here they had lived in peace and quietness for thirteen years, without molestation from the people, and on good terms with the officials. Boxer placards had appeared in June 1900, and caused trouble in one of the out-stations of the P'ing-yao district, involving the destruction of property, and serious injury to the elder of the native Church in that place. Because of this, the P'ing-yao magistrate, at the instigation of Mr. Saunders, had a proclamation issued, condemning the Boxers, and warning the people against following them or causing disturbances.

This proclamation had the desired effect, until a higher official, on passing through the place after a visit to the Governor in T'ai-yuen-fu, warned the P'ing-yao magistrate to have it removed, as it would certainly bring trouble on him if Yü Hsien heard of it. Accordingly, on the night of June 25, the proclamation was washed off the walls; and the next night the premises

where Mr. Saunders resided were attacked by a mob and looted, and the Mission chapel, furniture, doors and windows, and books on sale were destroyed by fire. Mr. and Mrs. Saunders had barely time to snatch their sleeping children from their beds and make good their escape to the Yamen, where they believed they would be safe and receive protection. On arrival, however, they were told that the Governor's orders were that, as China was at war with foreign nations, no protection was to be given to foreigners, and that, therefore, they must immediately seek safety in flight.

They decided to go to T'ai-yuen-fu, and applied for and secured an escort from the magistrate to take them there in safety. They got without accident within seven miles of the capital, on June 27; but there they met a Christian native, who informed them of the burning of the Schofield Memorial Hospital in T'ai-yuen-fu, on the previous day, and advised them to fly for their lives elsewhere. They decided, therefore, to go to the city of Lu-ch'eng, another station of their Mission, situated one hundred and thirty miles from P'ing-yao, in a south-easterly direction. This they reached after much difficulty, having been attacked by the Boxers in one of the villages they passed through, and escaping only by paying a considerable sum for the privilege. This they had also to do in several places on the way.

The party arrived at Lu-ch'eng on Thursday, July 5; and on Saturday, July 7, that station was also rioted. The previous night, after seeking in vain from the magistrate the usual safe escort to take them to the coast, the Saunders party, with the addition of the missionaries living in Lu-ch'eng, started on a long and perilous journey of nearly seven hundred miles to Hankow. This journey cannot be better described than

in the account given by Mr. Saunders, which appeared in London in the *Times* on September 29, 1900:—

'Our party when we started from Lu-ch'eng Hsien was composed as under:—Mr. Alexander R. and Mrs. Saunders and four children from P'ing-yao; Miss Guthrie (of P'ing-yang-fu) from P'ing-yao; Mr. Alfred Jennings from P'ing-yao; Mr. E .J. and Mrs. Cooper and two children from Lu-ch'eng Hsien; Misses Huston and Rice from Lu-ch'eng Hsien. In all fourteen persons; including six children. The youngest of the children was eighteen months, and the eldest seven and a half years old. We had to leave secretly at midnight, and we walked all night, carrying on our backs the younger of the children. Our baggage was carried on two donkeys, one of which we never saw again after leaving Lu-ch'eng.

'Soon after daylight on Sunday morning we reached a village, where we hired donkeys on which the ladies and children were to ride four miles; but when we had gone about half that distance we were met by a band of nearly two hundred men, who had come out from the village just ahead of us, and who robbed us of all we had, donkey, silver, and goods, taking almost all the clothes we were wearing. Most of us were left with only a pair of Chinese trousers, the upper part of our bodies and our heads being entirely unprotected from the burning rays of a July sun.

'We trudged on as best we could, carrying the smaller children, the others walking, and all of us exposed to the full blaze of a semi-tropical sun. All that day and the two following days, through village after village, we were subjected to the cruelest treatment, till we reached the nearest city, Chang-tsz, forty miles from Lu-ch'eng Hsien, where we hoped to get official help and protection.

Although we were now almost naked, without shoes or stockings, the people would not believe that we had no silver secreted about us, and we were beaten most unmercifully, in the hope that such treatment would bring confession as to where the silver was secreted. The people of one village would follow us to the boundary of the next, stoning us and throwing hard lumps of clay, beating us on the back and head with sticks and bricks, and this was kept up almost incessantly from village to village for the whole of those three days. In one village, Mr. E. J. Cooper was dragged to the outside of the village by a rope, and left by the roadside as dead. If we sat down anywhere to rest a little while, we were stoned and beaten all the more, and the only rest we got was under cover of darkness, when we retired to some lonely spot, and slept on the hard ground outside. Even then we were disturbed once, at midnight, by a gang of men who came out from a village to seek us, and, finding us asleep in an open field, compelled us to move on.

'The first two days we had nothing to eat, and no one would give us even water to drink, and we were compelled to drink of any water we came to, and sometimes it was only a dirty stagnant pool. Towards evening of the second day, we were stoned into a large market town, and, sitting down on the side of the main street, we told the people that we could not go farther till we had something to eat. They did their best to get us out of the town, but we refused to go on. At last they gave us some bread and water, and then escorted us safely out of the town. When we had gone about two miles, a man, altogether unknown to us, came up, and, after some conversation, he took about three dozen eggs (hard boiled) out of a bag he carried, and gave them to

us; so even at this unfriendly time in China God raised up friends to succour us.

'At the next city, Chang-tsz, the magistrate had evidently already heard of us, for on arrival at dusk we were met outside the city by some of his underlings, who told us that we could not go into the city, but the magistrate would give us carts, and have us escorted to the boundary of his district. We told them that we could not go on till we had had a few hours' sleep and a little food. After a while, they brought us some bread and water, and after partaking of this we went to sleep by the roadside near the city wall; but even there we were not free from molestation, stones being thrown at us from the city wall. About midnight the carts and our escort came, and we were hurried on to the boundary of that county, from which place we had to walk to the next city, Kao-Ping, fifteen miles farther on. A little money was given us by the magistrate at Chang-tsz, with which to buy food, but we had not gone more than a mile when we were robbed of it, and were again without either food or money.

'Slowly we trudged on with sore and weary feet for a day and a half, through unfriendly villages, receiving the same treatment as before. One night we took shelter in an unused house by the roadside, but we had just settled in when some men came with lanterns, who said it was a pity the children should remain all night without food, and they had come to take us to a place where we could get food and shelter. As we had eaten nothing all day, we gladly followed them, but when we got to the village we found the streets lined with people carrying lanterns and torches, who had come out, even at that late hour, to glare at us, and we saw at once there was no intention to give us either food or shelter.

At first we suspected treachery, but they led us right on, out of the other end of the village, and sent us on the road again. We afterwards learned that on the next day they were to have a rain procession, and did not want us to be passing through the village the same day, lest we might bring ill luck. At this stage of our journey we were again stripped of the few garments we had, and I was left on the road completely naked, but fortunately I was supplied with a garment at once. Mrs. E. J. Cooper's death at a later date was largely due to the exposure caused by the loss of her upper garments at this time.

'On Thursday, July 12, we reached Kao-ping north suburb about noon, and, being extremely hot, we could walk no more on our blistered bare feet on the burning sand, so we lay down under a tree till it became cooler. About 4 p.m. we went to the Yamen, followed by a howling mob that completely filled the large courtyard. After explaining the object of our visit, a quantity of bread was thrown down to us as we sat on the ground in the courtyard, and a bucket of cold water was brought with which to quench our thirst. I insisted that we should be properly escorted to the next city, not to the boundary district only; and this they promised to do, but, like most officials' promises in China, these were made only to be broken. We were supplied with carts, and hurried on that same night without any rest, and were as before left by the escort at the boundary. It was then about 11 p.m. of Thursday, July 12, and we walked on to find a quiet spot to rest.

'Early next morning, Mr. Cooper and I went on to a village a mile distant, to hire a cart in which Miss Rice, who could walk no farther, and the children could

ride. We had in our possession seven hundred cash—about two shillings, and, leaving two hundred of these cash with Mr. Jennings, we took the remaining five hundred to pay for the cart. Passing through the village to the farther end, where the inn was, we were overtaken by some men, one of whom gave me a sharp blow with a stick and snatched the money from me, the others drove us on with sticks out of the village, and separated us quite from the rest of the party. After we had left the party, it began to rain, and Mr. Jennings with the ladies decided to move on to a little empty hut by the roadside, fifty yards distant, and there await our return with the cart. Misses Huston and Rice said they would go more slowly, and join them as soon as possible. Just as the ladies had settled into this hut, a number of men came up, and, beating them with sticks and whips, drove them on through the village in the direction we had gone, and they came up with us a few miles farther on. Misses Huston and Rice were now left behind, and it being impossible for us to go back to their help, we deemed it best to push on to Tse-chau, the nearest city, twenty miles off, and ask the official there to send a cart back for them. We learned afterwards that Miss Rice was beaten to death by the roadside that day. Miss Huston also received very serious injuries, which resulted in her death a month later, just two days before we reached Hankow. They even ran a horse and cart over her, to break her spine.

'Twenty long miles on foot in a pouring rain was no easy day's work for ladies and children, but we pushed on, and reached Tse-chau, the border city of Shan-si, about 11 p.m. We passed through many towns and villages, and it was here our sufferings reached their climax. This is one of the districts where the Peking

Syndicate have been planning to open mines and railroads, and the people seemed infuriated with one of the Syndicate agents. They said that taking these observations had ruined the *'feng-shui* (luck), and so caused the drought this year. Unfortunately, they thought I was this person, and I should certainly have been killed, had I not been able to prove in each village we passed through that I was not the person they took me to be. As we walked along, crowds followed us, and sometimes most of us were lying on the ground with men pounding us with sticks and bricks. In the villages they howled at us, "Kill the foreign devils!"

'I always had to single out a few grey-haired men and address them as follows:—"These men think that I am the man who was here last year on mining business, but I can prove that I am not. 1st. He could not speak Chinese, and I can, and you understand me. 2nd. His hair was cut short, and I have a queue, and a queue the length of mine could not grow in a year, as you all know." The people were convinced, and a queue saved my life. In one village, they had bound my hands together, intending to tie me up to a tree and beat me to death. Even the little children were not spared, and sore and swollen were our bodies when we arrived that night at Tse-chau. They refused us admittance, so we slept in the gateway. Next day, I sought to see the official, but we were denied, and not even allowed to enter the city, so stayed in the gateway till noon. We heard the Roman Catholic cathedral there had been destroyed two days before, and the soldiers were guarding the city gates to prevent the escape of the priests. The enmity of officials and people alike seemed to be chiefly against the Roman Catholics and the mining and railroad engineers, and we had all along

the road to prove that we were neither, but, being Protestant missionaries, were allowed to escape with our lives, and advised to make all haste to Hankow. Having our children with us was usually enough to prove that we were not Roman Catholic priests.

'At Tse-chau we got a road pass, as we supposed entitling us to an escort from city to city all the way to Hankow; but we afterwards learned it was a paper stating we were to be conducted as common criminals. At noon on Saturday, July 14, we left on mules with common wooden pack-saddles, and the torture the ladies endured riding those animals for two days to Huai-ch'ing in Honan, is indescribable. They had to be nursed at Hankow for the sores caused at that time. We reached Huai-ch'ing, and were treated tolerably well by the officials there, and at our next stopping-place, Wu-chi. There were many of the better classes who had much sympathy with us, but dared not show it too much, fearing the anti-foreign officials. We had now suffered eight days' cruel treatment in Shan-si, and the sole cause was—a vicious Governor setting the rabble on defenceless foreigners. We had now travelled one hundred and forty miles, mostly on foot, with very little food and no proper rest, and uncovered heads; but from this point onward we suffered no more at the hands of the people.

'From Huai-ch'ing on for fifty miles we had good treatment, and travelled in carts which, though very uncomfortable (not having bedding or straw to pad them), protected us from the sun, and the sores on our feet began to heal. Money was supplied us at Wu-ch'i freely, and we began to hope for a rapid journey to Hankow. Disappointment met us, for at Chen-chih the magistrate would not pass us on. He said the

official document we had got at Tse-chau was not a proper one. So we had to return to Wu-ch'i. There we found Miss Huston, who had been brought on by the Tse-chau magistrate, and who was very badly wounded in the head, the brain being exposed. The Wu-ch'i magistrate told us he could do no more than to escort us to the south bank of the Yellow River, and leave us there to make our own way to Chen-chou, where we could ask assistance at the Yamen. We went again in carts to the north bank of the Yellow River, and there our escort left us and returned with the carts, leaving us in hopeless condition, with the river to cross and no passport. We remained on the bank of the river two days and one night, with but very little hope of getting across unless we got an official pass; but at last, on Sunday afternoon, July 22, the man in charge of the ferry told us to get into a courier boat, and we crossed, being put on shore about one hundred yards below the proper landing-stage.

'We walked thirteen miles to Chen-chou, and went direct to the Yamen to plead our cause. The magistrate himself came out to meet us, and he proved to be very anti-foreign. He stamped his feet as he spoke to me, and said, "Fortunately for you, an edict has come to-day, ordering that all foreigners be sent under escort to Hankow, and I can send you on. Had you come here yesterday, I would have had you all killed." He had the necessary document written, and we were sent on by cart, but as common criminals, lodged every night in the common jails, with only a division of wooden bars between us and the chained criminals of China. This treatment continued for six days, till we reached Chioh-shan, where we were taken to a temple, and the mandarin's wife sent sweetmeats for the children.

'At Sin-yang Chao, the border city of Honan, which we reached on Monday, July 30, we were treated well, and clothes were given us. There we stopped three days, because soldiers were passing through *en route* for Peking, and it was feared that if we met them on the road trouble might arise. It was here, too, that we overtook Mr. and Mrs. Glover, their two children, and Miss Gates, who had fled from Lu-an Fu the day before we left Lu-ch'eng, and we learned from them that they had met similar treatment to ourselves. Now we had come to the Hupeh province, ruled over by Chang Chih-tung, and we were treated well by all the officials, and instead of travelling, as before, in carts, we had sedan chairs. We found, too, that the native Christians were in favour with the officials, and the rest of our journey to Hankow was done in comparative comfort, arriving at our Mission House on Tuesday morning, August 14, in all forty-nine days since we left P'ing-yao.

'In addition to Miss Rice, whose death I have already referred to, four others of our party died on the way. Two of our own children died from fatigue and want, and were buried in Honan. Mrs. Cooper and Miss Huston died in Hupeh, after terrible sufferings, and their bodies were sent on to Hankow by the officials. Mr. Cooper's baby died soon after arrival in Hankow, from the effects of the journey. It is a wonder to all that any of us reached this place, but we know our escape was due to the marvellous power of God on our behalf, in protecting us these many days when we were exposed to the sun without covering, so that there was not one case of sunstroke among us, proving the promise, "The sun shall not smite thee by day." Our way, too, was opened up sometimes in an almost miraculous manner, and for all these mercies we give God the praise.

We feel, also, that great credit is due to the Viceroy Chang Chih-tung, who persistently telegraphed to the Governor of Honan that safe conduct should be given to foreigners passing through that province.'

The foregoing account of the escape of the Saunders party would not be complete without some description of the adventures and trials of the Glover party, which left Lu-an, in Shan-si, six days before the party from Lu-ch'eng, but which eventually was overtaken by them in Sin-yang, on the borders of Honan, and both parties travelled in company the remainder of the way to Hankow.

On June 6, 1900, the Mission compound of the China Inland Mission at Lu-an was attacked at midnight by an idolatrous procession, which had been to the temple to pray for rain. The attack did not result in serious damage, but was sufficient to show the temper of the people, and the necessity there was for immediate flight. Mr. and Mrs. Glover left Lu-an on June 9, intending to go to the coast *viâ* Tien-tsin, and they reached another station of the Mission at Shun-teh, in the province of Chih-li. Here they stopped eleven days; but as the Boxers were getting more openly violent, they dared not show themselves, and could not proceed, so eventually they decided to return to Lu-an, and if necessary make their way through Honan to Hankow. Ten miles from Shun-teh, at a place called I-ch'eng, they 'were stoned, captured, and given over to death,' but they were delivered, like Paul of old, in a most miraculous way, and in a manner for which they could not account except by attributing it to God's restraining hand on mob violence. After a series of dangers and trials, they succeeded in reaching Lu-an,

where they found Miss Gates, who had decided to remain in the station when the Glovers left, just on the point of making her escape to the mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Glover got back to Lu-an on July 3 and on the next day word came from Lu-ch'eng of the arrival there of the Saunders party in full flight from P'ing-yao. Mr. Glover immediately called on the magistrate of the city, and he was refused an audience. But the same night word came privately that the magistrate had a message for him, if he would send some trustworthy person to receive it. This was done; and he was told of the Empress-Dowager's secret instructions to withdraw all protection from foreigners, and so flight was decided on.

On July 6, the party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Glover and two children, and Miss Gates, started for the journey to Hankow. They hired mule litters, in which they were to be conveyed to Chau-kia-keo, where they expected to secure boats to take them on the remainder of their journey. This design was frustrated in the good providence of God, for had they gone to Chau-kia-keo it seems they would certainly have all been killed.

On leaving Lu-an city, which they managed to do with some difficulty, they travelled thirteen miles to a place called Han-tien, where a halt was made for the noon meal. They were not, however, allowed to leave until they had paid 200 taels (£30, or $150, gold). As this was not forthcoming, a mock trial was held in the night, and they were found guilty and condemned to death. In the morning, they were taken in their litters in a kind of sacrificial procession to a place outside the village. The road was lined with spearmen, and all the men and boys carried some sort of weapon. At a

given signal the whole mass fell upon the litters, and struggled and fought like wild beasts over the baggage. Mr. Glover with one of the children had cleared out of his mule-litter in time, but Mrs. Glover and the other child seemed almost buried under a frantic mass of struggling humanity, from which it seemed impossible that they should come out alive. However, in a short time they emerged, apparently calm and uninjured, and Miss Gates, too, seemed miraculously preserved.

After the mob had seized and carried off all the baggage, the party found themselves alone and untouched, so they wandered back to the village to wait for the faithful Chinese helpers who stood by them in this perilous journey. To go back seemed impossible, so they determined to continue the journey on foot. They had not gone far when a crowd of evil men from the villages round began to follow them. At the next village they sat down on the doorstep of a little food shop, while the mob hemmed them in and refused to let them pass. Suddenly the suspense was ended by the crowd seizing them and tearing the clothes off their bodies. Mrs. Glover and Miss Gates had their upper garments stripped off, the children had only their combinations left, and Mr. Glover was stripped almost naked, but again no further harm was done to them. Mr. Glover had a pair of pants given him and a tattered beggar's coat, and in this plight they travelled on to the next village.

The villagers surrounded them and seemed ready to attack them. They were told to go a certain road, where it was evidently intended to fall upon them; but instead of going on this road they took a side path, and, strange as it may seem, the crowd suddenly came to a dead halt, and they presently found themselves

in a dry torrent bed alone, and night came on and the moon shone brightly. They walked on for some distance, and saw four men with mattocks waiting for them. These men told them to come to a temple near by, where they would find shelter for the night. On their refusing they became abusive, and snatched the upper garments from Mrs. Glover and Miss Gates, leaving them stripped to the waist. Mr. Glover, however, they did not touch, evidently considering his garments not worth taking. As they were making off with the women's garments, Mr. Glover remonstrated with them, and they suddenly threw down the garments they had taken, and made off. As soon as they had gone, the wanderers fled, and got to a hollow in the hills, where they lay down, and, despite the cold, fell fast asleep, as they were utterly exhausted.

As soon as the sun got hot, they began to move again, as their thirst was unbearable and the heat intolerable. They came down from the hillside, and found a muddy stream, which tasted as sweet as the purest water, and they then lay down under the shade of some trees growing over some grave mounds. In a small temple not far off heathen worship was going on. Soon a procession came out from the village and passed near them, and some of the people turned aside to see who they were, and immediately ran back to the village to report. Soon a cart came out with an official and the Yamen runners, and stopped near by, and to their amazement they found that the magistrate at Lu-an had sent the cart to take them to Hankow.

At first they thought it was a ruse to secure them, as it afterwards seemed as if it was; but they finally decided to use the cart, as the papers brought with the official seemed genuine, and they really had no other

method of procedure, as they were almost certain to perish of hunger if they went on by themselves, and the cart was shelter from the heat, and progress in the desired direction. They got in the cart, and proceeded to a place called Wang-fang, where formerly Mr. Glover had often preached. Here the people became very excited, and swarmed into the inn yard where they were, and it was soon evident that they were again in the hands of the Boxers. From their talk, it seemed evident they meant to kill them, but the official and Yamen runners who had brought them to the place, though in sympathy with the people, yet did not wish to be compromised, so they in whispers decided to drive off before the refugees could get into the cart; but Miss Gates overhearing the plot, the whole party got on to the cart and refused to move. The people and official people were furious at this frustration of their plan, but were obliged to take them on. The crowd ran along, hooting and bellowing, and followed them a considerable distance.

Arrived at Tui-ch'eng, they were taken to the inn, which had a large courtyard, and put into a room, where their escort wished to lock them in. Soon a heathen procession filled the inn yard, and, getting restless, finally broke into the room which the party were occupying. The landlord, fearing a riot and destruction of his property, told them to leave; but on Mr. Glover refusing, he was seized and dragged out amongst the crowd. Mrs. Glover, Miss Gates, and the children followed, determined, if they were to die, to die *together*. They were surrounded by a crowd of several thousands, and Mrs. Glover seeing that their only hope seemed to be in the official who was escorting them, seized his hand; Miss Gates then seized the other, and the others joined on. In this way they moved

out of the town, and by and by, to their intense relief, the cart came, and they proceeded on their journey.

At a village four miles off, the official again tried to give them the slip, but Mr. Glover seized the animal's bit and stopped the cart till they all got in again; but instead of going on, they were driven back to Tui-ch'eng, and left all night in the street near the gate, in company with a number of beggars. They had nothing to lie on or cover them, had no food and no sleep. When morning broke on Monday, July 9, they found themselves for hours without food or water, till a kindly man near by gave them some water to drink, and, as Mrs. Glover pathetically says—'The Lord remember those cups of water.' After a long time, the official appeared with some bread, and two small trolley carts, used for coal hauling in these mountainous regions. Into these they got, and were bumped about on them for twenty miles—a journey of seven or eight hours under a burning sun.

Arrived at Kao-p'ing, they were more kindly treated by the officials. Mr. Glover exchanged his beggar's rags for some more decent clothing, and money was given them to buy food. Next day they proceeded on their way, and at one village the poor people crowded round them and expressed sympathy with them, which, being so unusual, impressed them all the more in their forlorn condition.

After a seventeen miles' ride, they arrived at the prefectural city of Tse-chau, where Mr. Glover endeavoured to see the prefect, but was told that anything he had to say should be expressed in writing. All night long the mob kept howling, 'Kill the foreigners!' but no harm befell them; and next day a party of soldiers came to escort them, and they got on their carts and proceeded

on their weary way. Some money was given the soldiers to buy some straw hats such as coolies wear, but the soldiers kept the money and did not buy the hats, so they had to proceed bareheaded under a fierce, blazing sun.

At Lan-chen, on the Shan-si border, they were set down outside a small official's place, and were told they could be escorted no farther. However, they were taken to an inn, where the night was spent in great discomfort, and plottings were heard to kill them, and an attempt made to poison them with sulphur fumes. After two days' waiting, they got an escort and cart sent, and proceeded without serious mishap till they reached Huai-king, another large prefectural city.

Here the magistrate treated them kindly, and provided good food, and heard sympathetically their piteous tale. They had some clothing and money given them, and next day he sent them on in covered carts to Wu-ch'i. From Wu-ch'i, for three days they had to travel on barrows, without head covering; in some places treated well, in others lodged as common prisoners in the filthy jail. After arrival at Sin-yang, the official treated them with the utmost kindness, and here they remained eight days resting, as the official did not think the roads safe for travel, as so many soldiers were passing on the roads. Here new clothing was provided, and everything was done for their comfort as far as possible. Five days after they arrived there, the Saunders party joined them, and together they made their way to Hankow; but on the way the cup of bitter sorrow was made more full by the death of Mr. Saunders's little boy, and then Mrs. Cooper died, and Miss Huston followed, and finally, Mrs. Glover, after giving birth to a daughter in Hankow, was some time after, with her baby, taken to rest in the eternal home above.

CHAPTER XI

A Wonderful Deliverance

Early in December of 1900 messengers arrived at the coast, bringing tidings that at Ping-yang-fu in Shan-si, some missionaries still survived the terrible massacres which had been perpetrated in that province. These survivors were: Mrs. P. A. Ogren, Miss M. E. Way, Miss M. E. Chapman, and Mr. Graham M'Kie, all of the China Inland Mission. They had, it appears, been for months wandering among the mountains, and had escaped the fate which had befallen so many of their fellow-missionaries. The M'Kie party finally returned to their station, and, owing to the instructions received from Peking, they had been forwarded to the prefectural city of P'ing-yang, where they occupied the mission premises, and were there guarded by soldiers sent by the prefect till arrangements could be made for their safe escort to Hankow. These arrangements had to be postponed owing to the expected confinement of Mrs. Ogren; but after this event took place the party finally arrived safely in Hankow on February 13, 1901.

An eye-witness of their arrival at Hankow thus describes the scene:—

'Yesterday at dark there came into this city one of the strangest processions that ever visited the place. It consisted of about a score of the Governor of Shan-si,

Hsiliang's cavalry, direct from T'ai-yuen-fu, with twice as many foot-soldiers. These were escorting three mule litters containing the last of the poor salvage saved from the deplorable wreck of foreign life in Shan-si. It is not often that these northern conveyances are seen so far south, and they created as much interest amongst the natives as amongst the foreigners. As they stood on the road after the animals had been taken out, a wondering group of coolies surrounded them. "Ah ya! what a chair, it could seat six; I would like to see the men who carry it." "That is a horse chair; you know nothing; men don't carry it." "Are horses permitted to carry chairs now?" When they awoke to this new fact, the party gave a general sigh, as much as to say, "Whatever now, in these days of multiplying carriages and rickshaws, will become of the poor chair coolies, since horses have taken to carrying chairs?"

'Our interest, however, was in the occupants of these curious conveyances. There was Mrs. Ogren with her two babies, Miss Way, Miss Chapman, and Mr. Graham M'Kie. They had at last been forwarded to the British Consul by the Shan-si authorities.'

The following account, written by Miss Way, will put the reader in possession of the facts regarding the wanderings and adventures of Mr. M'Kie's party, and the subsequent account by Mrs. Ogren will detail what happened to her and her husband before the party finally came together.

Miss M. E. Way writes as follows:—

'*Wednesday, July* 4, 1900.—We were compelled to leave. Miss Chapman and I escaped out of the city dressed in men's clothing. A few native Christians met us just outside the city gate; Mr. M'Kie followed behind, and somehow missed us. After some considerable time

he succeeded in finding us. We walked thirty li (ten English miles) to Niu-tsuen, and about two in the morning Miss Chapman and I were shown into a mud hut, and Mr. M'Kie into an old loft belonging to one of the Kuh-wu Christians. We laid our weary heads down, placing our straw hats under our heads for pillows, and slept until 10 a.m., when an old woman brought us some bread and water. She was very excited, and said that the Boxers had just called and enquired about the Christians, and wanting to know if they were Christians. They said "No," but the Boxers did not believe them, and took the old father to a temple almost adjoining. He worshipped idols, and they let him off by paying a fine of 16,000 cash (about £1 or $5, gold). We were sorry he should deny Christ, but he came back rejoicing, saying that he only denied Christ outwardly, but that down in his heart he loved Christ, and if he had not worshipped the idols the Boxers would have gone to his home and found us.

'We were forced to leave that night at dusk; we walked sixty li (twenty English miles) up into the Kiang-hsien Mountains. We got there at break of day, passed by an old man who was mending a temple; he spoke to us; we dared not answer, but our faithful boy (Yuen-ur) spoke. We passed by quickly. Next morning the man at the temple reported that twenty Boxers had passed during the night; we and our Christians were the Boxers, at least we were so disguised that we passed for them.

'We were shown into an old loft belonging to a noted thief. Here we remained for six weeks. We could only speak in whispers, and go out for a few minutes when dark, the old thief keeping watch all the time. Our beds consisted of coffin boards, and the place was overrun

with rats and vermin. Our faithful boy handed food to us three times a day; he stayed in an old cave at the side. We promised this thief thirty taels to keep us secretly for three months. At the end of six weeks we had twenty-five taels sent to us by one of the Christians, also a letter telling us of a good way to get to Hankow. The village people seemed to have suspicions that we were hiding in this loft, so we thought it best to start for Hankow. We intended walking all night and hiding during the day. We succeeded in getting an escort of six—three Christians and three outsiders, two of them being thieves; one of them showed us a knife that had killed eight people.

'On August 18 we started off at midnight, and seemed to be full of joy thinking that we would reach Hankow safely. My message from the Word when we started out was, "The God of peace shall be with you." We tramped up one very steep mountain, up to our necks in wet scrub, there having been a terrible thunderstorm the night before, so the walking was very difficult. We had a donkey with us belonging to our boy; while climbing up the mountain he caught hold of the donkey's tail, I caught hold of his hand, Mr. M'Kie of mine, and Miss Chapman of Mr. M'Kie's.

'In this way we got to the top of the mountain about break of day, when we came to two caves—a lower and an upper one. We had a rug each and a change of clothing, so we took off our wet clothing and laid ourselves to rest. At the bottom of this cave was a human skeleton. The old thief came up to look, and said, "This is a fine place, I'll know where to come to again." About half an hour after, we heard a tremendous noise, as if the men were killing one another. Then there was profound silence for about half an hour. Mr.

M'Kie then said he would go to the lower cave and see why they did not bring us food. I said, "Don't go; it means death to show yourself in open daylight." He went, and found the men had gone; we knew not what to think or do, as we were simply lost on the mountains. We thought that the thieves had killed or bound the three Christians. We then left our few things in the cave and scrambled up to the top of another high mountain, taking off our outer garments to drag one another up. We then went down the other side on our hands and feet, and were very much bruised when we got to the bottom. Some natives were watching us, and said they had never seen any one attempt to get down such a place.

'These natives gave us a drink and a cucumber. They seemed a little friendly. We offered them 100 taels (about £15 or $75, gold) if they would escort us to Hankow; but they laughed, and said we would not get any one to undertake that. They told us that the next village was seven miles away, so we walked on. The sun was intensely hot; we had large straw hats, but we could see daylight through them. We got to the village about 4 p.m., and passed through. Then we heard a great shouting, and, looking behind us, saw about fifty or sixty people running after us with knives and staves; every one had a weapon of some kind. We looked at one another, and said, "God wants us in heaven." I said, "Yes, we are going to-night." We stood still, waiting for them to come, but looking unto Jesus.

'They were very angry, and stamped their feet and made us march back through the village, intending to go to a temple at some considerable distance. They said they had caught six men, and bound them in the temple. These six men were our six; this would have been the

last in our thought that all six could be bound. We went on a little way, and I was so tired that I dropped down. Mr. M'Kie pleaded with them to let us rest, and then we would go on to where they wanted us to go; but they would not hear of this, and hurried us off. But one man brought us a drink; how we enjoyed it! We never seemed to feel hungry, but we felt the pain of thirst very much. We walked on a little farther, when I dropped down again and almost fainted. They then saw that we could not go on, and so they all sat round us with their large knives and weapons. I had no fear. I realised that Jesus "went all the way to Calvary—all the way to Calvary, He went for me; all the way to Calvary, He went for me." I just leaned my head over and commended my dear ones to God; so sure was I that the next few minutes I should enter the presence of the King.

'One man whispered in Mr. M'Kie's ear, "Brother, you have a few friends here, but they dare not help you." The people then calmed down, and Mr. M'Kie asked the headman if he could read; he said "Yes." Then he took out an old passport and showed it. After a little while, the man handed it back and released us, and told us that we could sleep in an old temple. This was indeed a wonderful deliverance! We then went to the temple, and the people brought us some black bread and water. We did not get any rest, as the people crowded round us till midnight, then left us with two wicked men.

'With great difficulty we got away from these men about three in the morning, and then scrambled up some hills and one high mountain. It was then daylight; we could find no place of shelter, so we were in the broiling sun the whole day, lying flat the whole time, in case we

should be seen. When night came we were very thirsty; we did not have a headache from the sun, although our faces were blistered. We walked and walked till we were tired, and at last found a little creek by a bed of maize. Here we quenched our thirst and lay down in the bed of maize to sleep. We had nothing but what we stood up in. We started out on July 4 with thin cotton clothing, and had the same on in October. We slept fairly well in this bed of maize; the ground was very wet, as the maize had been watered. The weather had taken a change, and we shivered very much.

'About five the next morning a man passed by with two cows and a dog; we lay flat down, so that he should not see us. We then had a little prayer together. I prayed that the Lord would take us to heaven soon. We decided then to go to the nearest house and beg for food. This we did, but they refused to give us anything; finally an old woman gave us a bit of bread about four inches long; this we received gratefully, then had a drink from the little creek, and went on to a small village. Though we drank all sorts of water and ate anything we could get, still our God kept us in health. "And the Lord thy God shall take from thee all sickness." We got to this village and begged for food. After a long discussion, the people finally told us that if we would wait till they had cooked their food each family would give us a little, and none of them would feel it. We were thankful for this promise, as we had been long without food, and the women went to prepare it. Just as it was about ready, a man came up on horseback and told them to have nothing to do with us, as we were condemned to death by the Empress.

'We had to leave soon; we got a short distance away, and were looking for a place to hide for the day, when

a man came running after us. He seemed to be in a great rage; we thought he was a Boxer; we waited calmly for him to come up. I looked to Jesus and said, "Lord Jesus, Thou dost keep Thy child through sunshine or through tempest wild." He soon came up to us, and then calmed down and began talking about the six men who were still bound in the temple. We asked to be taken to them, as we thought it would be best if we all died together; we heard that probably they would be beheaded. This man showed us the way; we got there about noon. This time the people did not greet us with knives; they gave us some drink and some bread. We sat down amongst the scrub; the people talked to us and gathered around us, then left us, telling us to leave the place, as it meant danger for them. They said they had been offered one hundred taels to deliver us up to the Boxers. Mr. M'Kie said, "There is no hope for us." I said, "Yes, a glorious hope—a glorious hope, if we go to heaven, and also if we are spared"; but we never thought we would be spared.

'During this time we heard terrible rumours about the native Christians and missionaries, which afterwards turned out to be true. As the sun was setting a man came up to us; he thought we had silver, and was just about to search Miss Chapman, when we looked up and saw our faithful boy. We almost cried with joy. We had previously arranged to try and walk back to Kuh-wu, which was impossible without some one to lead us. Our boy said they were released from the temple, and the others had gone home as fast as they could, and begged him not to come and look for us, as they were sure we should get into the Boxers' hands. He did not listen to them, but decided to look for us; so one of the thieves said, "I won't let you go alone."

'The two of them led us over the mountains. We walked all night, and hid during the day behind some rocks on the top of a very steep mountain; we had a little bread with us. About 4 p.m. a terrible thunderstorm came, and we were drenched. We wandered over the mountains looking for a place of shelter, but did not find one. The boy suggested that we should go to a cave at the back of his house about twenty miles distant; this we consented to do, so on we went through the dense scrub; it thundering, lightning, and raining the whole time. All that was left of my shoes was a piece of the heel tied at the back of my ankle; my clothes were hanging in rags, through being caught in the scrub, having just to pull them away in haste. About 9 p.m. we came to a clump of trees; the men told us that we must stay there for the night. We refused to do so, as there was no place to sit down, it was all pools of water; and if we could keep walking it would keep us warm, as we had no clothing to change.

'The boy then said he would try and find the way; we went a little farther, and we heard a big stone fall. We called out to our boy; the reply was a deep groan; with great difficulty we got to him, and thought he was dead. We sat there the whole night, our feet resting in a creek of water. It was so dark and the scrub so dense that we were simply helpless. After about an hour we found that his foot was seriously injured, but none of his limbs broken; he seemed in great pain. At break of day he said he would try and walk to the cave and tell some one to come to us with food before it was dark. We had big sticks to help us in walking; he took one of these sticks, and the thief went with him. We prayed that God would give us a fine day, and the sun came out bright and beautiful, and

dried our clothes on us. It was so nice to feel dry and warm.

'We were all day without food, and about 4 p.m. two thieves brought us bread, and then led us to the cave. On arrival they gave us a drink of boiling water and some hot bread; then showed us into the cave. It was such a terrible-looking place that we said we would not go in; we would rather sleep on the mountains. But our boy was in the cave, and told us to come in. We went in, and after a while lay down to sleep. We were so wet and dirty! During all these wanderings we had not washed our faces or combed our hair. About midnight we were aroused by three men at the top of the cave crying, "Sah! sah! sah!" (Kill! kill! kill!); we thought our last moment had come.

'Our boy rushed to the top of the cave, and kept them talking till daylight. They were about to kill the thief who had led us over the mountains; we afterwards found they were discussing who should take us over the mountains and kill us. The next night our boy told us we must leave, as it was too dangerous to be there, and said, "There is nothing to do now but to go on to my home; you are welcome to share the bit of food we have; my relations have gone away to hide, but I will get my wife to come back." We were delighted with this thought, and started off with our boy at dusk. We got to Niu-tsuen, the place where we started from when we left Kuh-wu. There was a very deep gully a mile or two away from the village, and several caves. Our boy's foot was so painful that he could not walk on to his home, and so we were compelled to go to the caves, as we thought just to await death. We felt sorry that this faithful boy was now kept from leading us; but it was God's wonderful

leading. A few days afterwards we heard that the Boxers had gone to his home and destroyed it ; his relatives had gone away to hide, and thus escaped the Boxers; and if his foot had not been injured, we would have been killed there.

'We remained in these caves six weeks. We were discovered three times, but the Lord turned the people to be friendly. An inquirer came at midnight and brought us bread and water. Sometimes the bread was mouldy and hard. We used to take it in turns to sit up at night and watch for the wolves; during these lonely hours I felt the presence of the Lord preciously real. I used to sing inwardly all the hymns I could think of; my favourite ones I sang in a whisper every day: "I shall see Him face to face," "Loved with an everlasting love," and "Lord Jesus, Thou dost keep Thy child." We had no Bible; how we missed the precious Word of God! I prayed day by day that God would send me a Bible, and when I got to P'ing-yang-fu I had three of my own returned. We have proved our God answers prayer. Hallelujah!

'One night an inquirer came to us, and told us there was no hope now. The Boxers had come to the village; two in the morning, and two at night. He and his family went to hide in the cave just below us, and every one knew that we were in these caves. These four Boxers were waiting for others to join them, and waited for two days, but they did not come. We spent the whole day in prayer, and poured out our hearts before God that at this last hour He would scatter the Boxers and spare our lives. These four Boxers went to see why the others did not join them, and found they had made a mistake in the name of the place, and gone to U-tsuen instead of Niu-tsuen, and before they could

MR. MCKIE AND PARTY IN PING YANG FU. MRS. GLOVER.
MR. AND MRS. D. KAY AND DAUGHTER.
MRS. COOPER. M. E. HUSTON. P. A. OGREN.

get back a strong proclamation was out for our protection and the scattering of the Boxers. They then had to escape for their own lives!

'How we praised God for this wonderful answer to prayer! "Hereby ye shall know that the living God is among you." We then prayed that God would send us clothes, as we were so cold, it now being October. At midnight four Christians came to see us; two from Hong-tong, and two from P'ing-yang-fu. They brought us some silver, and one of them took off his thick coat and gave it to Mr. M'Kie. They told us all about the death of dear Mr. and Mrs. Kay, and told us that we were the only foreigners in the whole of the province. After prayer they went away (just before daylight), and our boy walked to Kuh-wu and brought us some wadded clothes. God answered our prayers concerning our boy; his foot was almost healed. Next night he brought us these clothes. How glad we were to cast off our rags! The inquirer brought us a Chinese comb, and we succeeded in getting all the knots out of our hair. Several times we thought of asking this inquirer if he would shave our heads.

'Our boy was very much upset, as he found that nearly every one knew where we were; he said it was very dangerous, and asked one of our friends to take us into his loft. After a great deal of persuasion he consented, and we went about 2 a.m. In the room below the loft were two little girls with smallpox, and one died. How marvellously God kept us in health! We slept on wet ground time after time, and in the pouring rain, yet we did not have a cold nor even a headache, or dysentery from impure water.

'While in this loft we thought of a plan to get to Hankow secretly, by dressing up as soldiers; others

suggested that we should go in coffins; but still we waited, and Christians came to us and told us that the mandarin was sending soldiers to look for us, as they wanted to protect us. Meanwhile we heard that wicked men with knives and weapons had been looking everywhere in these caves for us, so we were just delivered in time. We then agreed that we would give ourselves up —come what might. We were so worn out that we just longed to go to our heavenly home. I felt the influence of the prayers of God's children very much. I often felt quite lifted up, and the thought would come, some one is praying for us, and I looked for wonderful answers. I kept the day and date all along; they called me the almanac. Sometimes I would think, What day is to-day? "Why, Saturday." The Melbourne C.I.M. meets at 4 p.m., Adelaide 7 p.m., Shanghai 7.30 p.m. I reckoned up to the time and in spirit met with them, and often pleaded with God that He would pour out upon His children the spirit of prayer. God gave us wonderful peace; our rest of soul never seemed to be disturbed; though we heard of the terrible tortures and sufferings of our brothers and sisters, still we never felt nervous. My nerves to-day are stronger than ever, and I would not wish to feel better in health. I am hoping not to go home, but to have a rest, and then return to Shan-si.

'*Sunday, October* 31.—At midday the Kuh-wu mandarin sent carts and soldiers to take us to Kuh-wu. How rejoiced we were that we could be out in the open daylight! We did enjoy that ride, and arrived just as it was getting dark. The mandarin had hired a house, as the chapel and mission-house were destroyed. They were very kind to us, and brought us nice food, and offered to do anything for us if we would stay; but we heard that

Mrs. Ogren was alone in Ping-yang-fu, and we felt that we must join her. The city people were very friendly, and begged us to stay ; the next day we had a skirt each presented to us. How delighted we were! Then the Hsien mandarin arrived from P'ing-yang with a party of soldiers to take us, and we joined Mrs. Ogren on October 24. She was alone at Ping-yang when Mr. Ogren died. Her little boy was almost at death's door with starvation. The mandarin bought a cow, and this little one has been saved. Mrs. Ogren had a little girl given to her December 8. We started for Hankow January 6, with a hundred foot-soldiers, sixteen horse-soldiers, and a mandarin from T'ai-yuen-fu. It was a very difficult journey, in the depth of winter. We had to stay in the inns several days on account of the snow. We arrived at Hankow February 18, and never shall I forget the warm welcome we received ; it was almost too much for us to bear.'

CHAPTER XII

In the Hands of the Boxers

The preceding tale of the sufferings of the M'Kie party would not be complete without adding the equally marvellous account of the trials of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Ogren and child, as related by Mrs. Ogren herself:—

'In the spring of 1899 my husband visited Yungning-chow, and with some little difficulty obtained premises for opening a mission station. This city lies five days' journey south-west from T'ai-yuen-fu, the capital of the province. It is governed by Fenchou Fu, two days' journey on the road to T'ai-yuen. Mr. Atwater and Mr. Price were working in Fenchou Fu. No missionaries had ever lived in Yungningchow, but Mr. Lutley had stopped there a few months several years before. There were two Church members living there. In June we moved into the premises we had secured. Our place was in the south suburb, between the city and a small stream lying at the top of a steep hillside. The people seemed quiet and well disposed. Our preaching chapel was attended from the first by great crowds of people, who listened quietly. The official, named Ch'en, was also quite friendly toward my husband. This region was suffering from famine, caused by long-continued drought. This kept increasing in severity after our arrival, and people began gradually to blame us for

keeping away the rain. But no signs of trouble appeared. The people also disliked the official because once going to pray for rain he rode in his chair. They compelled him to dismount and walk to the place. So we knew we were among a bold and daring people.

'In May 1900, Mr. Ogren went to P'ing-yang-fu to attend a Conference of Missionaries. I remained at home and kept the chapel preaching going on. Many people came every day to listen to me telling the story of life in Jesus. But the people were becoming restless and threatening, so I sent the evangelist to the Yamen with my card to speak about the matter. Nothing was done about it, however. My husband returned about June 1 with news that the Boxers had begun work in Hungtung Hsien, near P'ing-yang-fu. We had before heard of the Boxers in Shantung and Chih-li, but never thought of their coming into our region.

'Two days later came a letter from Pao-ting-fu, telling of the black placards put out by the Boxers there, threatening the foreigners. So we began to be alarmed, and talked about leaving, but my husband decided it was best to stay. As the people were becoming very threatening, gathering about our doors at night and making a disturbance, my husband called on the official to ask protection. While he was at P'ing-yang-fu, our friendly official, Ch'en, had gone into mourning for his father, and been replaced by a new man named Chang. He also, much to our relief, proved to be kindly disposed. He had not tried to go in his chair when praying for rain, so the people said he was a good man. He sent some soldiers to keep guard at our place. He met my husband several times.

'One day he sent everybody out of the room where he was receiving my husband, and asked him about the

right way to pray for rain, seeing his entreaties had thus far failed. The opportunity was used to show him the difference between the dead men to whom they prayed and the ever-living God who rules heaven and earth. Some eavesdropper seemingly told about this interview, and soon the rumour went over all the region that my husband had promised to bring rain on a certain day, for which service he should get several thousand taels; but if he failed he should be killed. When the day passed and no rain came, the people grew more threatening.

'Now came our worst danger. About the middle of June, two men arrived, reporting themselves to be merchants, but they had no goods to offer. Their language seemed to be a Shantung or Chih-li dialect. One of them paid a fellow thirty cash to show him where the foreigners lived. Other similar mysterious persons kept arriving. The awestruck whisper went abroad that the Boxers had come. People feared them, for it was said they wore buttons which kindled fires, and would steal girls to recruit the "Red-Lantern Society"—strange transformation of stories in other parts about foreigners. Stories went abroad that ships had come to Tien-tsin loaded with boxes. In these boxes, so said one who had managed to peep through the hole which pierced the side of each, were foreign soldiers—two in each box. On arrival of these foreign troops, the "heavenly soldiers," as Boxers were called, had flown away to heaven.

'In a few days black posters were out, and the Boxers were drilling their recruits. During this time many Boxers were passing Yungning in such haste as scarcely to stop for meals, on their way over the mountains to Kansuh and elsewhere. We surmised there had been some fighting at the coast, and the Boxers were fleeing

from foreign shells; but our mails had now stopped, and we had no means of learning the real state of affairs. But when we saw how the Boxers everywhere won great numbers of followers, we did not think they could be fleeing in defeat.

'The people very quickly turned from fearing to trusting the Boxers. As soon as they came, the crowds of famine sufferers who had before threatened us ceased coming, for they had a new ally to destroy us and allow rain to come again. We kept our chapel closed, and allowed only those to come to us whom we invited for Sunday meetings. From the time of my husband's return, we had soldiers guarding our place all the time. After the Boxers came, the official advised us to leave. But we had heard from P'ing-yao that all was quiet there, and, in answer to letters, were advised to remain with the inquirers who had gathered round us. So we still delayed leaving. We hoped God would keep us safe till the danger had passed.

'One morning our servant woman, an inquirer, wanted to leave us. We asked her why, and she made some excuse of going to a relative. But finally she told us her son had come and warned her not to stay, as we were to be killed. Then we found out that during the night the headman of the gentry had sounded a gong round the streets, and warned people not to take water from the spring—where nearly the whole city got their water — because the foreigners had poisoned it. This story came from my husband sending the evangelist late at night to our servant with a letter which he wished him to take early in the morning to P'ing-yao; and in going to the servant's house he passed the spring with the letter in his hand. A mob gathered in the night to come and destroy us, but the headman told

them to wait, and he would accuse us to the official in the morning.

'My husband went as soon as he heard this story to the Yamen. He told the official what was going on, and asked help. The headman was called, and asked who told him the spring was poisoned. Those he named were brought in and punished. They had merely seen the evangelist pass the spring. Sure enough, that forenoon the water turned red. We suppose this was done by the Boxers to influence the people against us.

'*July* 5.—We received a letter from Mr. Price and Mr. Lundgren, in Fenchou. They told us of the murder of the ladies at Hsiaoi-I-Hsien. They also told us the Boxers and the "Red-Lantern Society" of women had attacked Mr. Atwater, but were punished by the mandarin; but this mandarin was now in disgrace with the higher officials for friendship with foreigners, and would be degraded. The people there had become quiet, however, and we were invited to go and stay in Fenchou. But our official still promised to do all in his power to help us, so we remained where we were.

'Our official told my husband he must not come to see him any more, for fear of trouble, but when he had any business with him to speak to the customs officer, who would come and report it. After a few days more we were told to go to one of the secretaries named Ch'in. The evangelist visited him several times late at night, when every one in the Yamen had finished smoking opium and gone to sleep. One night they met outside the Yamen after midnight, and the secretary came along to our house. We told him we had not been able to get money from the coast, so were unable to leave, as we now wished to do, unless the official would lend us some silver. This he agreed to do, so we prepared to leave quickly.

'We had already cut a secret door through the wall at the back of our garden, and plastered it over, so that we could open it and escape if a riot should occur. The secretary brought us, one night after midnight, 100 taels from the official. We gave a receipt for this, and also arranged that the official should take charge of our property when we left. Everything was packed up, and arrangements made for an escort to the Yellow River, eighty li away, on the morning of July 13. We settled up with servants, etc., and got a few boxes ready to take along. The night of July 12, about midnight, the secretary came to us to make final arrangements. He then went back to the Yamen and brought seals to put on our boxes. While he was in the house talking with us, one of the soldiers who were guarding us cried out, "There is a man in the tree" just outside our garden. He ran in for his sword, and then began such a yelling and confusion that we thought the time had come to escape for our lives. But the secretary told us not to be afraid; it was all right. Soon the uproar ceased, and the soldiers came back, saying the man had dropped from the tree and run for his life. He was evidently a Boxer spy, who was watching to see when we left, that they might catch us. So we finished our work and tried to get a little rest before starting.

'In the dim twilight of breaking day there came to our door a litter, carried high on the backs of two mules, and covered over with a mat awning. This was to carry us to Ch'ih-k'ou, a market town on the Yellow River eighty li away. We came silently out and mounted. Quickly and noiselessly we started off on our long journey to Hankow. Only God knew what lay before us—how we should turn longingly toward our home for rest and safety, and how our roads must part; one going to the

old home beyond the sea, the other to the new home beyond the shores of time. Enough for us to know we were safely on our way, with a guard of half a dozen soldiers, in spite of all the counsels of our enemies. Well for us that we left when we did, for only two days later two Roman Catholic places not far away were destroyed by the Boxers.

'We reached Ch'ih-k'ou safely, but found the people there in open insurrection. Our official had sent stringent orders to the local official at Ch'ih-k'ou to hire us a boat and start us quickly on our way to T'ung-kwan, from which place we were to go on to Hankow as quickly as possible. So a boat was secured for 50 taels, and we began to embark, not daring to show ourselves out of the litter. The people were preparing to attack us, so the local official went forward and exhorted them to be quiet, saying our doctrines were not the same as the Roman Catholics, and we had nothing to do with them. We went on down the river bank, our soldier guards firing their guns and yelling like demons. The official had preceded us to the water's edge, and as we went on the boat took leave of us very politely. This seemed to be meant to influence the people favourably toward us. So we were again safely past great danger. As our boat moved off we heard some yelling and spitting after us. Later, we were told that the poor famine-stricken crowd had one hundred pairs of sticks ready on the shore to beat us. The One whose name is "Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God," had restrained the weapons of our enemies. He has said, "Even the hairs of your head are all numbered," and He had not forgotten to care for us.

'Our boat was very small, so that with two of the soldiers on board as a guard we had scarcely room to move. We went sweeping along in the rapid current.

This boat journey was a great strain on us, from the constant fear of wreck. The river is so swift that no boats attempt to ascend it. They are sold at T'ung-kwan for almost nothing, though many are wrecked on the way.

'We travelled seventeen miles that day, and stopped at a place where our guard had to be changed. Our money was now nearly all gone, so we concluded to send back by the soldiers returning to Yungning for some more silver from the official there. We waited four days, and no answer came. Had our trust been in man, we should have despaired, but we looked above for care and comfort.

'On the fourth day some ill-disposed men visited us. The river here forms the boundary between Shan-si and Shen-si. These men said they were from Wu-pu Hsien, whose walls we could see on the opposite side of the river in Shen-si. They demanded 50 taels, saying we must not be let off to our own land unpunished. Some advised us to conciliate them by a feast, others told us to have nothing to do with them. They kept trying to frighten us by telling of a place three miles below on the Shen-si side where we must stop for the customs inspector, and that our boat would be seized there by the people and all our goods stolen. Our outlook was dark indeed, but when the need is greatest the help is nearest.

'Next night an answer came from the official at Yungning by the secretary Ch'in, who had helped us so much before. He brought with him 30 taels of silver, also a letter from the Fenchow missionaries, which had come after our departure. This said that all was quiet there. We thought that now we had money enough to reach T'ung-kwan, three hundred miles away

over the rapids. My husband told the secretary of the threats made by the men from Wu-pu Hsien, so two soldiers were sent to secure protection at the customs station mentioned. How we now praised God for again calming the storm which raged about us, and speaking peace to our hearts by His "Fear not, it is I."

'The secretary had also been instructed to get us a larger and better boat, and send us on with all speed. No doubt the same orders had now reached Yung-ning as were sent to all other officials, to help the Boxers kill the foreigners, and our official was sending us away by the quickest, though also most dangerous, way. For the exchange of boats we had to pay 12 taels. Another part of the 30 taels was to be given the two soldiers who had come with the secretary to guard us to T'ung-kwan for their expenses on the way back. So we had but a few taels left for use on the way. The secretary now bade us farewell, and returned with the other two soldiers whom he had brought along. He gave us a very cordial letter of recommendation from the Yungning official to be shown at official places. It spoke in warm terms of my husband, and asked kind care for him on his journey.

'We started on again, and soon reached the customs place of which we had been warned. Sure enough, a crowd of roughs came at us, and were even ready to attack our guard. But when the officials at the customs-house saw this, they called out to them, "Catch the dogs; tie them and bring them here." This quieted the rowdies, and we passed unmolested. Now our boat shot down the roaring rapids, the muddy water boiling round us as it went tossing over the rocks. We were in constant fear that our boat would go to pieces on the rocks, and we sink to a watery grave. Our sense of danger

was just as great as later when we were in the hands of Boxers. But God kept us safe from shipwreck. In two days we reached Lung Wang Chan, one hundred and seventy miles from Ch'ih-k'ou. From here it was five days by land to P'ing-yang-fu, and still one hundred and seventy miles by the river to T'ung-kwan. There is a rapid here so dangerous that for three miles the boat must be taken on shore and dragged past the rapid and launched again below.

'We arrived in the evening, and stopped for the night, intending to continue our journey in the morning. But when our guard went ashore they heard that a few days before some foreigners had been killed by Boxers at Yumenk'ou, thirty miles farther down the river, and their bodies thrown in the river. This was the party from Ho-tsin and Chichow. Now we were in great perplexity. We knew it would be impossible to pass Yumenk'ou, for neither our letter of recommendation from Yungning nor our entreaties would avail anything with the dreaded Boxers, and our guard of two men would not be able to protect us. They now advised us to divide up our goods—no doubt they would accept a share—and escape over the river into Shen-si.

'Near our halting-place they found an old ex-official, about eighty years of age, who knew our Yungning official, and for his sake showed us kindness. One of his enterprises was keeping an inn only a few steps from the shore. Next morning he came to us and invited us to his inn. He had some mules which were now away from home, but would be back in a few days, and then he would help us across the river and to a farm of his thirty miles from the river, where we could hide for a while. He said that since eight nations were fighting against China the war could not last long, and we could

hide in the mountains of Shen-si until peace came. We went to the inn, and the two soldiers of our guard returned to Yungning, taking with them a letter to the official asking advice and help. We had not yet heard of the proclamation ordering all foreigners to be killed. So we hoped for an answer to our letter to reach us in Shen-si. But it never came.

'*July* 26.—Our landlord's servants returned with mules, and we got ready to start. But thirty-three soldiers from P'ing-yang-fu under two officers came along, and told us they had been sent with orders to drive us out of the province, and that we must go with them in the morning. We made excuses, for we saw they meant harm. But when we said it would be impossible for us to start a long journey on foot with them, they shouted angrily, "No difference about that; you be ready to go along with us in the morning." When our old evangelist, who had come thus far, saw them, he asked where they were from and what they were doing. They said they were out chasing foreign devils. He was a very timid man, and this so frightened him that he took to his heels. Before he got far, some roughs grabbed him and took from him the last of our silver—four or five taels—which we had left with him to keep, and he went on as best he could. We never saw him again.

'We learned from the people that the soldiers had said they were going to take us a few miles and kill us. But God again interposed on our behalf. The old gentleman named Wu, in whose inn we were staying, interceded for us and got up a feast for all the soldiers. Next morning they went away without molesting us, but charging the old man to get us out of the province that day. He was overjoyed at getting rid of them:

came into our room, and, giving us a military salute, told us he had been to worship the spirit, and inquiring about us had got the answer, "Ming puh hsiang kan" ("No fear for their lives"). But if we had not had firmer ground than this for our faith, our hearts would have sunk with despair. We praised God for again delivering us, and prepared to go. A few of our most necessary things we put in a box and a hamper. These with some bedding we took on our flight; all the rest we left with Wu. He furnished us with two mules to go to his farm at Li-chia-san, twenty-seven miles beyond the river. He also gave us rice and flour for use on the journey, and said we could get what we needed from the tenant on his farm.

'He walked out a little way with us when we started, as we were to cross the river at a ferry three miles above. We saw a woman coming toward us waving her arms, as though motioning us back, and calling out something which we did not understand. We supposed she was speaking to the landlord, but he paid no attention, though he must have understood. He soon took leave of us, and we went on with the servants and a ferryman. Now we learned that the woman had told us not to go on, as there were some bad characters waiting for us up the road. When we had gone about a mile we saw some men skulking about among the rocks ahead of us. The ferryman called out, "Oh dear, now we are caught." We were much alarmed, but could do nothing but go forward, like Israel at the Red Sea. On one side were the steep rocky mountains; on the other, the rushing, muddy torrent, as far as we could see; behind, who knew how many enemies waited for us? and before were our foes crouching in sight behind a rock. I was riding one of the mules, our goods were

packed on the other, and my husband came a little behind, carrying our little Samuel.

'As I came up to the rock, the men came from behind it, brandishing their weapons and yelling, and ordered us to stop. They demanded 300 taels (say £40 sterling). I got down from the mule and went up to a man who stood swinging his sword. I begged him to have mercy on us, and told him to take all else of ours, but to spare some clothes for the baby. Perhaps he felt something like pity, for when they had taken our things down from the mule and were rifling them, this man took up a little baby shirt and passed it to me on the point of his sword. You may be sure I gladly took anything which would help to save my poor baby. The bandits divided among them one thousand cash which our landlord had given us for road expenses, and then searched my handbag. I begged them to leave us one hundred cash which was there, and they did so.

'After they had taken what they wanted of our things, the man with the sword began whetting it with strange movements such as Boxers used, and cried, "Shah" (Kill). We supposed that now our last hour had come, and our bodies were soon to be hurled into the rushing muddy stream. But we begged for mercy, and they spared us. As soon as the brigands left, we went on again, and came to the ferry just as it began to rain. So the men who were with us proposed to stay overnight in the small inn, and cross the river early next morning. We felt that our lives hung on getting out of Shan-si as soon as possible, so insisted on crossing at once.

'Finally, they agreed to take us over. Well for us they did so, for early next morning twenty-two soldiers from Chi-chow came to Mr. Wu's place with orders to seize us, but learned we were already in Shen-si, and

THE TA NING MARTYRS.

F. E. NATHAN.

M. R. NATHAN.

M. HEAYSMAN.

CAVE DWELLING, TA NING.

RUINED CHAPEL, TA NING.

[*See p.* 75.

beyond their power. The servants of Mr. Wu would not cross the river with us, as had been promised us, but took the mules back home. Some people told us the old gentleman had sent us away only because he wanted to keep our things; but this was hard to believe. When we got across the river it was dark and raining. The ferrymen were going to leave us alone there on the shore; by promising them a good reward as soon as we could hear from Mr. Wu, we induced them to help carry our things up the bank, and they showed us two black, smoky caves where we could stop. This was where the ferrymen lived, and we found them anything but good men. In spite of our protests, they nearly used up the little flour we had, which we used to make gruel for little Samuel; and they spoke very unkindly.

'We had sent word by the returning servants of Mr. Wu of our robbery, and asked for the loan of one thousand cash. We waited in the caves four days for answer. We began to be uneasy, but as usual committed ourselves to God, waiting for His help. On the fourth day, a servant came from Mr. Wu with one thousand cash, but no mules, so we had to walk. The men who had helped carry our luggage up the bank claimed seven hundred cash for this service, and would not let us go unless we left with them our box as rent for the use of their cave four days. We managed to induce the servant who came with the cash to carry what baggage we had left.

'We found the road very hard to travel, over the steep, rough mountains. In the broiling heat thirst parched us; I could walk only a little way and then sink down exhausted. Our baby's eyes were inflamed by the heat, and he suffered very much. But we had a small enamelled saucepan and a bottle of water, so

by preparing him some condensed milk which we had still, and native arrowroot, we kept him alive.

'We did not go far the first day. It took much entreaty to get permission to stop in a village overnight. Next day we managed to hire a donkey for me to ride, and so finished the journey. Li-chia-san was the name of the village where the farm was. Mr. Wu had told us we could use his flour and rice at this farm; but the tenant's wife declared she would not let us have food until she saw the cash for it, although the servant who came with us told her his master had sent us and given permission to use his food. We could not be forbidden lodging, so were given a cave outside the farmyard. We sent a message by the servant when he started home, asking Mr. Wu to lend us some more money, holding the clothes we had left with him as security. No answer came.

'At sundown of our third day in Li-chia-san, we saw three men coming over the hill, and wondered whether they were messengers with money; they turned out to be robbers. One of them we had seen in the ferrymen's cave, and he led the other two to us. One of them had a big knife, and said he was from Ich'uan Hsien Yamen. He whetted his sword and rushed at my husband, saying we had not invited them to eat. We ran to the tenant's house, and left the robbers to have their way with our things. They took everything they considered worth taking. We had before given my watch and some clothes to the tenant's wife to hide for us, and these they did not get. They were angry to get so little plunder, and threatened to take us to the Yamen. We did not know the Governor of Shen-si was friendly, so wanted to keep hidden. We could not give the robbers silver,

as they demanded we must do, but finally got rid of them by giving them a paper allowing them to take anything they wished from the box left at the ferry. Of course it had not much in it by the time they got there.

'As soon as they were gone, four men came who said they were from Ich'uan Hsien Yamen with orders to arrest us. They were angry to find us already plundered, and went off to get their leader, who was about two miles away. The tenant now advised us to go to a cave deep in the mountains, where his wife would bring us food. As soon as it was dark we started, with the tenant's wife and young son as guides. The cave was only a small hole in the ground, from which my husband had to dig out lumps of earth, both to get more room and to build up a screen that the passing shepherds might not see us. The first day in this cave we had fire to make some gruel for the child. Then our matches were done, and we could not get a fire from native flint and steel, which we tried; so there was only cold water and raw flour for a nine-months' babe. He suffered terribly from hunger. The first two days we had some maize meal gruel and bread brought us in the evening to eat. But when the tenant's son-in-law brought it the second day, he said we would get no more from them. Next day we waited hungrily till dark, but no one came near. So we crept out of our hole and started back to Li-chia-san, which was only a mile or so away.

'The men at the farmhouse were very angry and brutal, but the women were kind. We asked them to help us by giving us a little flour, holding as security the few things of ours which were hidden with them. They flew into such a rage at the mere mention of such

a thing that we did not dare speak of the matter again. By and by they offered to give us flour for a small travelling mirror which I had, and by this we were able to live on a while longer. It cut me to the heart to see my husband and child suffer so much from hunger. I could endure the hunger much better than they. Sometimes my husband was in awful agony of pain from hunger. But when I grieved about it, he said, "It is no matter what we suffer for Jesus' sake." In the midst of hunger and privation he could say, "I rejoice that through these sufferings the Church will be awakened into new life. The field is being watered with blood, and what a harvest there will be!" He, too, was soon to join those who had shed their blood for poor China; and his comfort was in the assurance that the sower and the reaper shall rejoice together.

'We arranged with the tenant's son-in-law, a most villainous-looking fellow, to go to our old friend Mr. Wu and try to get some more help. The distance was only thirty miles, but he was gone seven days. We stayed at the farm waiting. We heard this son-in-law was such a bad man the landlord would not allow him on his place. So we were not surprised when he returned empty-handed, for no doubt he had not seen Mr. Wu at all. He seemed to have heard of the Boxers' offer of 100 taels (say £30 sterling) for every foreign head. He began to rage like a madman, snatched up his sword and rushed at us. But his wife and relatives held him back, and he did not manage to hurt us.

'We now saw that we could not stay here any longer, and made plans to leave next day. We thought the war at the coast must surely come to an end soon, and we should be able to go on with our work at

Yungning. We felt safer in Shen-si than in Shan-si; so thought of going north till opposite Yungning, then would cross the river and hurry secretly to the city and ask protection from the official, who we were sure would do all he could to help us. I still had my foreign scissors, and hoped we could persuade the ferryman to take them for our passage money. Next morning we turned our faces homeward—how we longed for home and rest once more after all our sufferings! But what a long toilsome way lay before us!

'We knew not where we should find lodging, nor how we should get food; for we were moneyless. We had only the clothes we wore, baby's quilt and pillow, the little saucepan, and a little bag of flour to make gruel for baby, and my scissors. But He who said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head," who had for our sakes become poor, and for whose sake we were now poor, had not forsaken us. He had said, "Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" Had we not come to China in full reliance upon Him? Before leaving Sweden for China I had said, "The Lord will care for me; and if not, I am willing to go through starvation into heaven." Was He now to take me at my word? I wondered. Or would He only try me? However it would end, I felt that to die of starvation for Jesus who died for me was easy. I found it true, "My yoke is easy, and My burden is light."

'When we set out from Li-chia-san, part of the people held back the tenant's son-in-law, who raged like a madman, and others escorted us out a little way.

Then we went on over the wild, steep mountains through the scorching heat. We avoided the larger roads, wishing to keep out of sight, and followed bypaths where we sometimes had to creep up mountain sides on hands and feet, with difficulty keeping from rolling down the steep slopes. The population was very sparse, but the people we met were kind. They gave us food at least once a day, and we always had some place to lodge. They told us to keep away from the Yellow River, as there were men there seeking to harm us.

'On the third day we were told that to go farther north we must cross the Fen River, next in size to the Yellow River, but with shallow, fordable places; and that we had better come to the river at a ford. When we came to this river we could not tell where to try crossing it. After waiting till we had almost concluded to turn back, we saw an old man come down to cross. He agreed to show us the way over. The current was so swift it made one dizzy to look down, and the water was so deep it was difficult to wade. The old man took my hand, to keep me from being carried away. And I, by faith looking up to God, took hold of the hand of Him who said, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee."

'When we had crossed the river, the old man showed us the way to his village; so God gave us not only a guide across the river but also a lodging-place, for it was now sunset, and the region very desert-like. Weak as we were, it was a hard climb up the bank to the village. The people received us very kindly; and supposing the next day was Sunday, we concluded to stop over. When we again set out on our journey, the old man gave us some directions about the road, which were not

very clear. We kept on till sundown, when we suddenly came out of a narrow gully to a large village, where we saw the flags of a customs office. We had heard by the way that the official at Ich'uan had heard of our being in his region, and said he would neither help us nor harm us, so we felt it was necessary to keep hidden. But now we were seen by the villagers, and it was too late to turn back. They seemed to be expecting us, very likely having heard of our coming from some one who passed us during the day. My husband was very anxious, but we could only go on through the village, whatever might happen. The crowd which gathered round us made ribald sport as we passed, shouting in diabolic glee.

'We passed clear through the place, and were going on our way, when some bad-looking ruffians came running after us. They seized my husband by the queue and me by the arm, and dragged us back to the village. They seemed determined to kill us then and there; but some other men came and kept them from harming us, almost getting into a fight about us. So we were led away to a temple, and the men released us, after much entreaty. We were now searched for "medicine." Then they shut us up in a tumble-down room, which looked as though it might be used as a prison. We found the name of the place was Anhoch'u, and that the men who seized us were underlings employed about the customs office. During the evening we received a pot of water, some fuel, and one "shen" of rice, sent by the gentry as prison fare.

'Next morning, when they came to drive us out of Shen-si, my husband pleaded to see the customs officer; but to no purpose. Two men were appointed to escort us. The younger was an evil-countenanced rogue,

unarmed; the elder was many-fold more villainous-looking, and carried a sword, which he kept prominently in view. Again our small stock of belongings was overhauled by enemies. They emptied the feathers from Samuel's poor little pillow and burned them. One of them seized my Bible; but the vehemence with which I declared I could not and would not part with that Holy Book seemed to touch the heart of even this ruffian with his murderous sword; and after turning over the leaves a little, he hesitatingly handed it back to me. Our two guards now growled at us to move on, and the crowd moved with us, that evil-looking wretch following us swinging his sword.

'We went on till noon, when we halted at a farm, and our guard ordered the people to furnish food for us and them, as they were on public business. The farmers refused, saying this was no public business, but only their own wicked affair. They said they were willing to feed us, but not our oppressors. They demanded we should be set free. They also spoke to us, and told us these rascals were only wanting to make some money, and we had better give them some, even a few hundred cash, and get free. We said we had no money, and asked them to loan us a little, which we would repay many times over. But they evidently did not think that we could escape alive any way, so did not trust our promises. I was feeling very ill, and the farmers' people, seeing my condition, prepared a place for me to rest. But before long the guides came and ordered me to get up and go on. The farmers offered me a donkey to ride, but the guides would not allow it. So we had to go on as before, God giving us strength for the way.

'We were led along through a wild, desolate gully

in the mountains. Some men came along with laden donkeys; our guards shouted threateningly at them to get out of sight, and they hurried away. Once they led us aside from the road into a deep, pit-like ravine, and told us to sit down and rest. I feared foul play, and said we could not rest here, but must be going on. Again, on the summit of a hill they ordered us to sit down, but again we refused. The younger of our guides afterwards told us they had several times been about to kill us, but he persuaded the other to wait. Along the way they beguiled the time singing of the three slaves going out to be killed. When night came we lay on the bare stone floor of a theatre, too cold in our thin garments to sleep. We were glad of the morning, when we could at least move along to keep warm.

'We were now nearing the Yellow River, and pleaded to be released; but the men refused unless we had some valuables sewed up in our clothes which we would give them. It seemed they were sure of some reward if they delivered us to the Boxers, so would not let us off for nothing. At last we came to the river, and the ferryman was compelled to take us over free, being told it was public business. There was a customs office on the other side of the river. We saw a Boxer "red lantern" outside a door, and knew the place was held by Boxers. Only the younger of our guides was with us, and he handed us over to the Boxers. They did not harm us, but led my husband into a shop with the "red lantern" over the door to have a talk with him. A crowd gathered around me and Samuel, and one man, cocking his head to one side with a sardonic grin, told me the Taning missionaries had gone back to heaven. I knew from this the ladies there had been murdered.

'After a while my husband was led out, and we were

told we should be taken back to Yungning. But they led us east instead of north, and we knew we were being taken to Taninghsien, twenty miles away. The young man who brought us to the customs station was with us still, and several of the Boxer followers. My husband asked them to give us over to the magistrate in Taning, instead of to the Boxers, but they would not consent. We went on two miles that evening to a village where Boxer flags were fluttering. They put us in a cave to spend the night. These caves are built of brickwork covered over with earth, and used as houses. Our guards lay down on the brick bed and smoked opium for a while, then went out and locked the door. They were gone so long we supposed they were preparing to kill us. But after a long time some food was brought us, so we concluded our hour had not come. My eye had become inflamed by the heat, and was badly swollen and very painful; I was utterly exhausted, and that night I felt it was better to die than go on in this way. Yet God saw fit to spare us.

'In the morning my eye was too swollen to open; but that could not stop us. We went on, and at sunset came to T'aochiao, ten miles from Taning. Here the Boxer general had his headquarters. Our guard seemed to fear him, and some would have run away but for the exhortations of the young guide who had come with us from Shen-si. He also advised my husband to go himself to the general and persuade him if possible not to kill us, as we would thus have more chance of mercy than if we tried to run away from him. Now we came to the temple where the general was. My husband looked much dejected; but I had begun to hope the promise of a large sum of silver to the general would save us. I gave my husband a word which the Lord

brought to us that morning, "Fear not, for I am with thee." This seemed to comfort him a little. Then we heard a stern voice in the temple say, "Bring in the man." The young man came out and led my husband inside, coming back presently with a few small articles they had taken from his pockets. He led me into the outer courtyard, and I sat down on a stone with Samuel on my knee.

'My husband was speaking in pleading tones to some one in the temple, telling who and whence we were, and how we came to be no farther on the journey we had undertaken. He was quickly interrupted by a loud shrieking voice. Then I heard the sound of sharpening swords, followed a little later by a weird moaning, as of some one being tortured. My feelings were indescribable. I could only pray to God that He would shorten the sufferings of my poor husband and fill his heart with peace, and to give me courage to meet my suffering without fear. After a little I was surprised to hear my husband's voice again, speaking pleadingly and crying. Again he was interrupted, and there came the same moaning tones as before. Then all was silent. Without doubt my husband was killed, and I felt alone with my helpless babe.

'It was now growing dark, and all the guards had left me. The thought came that I should creep away and hide among the mountains. I rose and started a few steps, then turned back and sat down again. The thought had come to me, "How can I go away and leave my poor husband to die alone?" and I was almost ashamed of myself. Pretty soon the men who had brought us here came hurrying out of the temple and pulled me behind a wall, saying, "The general is coming, and he can't abide the sight of a woman."

There was a great firing of guns and hallooing, and the whole crowd came out of the temple yard, as I supposed carrying out the corpse.

'Now they came for me, and I thought, "It is my turn now." A sense of weakness overcame me, and though I wished to go I could not. A man reached out an iron crook for me to hold to. But then, seeing I could not walk alone, took my hand and led me down to the side of the little river. They told me to sit down, and I thanked God for another deliverance. The man who held my hand said they would not kill me. I asked about my husband, and he said they would not kill him, but had taken him to have a talk with the general, and to-morrow I should see him at a place three miles farther on; then we would be taken to Yungning. I asked why we were not taken on together to-night, but got no answer.

'Soon we saw at some distance by the river shore a number of lanterns, and heard a great uproar, but could see nothing distinctly. After a good while, some of the men who had taken out my husband came along and said he had run away. It seemed strange to me he should flee, if he indeed had not been killed. Soon there came from the temple courtyard voices calling, as though summoning back the spirits of the dying. I then understood we had been condemned to die, but they had changed their mind. Afterwards I was told the spirits said we were not to be killed. I was led back to the temple court, and again sat down outside with little Samuel. Once more I heard the same weird moaning as when my husband was there, and now realised it was a part of the Boxer incantations.

'Presently we were led away by a man and put in a cave. He gave us a bowl of water and went off with his

lantern. In the darkness I could make out a pile of brickwork in one side of the cave, but not till next morning did I find it was a walled-in coffin, and we had been sleeping in a tomb. My baby slept well through the night and was good, although he had no supper but a little cold water, and had no cover for sleeping. His little quilt was thrown out of the temple after my husband. I took off my own gown and put it under the baby to ease the roughness of the straw on the floor.

'It was so late in the morning before any one came to me, that I feared some evil plans against me and my child. Finally, a man brought me our little saucepan and some flour to make food for baby. Our spoon was gone, so it was hard to feed him. Then the man brought me some rice and flour porridge. While I was eating, two of the previous day's guards came and told me to hurry up, as I must start for Yungning at once. One of them said our luggage was near by, and he brought me baby's quilt and hat. The lining and ribbons of the hat had been torn off, so it was useless, and I had to shield the poor little fellow from the sun as well as I could under my own hat.

'The men led me along some distance, when suddenly they cried, "Go and hide. The old gentleman is coming." I ran as directed along a little side-path, and crouched down around the corner. As I did so one of the men said, "Humph! A gentleman indeed!" The other retorted hotly, "Yes, one gentleman is just as good as another." We could hear distinctly the sound of approaching music; but the procession went off by some other road. I supposed it was the general passing; perhaps searching for my husband, if he had really got away. When I rose up from concealment, my two guides had disappeared; why, I do not know, but perhaps from

fear of the Boxer general. So I was left alone with little Samuel. Yet not alone. Oh no. Had He not said so distinctly to me yesterday, "Fear not, I am with thee"? Yes, truly I had with me the presence of One who is "Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace." I could see only with one eye, but I was guided by Him whose eyes "run to and fro through the whole earth, to show Himself strong in the behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him."

'Again I had to abandon a few little things to lighten my burden, but kept the quilt and saucepan. I started on a little distance, almost fainting from the heat. I came to a tree which cast a shadow by the roadside, and sat down to rest. I intended to find out the road to Taning, for we had heard Mr. Peat and others were in prison there, and to be with friends even in a prison were better than this awful freedom. There was a man sitting under the same tree, and I asked him to please tell me the way to Taning.

'Scarcely had I spoken when a score or so of men wearing red turbans came rushing down the mountain side. These were the Boxers we had heard of. They gathered in front of me as though ready to rush at me. I sprang up and started to flee. They started after me a few steps, but stopped and yelled at me savagely to be off. I said, "Yes, yes, I'm going," and got away as fast as I could travel. Well on in the afternoon I at last got permission to stop in the shade of a little temple, where I rested and prepared some food for the child. Many women came round me, and asked me a great many questions. They were kind to my little one, and gave me a bowl of rice to eat. They told me that at a village called Koh-ho-k'ou, three miles from Taning, there

was a party of Boxers, and I must go past that place very carefully.

'I went on again till sunset, and was drawing near this village when I met an old man, who told me there were Christians in a village on the other side of the river. I was overjoyed at this news, and started to go across and find them. When I came to the stream I could see no crossing-place, but called to a man who came down on the opposite side to draw water, asking where the ford was. He pointed to the left and went away. Before I could find a shallow place, darkness came on, and I had to go through the water in the name of the Lord. Fastening up my clothes, I stepped down into the water. It grew deeper as I went on. My clothes came down and made it very hard to walk in the swift current. I went on safely till when, just nearing the shore, I suddenly stepped into deep water. I could see the rock just before me, and, crying to God for help, I found strength to throw the little bundle on shore, then, as the water was about sweeping us away, I felt myself lifted as by strong hands from the water and set upon the rock. Thank God we were safe from the flood, though wet to the skin. I comforted myself by thinking of being soon among friends, where we could rest in quiet.

'I hurried up the bank to the village. But where I hoped to be received by friends with a warm welcome, I met only enemies. A man came out from the village and angrily threatened to give us over to the Boxers if we did not get away quickly. I told them my story, and entreated them to give me a little fuel and water to make food for my babe; but they only jeered at my widowhood. Finally, they brought me a little cold water, and all went away. This was the first night we lodged

under the open sky. Sometimes before we had had no walls about us, but always a roof over us. Now there seemed none beneath the bright cold stars to show us pity. A wind sprang up—oh, how cold it was! Chilled to the bone, I sat there shivering. I wrapped little Samuel in his wet quilt and laid him on the ground; then, committing ourselves to God's care for the night, I sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, for it was impossible to think of sleeping in my thin, wet garments.

'It was now entirely dark. After a while two men came along, and one of them began to excuse himself for not coming sooner, as he was not at home when we came. They said it would not do for me to stay there all night, and led me away to a cave, where we could sleep on the floor. That was all they could do. They said I had better start very early next morning. They then left me with a "God bless you!" and I knew they were Christians, but unable to help me because of the Boxers. And God did bless me, for, in spite of my wet clothes and a stone for a pillow, I slept soundly. Samuel slept well too, though he had only a little cold water for supper.

'I awoke early and started before daybreak, hoping to pass Koh-ho-k'ou before it was light; but in the darkness I mistook the way, and wandered round till daylight. Then a young man led me over the river at a shallow place, and cautioned me not to go near the village. As I hurried on another man met me, and told me to go round another road, or the Boxers would see me. In spite of all my care, however, a boy saw me and ran to tell the Boxers. Before I was many steps beyond the village a crowd of Boxers with drawn swords and panting with running surrounded me. When I told them my husband had been killed and I set free, they roared,

"No nonsense!" and drove me back to the village. But before we reached it a gentleman came out who befriended me, and told me not to be afraid, as I should not be killed. He ordered the Boxers to stop driving me, and told me to go into a temple. I did so, and he brought me some water and a little bread for Samuel. He gave his name as Wang, and said, as he gave me a pair of socks, "You will remember my name when you think of me by these socks." He said I was to be sent home. This was the village headman, and none dared oppose him.

'While I was in the temple, the Boxers came to have their morning worship before the idol. The confusion as they prostrated themselves, burning incense and repeating prayers, was very great. They shouted I must be driven out of the temple. My new friend appointed two men to escort me safely to Taning. The Boxers also accompanied us, and my two protectors had difficulty in keeping them from attacking me. One of them even carried the little bundle of baby's things. At noon we entered Taning through the west gate, and went direct to the Yamen. One of the gentlemen went in to report to the official my arrival; the other waited with me outside, keeping me from the Boxers, who were jumping and stamping in a frenzy of rage at losing their prey. As soon as the official heard of our arrival, he sent the "Men-shang" (secretary) with orders to put us in the common prison, and ordered the Boxers to leave, much to their chagrin. I now learned that the Peat party had left for the coast only two days before. How I wished I had been in time to go with them! but this was God's ordering, for they were all killed before they got out of the province.

'The prison where I was put lay to one side of the

large Yamen courtyard. A strong iron-bound wooden door opened into a small courtyard; alongside of this courtyard were two rooms. Both had earthen floors and were very dirty, with heaps of old sweepings lying in the corners. I was put in the smaller of the two rooms. The door opened on the court, and when that was closed a little light came through a small hole high in the wall. There was a k'ang in the room caged in by bars reaching to the roof and separated into two cages. This looked like a place of confinement for the worst class of prisoners.

'There were two men in the prison: one an embezzler of 1000 taels (say £140) sterling from the public treasury; the other a robber, who was bound with handcuffs and had his feet in a wooden stock. The large outer door of the prison had a hole through the centre of it, and after a while there was passed in to me through this hole fifty cash, some bread, and half a water-melon; and the prison keepers spoke kindly to me. In the afternoon I heard the prison door open, and was ordered to bring out the boy. Terror seized me as if a thunderbolt had struck at my feet. In the morning I was told at the temple that all foreign males were to be killed and women sent home, and was advised to say my child was a girl. But when they had asked in the Yamen I had said it was a boy. So now I supposed he was to be killed. But they told me I was only going out to be questioned by the official.

'So I was led into the courtyard of the Yamen, where the official sat high on his judgment-seat between two lictors, and ordered to kneel. This not being worship but only humility, I did so. He asked me sternly whence I came and how about my husband. I told him my story, saying my husband was killed. He

interrupted me, saying my husband was not killed, but had run away, and that he would soon come; also saying he thought it best to keep me until he should come. I, of course, did not believe this story, thinking it was a way of getting out of the murder. As I told my story, the official began to speak in kinder voice to me, as though moved by pity.

'The examination over, I was taken to see the secretary's wife. She told me she had offered a reward for finding and bringing in my husband, but found out that a man had already been sent to hunt for him. While waiting there, a message came that the official's wife wished to see me; but when I was led in, she only stood on a balcony and threw down one hundred cash. Then we went back, and I was led away to the prison.

'Oh, how desolate I felt as I sat there with my orphaned babe! My heart was very heavy. But there was little chance for reflection about my misery with that awful pain in my eye. The day wore slowly away, and in the evening I spread a mat on the ground in the courtyard for a bed, as the k'ang (brick bed) in my room was too full of vermin for use. As the night grew colder, I went in and lay on the k'ang, where it was warmer, though sleep was impossible. Just as day began to break, I was falling into a doze when I seemed to hear some one call my name. Soon waking, I ran out into the courtyard and looked up to the hill overshadowing the prison. My heart was beating wildly, thinking, "Is it possible my beloved is still alive and calling down to me there?" Again that longed-for, tender voice, "Olivia! Oh, Olivia!" But it came from the hole in the prison door. I ran to the door, and, looking out, saw him whom I mourned as lost, and,

flooded with joy, cried, "Oh, Alfred! are you really still alive? Praise God, oh, praise God!" Speechless with emotion, he could only look at me. We could not even touch hands, for the gate was between. What a sight he was! But for his voice I would scarcely have known it was he. His clothes hung in tatters, and his head was bound up with a piece of lining torn from some garment.

'He was quickly led away from the loophole, and I could see some Boxers running wildly about in the Yamen yard—had they seized him again at last? My heart sank at the thought. But no; he had been taken charge of by the Yamen people, and the official was waiting to receive him. Soon the prison door was opened, and we were all taken together to a fairly good room in the Yamen. They brought me some water to wash his wounds, and a sort of powder to help them heal. Having no bandages, I washed the blood from his muslin shirt and tore it into strips. What a sight were his wounds! A great piece of the scalp hung down loose; one ear was crushed and swollen; his neck bore two sword-gashes; near the shoulder were two spear-cuts, one very deep; and all his back was red and swollen from beating. I washed and cared for his wounds as well as I could. Then I boiled up some rice and mutton; the secretary's wife also brought a bowl of meat soup. By this time it was near evening, and we were very hungry. When we had eaten a good meal, my husband made me glad by saying how much better he felt. With rest and quiet he would soon have been well. But that was impossible in an open room. People came to see us in crowds, and were so kindly and sympathetic we had not heart to keep them out, even if we had dared to try.

'When we had quiet enough I heard my husband's story as follows:—

'"When I was taken into the temple at T'aochiao, the Boxer general ordered me down on my knees. He asked me how many people I had misled and ruined. I assured him I had never in my life harmed any one. He would not listen to such talk, and had my hands bound behind my back, and I was bound to a block of wood. All the crowd began to kick and beat me, our former guards taking part. They heaped the most awful curses on the name of Jesus, making me shudder at their horrible blasphemies. When I asked them for a drink of water, they said, 'Ask your Jesus for water.' When all hope of life seemed past, I asked them to let me see and speak with my wife before I died. They said, 'Ask your Jesus whether you may see her,' and brutally kicked me on the head. The thought of dying without one more sight of that dear face which had so long been my cheer was too bitter, and I sobbed aloud. As I lay there bound to the block, they said jeeringly, 'Now ask your Jesus to deliver you.' I began fervently praying, 'Jesus, forgive them, for they know not what they do. But show forth Thy great power, that Thy name may be glorified.'

'"After a little they loosed me from the block and led me away to the riverside, my hands still bound behind my back, to kill me, as they said. When we came to the river, they forced me down on my knees and began beating me on all sides with their weapons. They seemed unused to handle weapons, and so clashing one on another did not kill me at once. Loss of blood soon made me feel faint; but I was so happy! The sweetness of His presence filled me as never before. Cutting and stabbing were as nothing, and I felt no

pain. To my inward vision heaven seemed open, and one step would take me there. I longed for deliverance.

'"Then came to me suddenly as a flash of lightning the thought of my wife and child. I asked myself whether you were still alive, and we should not die together. Roused by the thought, I suddenly leaped from the midst of the crowd into the water. Thirty or forty men were standing round me, Boxers and helpers. Two started to follow me, but feared the deep water. The others cried, 'Good! good! he will die in the water.' I managed to get out on the other side, and with my hands still bound behind my back started to run up the steep hillside. Then there was a great hubbub to follow me; but under cover of darkness I got out of sight. My shoes were lost in the water, so I went on over the rocks barefoot. After going twelve or thirteen miles, I dared to stop and free my hands by rubbing the cords on a stone till they were worn through.

'"By and by on the top of a mountain I came to the home of a Christian farmer. They gave me food and drink and two hundred cash; but they dared not keep me in the house, but took me to a cave to sleep the rest of the night. One man stayed with me for company. He told me I must not attempt to stay there, but go on very early in the morning. This I found strength to do, and set off for Yungning, still wishing to get home. As I crossed a stream, I stopped to wash away the blood which covered my body and clothes. I found a place to hide during the day, in a cave, from which I could see the people running about as if in search of something. [We learned later the Boxers offered a large reward for his head.]

'"After dark I set out again for Yungning, but lost

the way, and came round again to the Taning road. Several times I was directed on the way to Yungning, but always got back on the same road to Taning. So at last I came on, and when nearing the city heard my wife was already there, so felt encouraged to keep on and if possible share the prison with my family. As I was coming to the city the people told me to go in through the east gate, which was nearest the Yamen, so there would be least danger of discovery by Boxers. But, with all my care to keep concealed, before I could cross the short distance to the Yamen some Boxers discovered me, and started in pursuit. I ran for my life, and managed to escape into the Yamen, where I was received and protected."

'With mingled joy and sorrow I heard the story of this marvellous deliverance, and together we praised God for saving when all human hope of escape was gone, and for bringing us together again, even in a prison.

'Next day we were put in another room, which had no door. Worse still, there was hanging in an inner room a green beef skin which gave off a most nauseating stench. This made me so sick during the night that I knew not how to face the coming day. The plan was to send us in the morning to P'u Hsien, thirty miles away, and then on to the coast from county to county. We were treated by the Yamen underlings as beggars. They begrudged us even a little water, and we could get no place to cook the rice given us by the officials. We seemed in the way everywhere. My greatest pain was to see my wounded, suffering husband so maltreated. But he endured it all patiently, and said frequently, with a look of content, "It is nothing to suffer for Jesus' sake."

'Some people came to visit us who showed by their treatment of us they were not of this world. My husband asked them secretly about themselves, and they said they were Christians, but their own tortures had been so great, and what they heard from other places so terrible, that they had renounced their faith. We saw their hearts still clung to the people of God, and they rejoiced to help us. We were glad to meet them, and exhorted them not to forsake the Lord. My husband said, "Poor people! They are like sheep without a shepherd." He said he would be willing to stay and gather together these scattered children of God. We were greatly cheered to hear how Pastor Ch'u, whom we both knew, had stood the test. Not only the Boxers sought his life, but a few renegade Christians, who blamed him for all the troubles which came upon them for their Christianity, watched for him where they knew he was hidden, but he managed to elude them all, and came through alive.

'My husband arrived August 28. On the morning of August 30, two donkeys were brought to the Yamen to take us to P'u Hsien. They had only rough wooden pack-saddles, no cushions nor stirrups. In answer to prayer, the Lord gave me strength to mount and go on the journey. We were guarded by four soldiers and four Boxers, under an officer. Our hearts misgave us as we thought of again coming under the power of the Boxers. Our guard all treated us very brutally, except the officer, who tried to restrain the others a little when he was near. My husband found the rough, sharp pack-saddle so painful that he several times dismounted and walked a while. He was carrying little Samuel, and was unable to remount with him in his arms. When he asked some one to hold the baby

he got curses for answer—"Throw away the creature; you have enough to do to look out for yourselves." Not even the hostler would touch him, until my husband laid the child on the ground and mounted, when he could do no other but take it up and give it to him.

'Seven miles from Taning, when passing a large village, a gang of Boxers rushed out to attack us. By great efforts, our guard held them back, and we escaped. The officer shouted at us to hurry along, and, gathering his men just at the edge of the village, blocked the road against the infuriated gang. A fight began, in which several Boxers were wounded, before they gave it up and went back to their temple. I was told the people of the village helped the officer to hold back the Boxers. We found no attention was being paid to a proclamation which my husband read in Taning Yamen. In this the Boxers were ordered to cease their outrages; if they wished still to go on with their practices, they must fight only to defend themselves and their followers, but must not attack innocent people. Severe punishments were threatened for those who dared to disobey. Yet they went on with their robbing and killing just the same as ever, until suppressed by soldiers. No mention was made in the proclamation of protection for foreigners.

'After passing the Boxer village, we went on our way quietly. The road was bad. We several times crossed a broad mountain stream, and once when crossing I was nearly half-way down in the water, when the hostler was ordered to help me up. We did not reach P'u Hsien in one day, but stopped in a village five miles from there, where we slept in a theatre. Next day (September 1) we reached P'u Hsien in the forenoon. The official received us kindly, gave us good Chinese food, and even tried to buy milk for Samuel. Being

unable to obtain this, he bought a sort of moss called "nai-kao," which rich people give their children instead of milk.

'He did not send us on that day. Mr. Peat's party had passed a few days before, and the officer who escorted them on to P'ing-yang had not yet returned; we were to await his coming. He arrived that evening, and seemed to have bad news. Probably the P'ing-yang official was displeased at having foreigners sent on to him. The P'u Hsien people were very kind, and advised us to request permission of the official to remain there, as no Boxers had ever lived in the place. We had no opportunity to do so, for we saw no more of the official after he had received us.

'Next morning, September 2, we were ordered to prepare for our return to Taning. I felt I must care for my husband's wounds; but the Boxers who escorted us were enraged at this delay, and almost broke in the door of our room. The news of Mr. Peat's reception in P'ing-yang seemed to have renewed their courage; perhaps, too, they were angry that we should be sent back to Taning; at all events, they were quite frantic. When we came out to start, the same donkeys were waiting for us, but the guard had left. Three messengers were appointed by the P'u Hsien magistrate to go with us, but we saw only one. We hurried on to overtake the guard, and even this one messenger fell out of sight behind.

'At noon we overtook the guard while they stopped for dinner. When the officer in charge saw us, he ordered us back to P'u Hsien, saying we could not go to Taning without the P'u Hsien messengers. Even he had now turned brutal towards us, and forbade our following them. They cursed the hostler for hurrying on and leaving the messenger behind. He got angry, and

would not take us back. He was about to put down our luggage—only a few rags given us in Taning. The guard went their way and left us. We understood the messengers were unwilling to accompany us. In great distress, I began praying to God for help. The hostler was moved by pity, and again took up our poor baggage to go on. It seemed to me our only hope lay in following the guard to Taning, so I advised my husband to run after them, and I would follow with Samuel. I cried to God for help, and He who said, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee," proved even now His power to help. Despite weakness from wounds and loss of blood, my husband ran like a racer, and soon caught up with the guard. After much entreaty and many rebuffs, he finally got permission for us to follow them, but we could not stop for food. Later they allowed us to gather some fuel and make some gruel for the baby. He, like me, was parched by thirst and weak from hunger.

'As we drew near the village where the Boxers attacked us, the officer went ahead to try and prevent an outbreak. The Boxers of our guard said we could never get past this time. But the village people aided our officer's efforts, and not a Boxer appeared. Soon after this we had to cross the stream where it was deep. I was a little way in front, and crossed the stream safely. Just then I heard the baby crying most piteously, and looked back just in time to see my husband falling from his mule into the water. He had been walking, and the baby was still lying on the ground where he had laid it to remount. He had lost his balance, weak as he was, and in falling carried our little roll of baggage into the water. Now it seemed even the soldiers felt a sort of pity, for they almost beat the hostler for carelessness,

and ordered him to rescue the baggage, which was floating away. They also helped my husband from the water. Despite the wet and the weariness, he still said cheerily, "It does not matter." He walked a while to dry his clothes, but the day was closing, and he had to mount again and ride with the wet baggage under him. Even one of the Boxers looked at him pityingly, and said, "Poor man!" I had also to walk a while to escape the torture of the pack-saddle. I was weak from starvation, exhausted by travelling, and could only use one eye, so I often stumbled and sometimes fell on the rough road.

'The soldiers now showed me a little more kindness, and one of them said, "She cannot walk for want of food," and, giving me some dates which he picked from a tree, asked when I had last eaten. I could not walk far, yet the riding was so painful that before we reached the city I was crying like a child. At last we crossed the wide stream for the last time, and were back again in Taning. We had been troubled for fear we would not be received here again. But we were not only received, but given bread and boiled water, and allowed to occupy the same room with no doors. As the underlings would not allow us to make a fire to cook food here, we were glad when permitted to move into the prison and occupy the small room. There we had fire and water to cook the grain given us. Now a new testing-time came. Samuel had suffered so much from starvation and discomfort in travelling that he was very sick. By our third day in the prison he was too weak to even cry. It seemed almost impossible for the poor, limp little body to recover; yet we pleaded with God to spare him. A man came who offered to sell us a can of condensed milk. The official gave us money to buy it. We afterwards bought fresh milk from a man who brought his

cow to us every day and let us milk her ourselves. The fresh milk was better than medicine, and we praised God as we saw Samuel revive and grow stronger.

'The official gave us one hundred cash and one bowl of rice per day. We gave the cash for two bowls of milk for baby, and got on as well as we could with the rice for ourselves. We were hoping the end of our distresses was near; but not so. The first days after our return to Taning my second eye began to swell and ache. I sat there night and day helpless and suffering. My poor weak husband soon collapsed entirely from the overwork, and lay there in a high fever. I had to care for him as well as I could; but I had only a little sight left in one eye, and could do little for him and the helpless little babe. He finally began to grow delirious or something—what shall I call it? He acted as though out of his mind, and it was impossible for me to keep him quiet. Once in the night he was haunted by the belief we were being chased by men who wanted to kill us. He caught up the baby and wanted to flee. I had to call in the help of the other prisoners. We spread the old bedding given us by the official on the vile brick bed, and, after binding his hands, tied him down on the bed. How the sight of it cut me to the heart!

'God only knows the horror and misery of those hours. We had been hoping there would be a turn for the better, but matters only got worse. Here lay my poor delirious husband, who had so lately been strong and cheerful; there our baby, the picture of health and admiration of all when we left home, now a mere living skeleton, lay with his little head rolling down limply on his shoulder; and I—well for me I could not see my own face, and surely there would be little comfort in the

sight. My bitter cup of suffering was now full almost to running over. After that awful night my husband seemed to get a little better. I rejoiced to be able to loose his bonds, and in a few days we could join in prayer and take sweet counsel together from my precious treasure, the Bible ; my eyes began to grow better, and the baby too kept improving. How we prayed—I alone, or when my husband's mind was clear enough both together—that God would end our sufferings and bring us once more among our friends. Now we longed for peace as earnestly as when hidden in the caves of Shen-si we longed for the roar of foreign guns.

'I was now buying only one bowl of milk per day, and used the other fifty cash to buy meat for my husband's dinner. The jailor scolded me for spending my money for meat. The official also cautioned me several times against wasting money. I longed for some more nutritious food for my husband in his weakness. Once he looked so longingly at baby's milk, and asked to taste it. But though I wished to give him milk, we could afford only one bowl a day to keep Samuel alive. If I had suspected how near his end my husband was, I would have gone, at the risk of my life, to the official and begged him to help me get more suitable food, and if possible save the poor flickering life. As it was, I began giving part of our rice for a little more milk to give my husband. This meant robbing myself of needed food. Still another blow came upon us when the official, hearing the use I was making of the rice, stopped giving it, and we had only the one hundred cash per day to feed three of us. A few days later our milkman disappeared, as the official had told him not to come. The prison den became intolerable to me. Harder than all the weariness and starvation for me to

bear were the filth and the vermin. Only those who have been through it know the torture of these swarms of creeping, biting vermin. And the sight of them, adding to the tortures of my helpless, suffering dear ones, was horrible to me. The sight of them in such a condition, and I with no chance to care for them in a clean, cheerful place, brought scalding tears to my eyes. But I sought and found comfort from God in prayer. What rest of soul, when for a few moments I could close my eyes to the miseries which surrounded me, and look up to the "God of all comfort!"

> "From every stormy wind that blows,
> From every swelling tide of woes,
> There is a calm, a sure retreat—
> 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat."

'Whatever might be denied me, no one could deny me the precious privilege of prayer; and if it had been possible to deny it, I should have prayed on still. One of the gentlemen in the Yamen asked me once whether we still prayed in prison. I said we did. He asked what use there was in it, and other similar brutal questions. I explained as well as possible the blessing and glory of being a child of God, even the poorest. He then asked whether we were willing to give up our religion and accept theirs, or whether we were determined to cling to our faith at any cost and on any conditions. I told him we had come to China because we loved their souls and could not see them perish. At my simple assurance of the peace of those who have the comfort of God's loving presence, he seemed much impressed and listened respectfully. That we, poor, suffering, abused even by fellow-prisoners, all for the sake of our faith, would still hold to that faith, seemed to surprise him.

'When my husband grew strong enough to talk intelligently, we spoke together of our thankfulness to the Lord for the experiences of His goodness He had given us through suffering. We saw it as a part of His training for us. We had often sung, "Give me a greater, higher, more perfect faith in Thee." My prayer for some time had been, "Lord, use what means Thou wilt, but make me ready for Thy coming."

'He had taken us at our word. Now I wished only for Him to carry out His purpose with me. After sharing in the distresses of the poor in China, though only in temporal affairs, I can more fully sympathise with them and pray for blessings upon them.

'One night we were awakened by loud voices and alarms outside the Yamen. In the morning we were told that a party of Roman Catholics had passed in the night. They said they had met us in Lung-wang-chan, where we left the boat, and my husband had given them poison to put in the water at some places. Now they wanted to see him to get some money for travelling expenses. The Yamen underlings sent them off with the assurance we had no money to give them.

'We heard the "Yeh men" (head gatekeeper) of Sih-chow, only one day's journey away, had been killed by Boxers, and the official had escaped to Shih-k'ou, where there were said to be one thousand Boxers. There he had to promise 400 taels (say £60 sterling) ransom money. But a few days later three hundred soldiers arrived at Sih-chow, sent from P'ing-yang-fu, to put down the Boxers. Some they killed, imprisoned some, and scattered the rest. Orders came to Captain Li, who commanded the soldiers, to escort the foreigners in Taning to P'ing-yang, as they were to be sent to the coast. Orders seemed to have been received to protect

THE SI CHAU MARTYRS.

MRS. PEAT. W. G. PEAT.
E. L. DOBSON. E. G. HURN.

[*See p. 76.*

us, for the Yamen people went hurriedly to provide us with new clothes. Several straw mats were also spread on our k'ang to make us a more comfortable bed. Our jailor seemed to think we were getting too much luxury, so he dragged away one mat and spread it to prostrate himself on when worshipping his idol. When he got through his worship I dragged the mat back again. A fellow-prisoner, who had once been employed in Yamen service, and so lorded it over the other prisoners, rebuked me for offending the idol. Plenty of food was also given us, and more promised whenever we needed it. A few days longer of this better treatment would have strengthened my husband for the journey to P'ing-yang, but it lasted only two days.

'On October 4, Captain Li arrived with about ten soldiers. My husband, who had been able to be up for a couple of days, was called in to see the official. He still had a wish to go back to Yungning and go on with our work as soon as possible. They soon came for me also to go and see the official, perhaps seeing my husband was not very fit to decide our course. I told them I thought it best to get to the coast as quickly as possible. They promised to have us taken on from P'ing-yang at the earliest opportunity after our arrival there. So we made ready to start next morning. My husband was so patient and uncomplaining that I did not realise how weak he was. Had I known it, I should have chosen to remain where we were, poor as our position was.

'On October 5 we started from P'ing-yang. My husband and baby were carried in a sedan chair; I rode on horseback. We were well cared for by our guard. One of the soldiers asked me whether we were acquainted with the Governor, that he should give such

strict orders about caring for us. On October 6 we reached P'u Hsien. Our passage was to be provided by each official along the way on to the next one. At P'u Hsien we were furnished with a "chia wu," or rude litter, carried by two mules, and we went to P'ing-yang, two days' journey, in it. As we heard the Empress was soon to pass P'ing-yang on her way to Hsi-an, Captain Li advised us to stop in a village four miles from the city until after she had passed, fearing trouble if we were in the city. So we stopped in the village temple until October 12. We could get nothing but the coarsest food there, and my husband's stomach revolted from it. He was growing very weak, when, on October 12, they brought a large sedan chair for him. We crossed the river by a ferry, and were taken to the city in a cart.

'We went direct to the Hsien Yamen, and I was told to go in and see the official. When I entered, he and Captain Li, who had gone on ahead of us, rose to receive me. Such courtesy after our usual treatment quite embarrassed me. The official told me we could go and live at the lady missionaries' house, and some of the foreigners' former servants would attend us. He also promised to supply all our needs—of course according to his ideas of our needs; and told me that money had been sent to us from Hsi-an. When I went out they both followed me politely to the cart, where my husband was waiting with Samuel, too weak to walk. Then we were driven to the mission-house. It was uninhabitable. Doors, windows, and ceilings were gone, and the fireplaces torn down. But in the back courtyard was a small house which had been used as a school, in which we found one room where we could stay. It was small and close, especially when used as both kitchen and bedroom.

'We now heard that seventeen Shan-si missionaries, among them our superintendent, his wife and some ladies, had escaped to Shanghai. This was joyful news to us; for during all these months we had heard of murdered missionaries and ruined stations. We had come to think the whole of Shan-si had become a death-trap, and every tongue which sang praise to God and witnessed to the Chinese of His saving love was silent in the dust, and we alone left. A few days before leaving Taning, we heard there were foreigners also in Hungtung and Ch'u-wu, but we disbelieved it. The report said we should all meet in P'ing-yang and go together to the coast. It proved true that Mr. M'Kie, Miss Chapman, and Miss Way of our Mission had been hidden in the mountains of Shan-si, where the storm of death raged fiercest, and were still safe in Ch'u-wu. We learned that the foreigners in Hungtung were Roman Catholics, four in number. We heard our friends in Ch'u-wu were not willing to come to P'ing-yang. So Captain Li asked me to write them a letter, and send it with some soldiers to escort them over, telling them to come with the soldiers and have no fear.

'During the night of October 14, two days after we arrived in P'ing-yang, my husband was very low. I could not sleep much for anxiety, and yet was too tired to stay up. I rose several times to care for him when he called me. Towards morning he asked me to feel his pulse, and I found it very slow. This seemed a sign the fever had left him, and thinking no more of it I fell asleep. When I woke in the morning, he was lying as though heedless of his surroundings and wanting nothing. I prepared some condensed milk for him, and the cook went over to the bed to give it to him,

but said quickly, "He cannot take it." I began giving it to him with a spoon, but he raised his head and drank the milk, then fell back, and a pallor overspread his face. A terrible fear seized me, and I seemed to almost lose my senses. While I was praying, a change came over him. He grew warmer, and the colour came back to his face. I thought he was better, and might yet be spared. He fell into a deep, calm sleep, and I sat beside him, keeping away the insects which troubled him. I had staying with me a young widow whose husband was killed in the recent troubles. She came in with Samuel crying in her arms. I did not want the crying to disturb my suffering husband, so asked her to take my place by the bed while I should comfort the child. Presently I heard a faint sound from the bed, and asked, "What is that?" "It is nothing," she said, though she must have seen a change come over his face. A few minutes later I rose and went over to his side. A single look showed me the truth. The weary, suffering pilgrim had gone into the presence of the King to receive the martyr's crown.

'What this meant to me I do not attempt to describe. No human words are full enough of sadness to tell the awful loneliness I felt. No tears were bitter enough to ease my aching heart. The storm of grief overwhelmed me till God gave me comfort. When I had calmed down a little, I prepared to wash and dress his poor body. I wondered at the marvellous change that had come over his face. He had looked so haggard and drawn before; but now his features were relaxed, and a look of quiet, peaceful happiness filled his face. All the pain, all the suffering, all the loss were gone for ever, and only joy remained. He seemed to me to look just as though ready to go in to a feast

among friends. Looking on that calm, peaceful face, I could almost hear in seraphic tones, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

'The cook helped me prepare the body for burial. But here was only the scarred remnant of what his body had been. Starvation had worn him to mere skin and bone. I do not know how many bed-sores he had; and one deep spear wound had not yet healed. There was a sort of poor comfort in thinking that body would never again suffer torture at the hands of Boxers. Even though I might yet have to die by them, I should be spared seeing my beloved husband tortured. As for our little Samuel, we had often prayed that if we were to die by the Boxers he might be taken home first; and when he was still spared to us we drew comfort from the hope of yet escaping.

'I sent word to the official of what had happened. Captain Li came to see me, and tried to comfort me. So did the soldiers and Christians. But human sympathy does not go far at such times. God wonderfully comforted me, and to my heart came with power these words, heard long ago outside the gate of Nain, "Weep not." I felt the truth of the song:

> "Lonely? No, not lonely,
> When Jesus standeth nigh;
> His presence fills my chamber,
> I know that He is nigh."

'We bought a coffin the same evening, and the next morning we took the remains outside the city to a place where the bodies of strangers are deposited till they can be removed to their native places. I thought if I should return I would have the remains taken to T'ai-yuan for burial, beside our little son who sleeps there "till Jesus comes."

'After my husband's death I was much occupied caring for my little Samuel, who was very ill, and seemed about to be taken from me. But with the money sent me from Hsi-an I bought a cow, and the fresh milk soon revived him, and he grew fat and well.

'*October* 24.—I had the glad surprise of meeting Mr. M'Kie, Miss Chapman, and Miss Way, who came from Ch'u-wu. This was a great comfort in my loneliness. I could not speak as I pressed their hands, and their faces spoke deep sympathy with me. I was very weak, and gladly gave over the housekeeping to Miss Chapman. Miss Way took charge of my little boy, and with sisterly love helped me night and day unsparingly, until at last we were safely in Hankow. I rejoice to think of her reward, promised to those who "have done it unto one of the least of these."

'The long, trying journey to Hankow had to be deferred because I was unfit to travel. We removed to Dr. Wilson's house, and arranged to borrow 60 taels (say £10) per month from the official. Secretary Ch'ien went security for us. He also helped us to send letters to the coast, by enclosing them with a letter to his son in Chefoo in a large official envelope. In this way they were safe.

'It was unsettled times in P'ing-yang. Bodies of troops were constantly passing either toward T'ai-yuan or westward to join the Imperial forces in Hsi-an. Once a party of them tried to enter our premises, but were checked by the officials. Another time we were much alarmed to hear that Yü Hsien, the notorious anti-foreign Governor of Shan-si, was coming to the city. Some said he had been deposed, some said he was still Governor; but we agreed to fear the worst as long as he had any power. The officials went out to meet him, and

even our guard was called away to go. We sat there looking at one another in bewilderment. We felt there was no rest for us until that man was gone. Suddenly some one ran in with a visiting card. We were frightened, thinking our hour had come. A strange official was waiting in the outer courtyard wishing to see us. I thought, "It is the Governor." But, looking at the card, I saw the name Tsen. He proved to be a deputy sent from T'ai-yuan. When he came in with Captain Li we were still anxious, for we did not expect any good designs upon us from T'ai-yuan. But he explained he had been sent to learn who we were, and guard us safely to the coast as soon as possible. This put us more at ease. Next day Governor Yü arrived, but went on his way toward Hsi-an. He was reported to have said he would take the first opportunity to complete the work he had begun of exterminating foreigners. We did not yet know how the outrages had been checked by outside nations, but we knew the power of the Boxers was broken. It seemed marvellous that there were still alive in Shan-si four missionaries, after all that had happened.

'On December 6 the Lord gave me a little daughter, sound in body and mind; which was another of God's great mercies, seeing what I had passed through. Secretary Ch'ien's wife now visited me often, and showed much sympathy. We sent a messenger to Yungning with a letter asking the official to send me some of my boxes. Just before we left P'ing-yang, the messenger returned with some boxes, and a very cordial letter of sympathy from the official. He asked what he was to do with the rest of my property. He also sent a letter to Secretary Ch'ien, with whom he was acquainted, and told him how much he had valued my husband. After this the secretary visited me, and showed us more

attention than ever. He brought his ten-year-old daughter, a bright and beautiful girl, and told me she should be my daughter,—a polite expression. He ordered her to salute me, which she did most gracefully. Thereafter she always called me mamma.

'On January 6 we started for Hankow. One hundred foot-soldiers and sixteen cavalry, under two officers, went with us as far as Huai-ch'ing-fu in Honan. Fifty of the foot-soldiers and one officer returned from there on January 18. We went on through Honan and Hupeh. The soldiers were very kind and helpful to us, and showed especial interest in Samuel. The long journey was very tiring. There was much severe cold, but the Lord kept us safely all the way. At last we came in sight of foreign houses and a railway. It seemed like entering a new world. But we still had several days' journey. Two days from Hankow we met three missionaries, Messrs. Jones, Ridley, and Robinson, who had come to meet us as soon as a telegram reached them telling where we were. They had proposed coming all the way to P'ing-yang to meet us, but the officials disapproved. They had baskets of food and things for spreading a table; but worth more than all this was the opportunity of prayer and praise to God, and the warm welcome which they brought. Two other missionaries had gone three weeks' journey by boat up the Han River to meet us, but we did not come that way.

'A great company of missionaries came to welcome us when we arrived in Hankow on February 16, and to see the strange conveyances and weather-beaten guard that had brought us out of the land of death. We were overwhelmed with love, sympathy, and kindness. Mr. M'Kie and Miss Chapman went on to Shanghai, but I waited with Miss Way for the return of Messrs. Gould

and Harding, who had gone up the river to meet us with supplies. February 25, we took steamer. As we passed Wuhu and Chinkiang, friends came to meet us and extend a welcome. February 28, we arrived in Shanghai, and met a most hearty reception. Though among those we had not before known, we were really among friends. It was most touching to see the generosity of friends in England, who have contributed so abundantly to the losses of those who had lost their all. The needs of both myself and my little ones have been largely supplied by these gifts, with those of other kind friends. The Lord will reward all such service done in love for His name.

'Thus far on my pilgrim way, after all the Lord has given me to bear, I can say from my heart:

'"Hitherto hath the Lord helped me"; and the song of my soul is:

'"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name."'

CHAPTER XIII

The Flight from Honan

I. THE CANADIAN PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARIES

The escape of the Canadian Presbyterian missionaries from Honan is thus described by the Rev. J. Goforth, who was one of the party, and himself suffered severely :—

'All was quite peaceable in the city of Cheng-te-fu when we left on June 28, 1900, but there were rumours of fighting in the north. We had official protection, and the officers seemed desirous of aiding us. We were told, though, that if the Boxers came our safety could not be guaranteed, willing as they were to do so. It was just at this time that the British Consul at Tien-tsin advised us to go to Chi-nan-fu, the capital of Shantung, as we could get by that route *viâ* canal to a steamer at the coast, which was chartered to take off missionary refugees.

'As soon as we heard that, we asked the prefect to let us have an escort. He treated us very discourteously, leaving us waiting in an outer room, and would not receive us. There were crowds of natives outside jeering at us. Only the gatekeeper showed a friendly disposition, taking our message in to the prefect. He came back saying the prefect refused to do anything for us. We told him we knew the Treaties, and that he must grant

us an escort, and send word to the next district that night that we were coming. When leaving, I said, "The Foreign Powers have seized Taku, and a settlement of this trouble must come."

'Next day he sent over, saying we could have all we wanted, but that the carters would not go to the north-east (*i.e.* the direction of Chi-nan-fu, Shantung). "If you go to the south," he said, "I will give you a good escort, but only to Fan-ch'eng; I can only send word from place to place." He sent soldiers and deputies to Wei Hsien-fu, and but for them we should have had a hard time. When stopping at an inn after the deputies left, the natives threw stones over the walls into the inn yard.

'We got soldiers and deputies from Wei-hsien-fu, and from there to the south of the Yellow River we had perfect peace. At the Yellow River we met Messrs. Jamieson, Reed, and Fisher, engineers working in Honan for the Peking Syndicate, and we had the benefit of their escort; otherwise things would have gone hard with us. This was now the 1st of July. We travelled together, and reached Nan-yang prefecture safely. Mr. Jamieson and his party were anxious for the safety of all of us, and as they had not sufficient force to protect us all, Mr. Jamieson said he had heard that the district was disturbed, and that he would try to make for Nan-yang-fu in the night. We were to stay at Hsin-tien, a market town about ten miles from Nan-yang-fu. He would go on to Nan-yang-fu, the prefectural city, and get troops to guard both parties.

'We decided to divide our party, each taking separate roads. These parties consisted of Messrs. Slimmon and Mitchell and their families, who went with the engineers, and got through in safety. The other party consisted of Messrs. Goforth, Mackenzie, Leslie, with

their families, the Messrs. M'Intosh, Douw, and Pyke. Mr. Jamieson divided his escort to help us, and said he would get another for us. In this Mr. Jamieson failed, the prefect saying that China was at war with other countries, and could have nothing to do with any of us. We only heard this next morning. About two hours after our arrival on the evening of July 7, our innkeeper brought word that there were seventy armed men coming to take the inn and all we had. These men asked for money, and were refused. We sent to the local magistrate a message, to the effect that we held him responsible for us that night. We barricaded the inn gates with carts and all sorts of things, and collected stones etc., for our defence inside the yard.

'All passed quietly that night. Our messenger came back from the prefecture, saying Mr. Jamieson had had no success there, and we should have to make our way as he had done; there was no hope of help from him. Our carters refused to go on until we gauranteed to pay them for all their losses. This delayed our start till 8.30 a.m. Then the mayor of the town ordered us to go, saying he would send an armed escort to take us ten miles on our way. He knew he was sending us into a trap, and showed his duplicity very clearly. When we started, the streets were crowded with people, and the walls of the city were swarming with them. Outside the south gate there seemed to be ten thousand of them. Presently we saw two bands of several hundreds, armed with swords, spears, and guns, one lot standing in a body waiting for us, and the other lot along the wall, ready to attack us in the rear. There was nothing for it but to go on, our little band consisting of five men, six women, and five children, sixteen in all. We had only three revolvers amongst us. The whole crowd

came on us with a rush. They began pelting stones at our covered carts, but fortunately we had them lined and covered with rugs, on account of the heat, and none of the missiles came through. Failing in this, they cut our animals across the back with swords, and when they were all tangled up we had to defend ourselves. I got nine wounds on my arms and hands, the only serious one being on the head, at the back of the skull. That knocked me over for a while; I also got eight blows with clubs, one partly stunning me, and I felt pretty well done up. They also attacked the cart where my wife and eight-months' old child were. One ruffian made a desperate stab at my wife, but she warded off the blow with a pillow. Another cut was made, but she warded off its effect with a quilt. My little boy of nine, and a little girl of six years of age, had many narrow escapes. Taking my wife and family away from the cart, we left the horde to plunder it. Some of them followed us into the open, saying, "We'll not let you go farther south; we will keep you." My little girl got a heavy blow on the chest from a large piece of dried earth. My wife pleaded with them, speaking of their usual kindness to children, and that seemed to have a good effect, as they then left us.

'We next reached a village where we received much better treatment, the people giving us medicine for our wounds, and also food and clothes for the children. One of my four little ones was away in another cart, and these people at once said they would find and bring her back. These people, it appears, were Mohammedans. They were alarmed at our presence, and wanted us to leave, saying we would all be killed. The men, however, said they would fight for us.

'Mr. Griffiths, another member of the party, had a

revolver, but it was broken in his hand by a stone at the first onset of the crowd. He then got a big club, and with his back to the cart fought like a hero, keeping the swordsmen at bay, although badly cut. Mr. M'Kenzie used his revolver to frighten the mob, and he too was severely bruised. Dr. Leslie, who was seriously injured, also had a revolver. His wife had been very seriously ill for some time, and he was guarding her, when a fellow sneaked up with a sword and nearly severed his right hand. He was cut, too, on the knee, and the tendon of one leg was cut through.

'At one time, when Dr. Leslie and his wife were going along in their cart, a man came up and attacked them with a sword. The doctor had only one cartridge left in his revolver, and in self-defence he shot and killed his assailant. The rest of our party, consisting of three men and three women and a child of seven years of age, had gone on ahead, and they were "held up" by robbers. The women put their rings and watches on strings round their necks and inside their dresses, and the ruffians tore their clothes open and wrenched the jewellery off with brutal force. They actually attempted to take the women's skirts off, but a remonstrance from one of the party caused them to desist. From the villages on the way they begged food and drink, but none would help them. I sent a message for help to the brigadier-general at one of the towns on the way, and he sent fifteen horsemen, but they really did us more harm than good. He told the people in a low voice that there was war going on, and that they had no business to protect us, and then he went off to the city, leaving us to come on as best we could. This officer is named Yin, and this action might easily have resulted in the massacre of the whole party.

'The crowd at Nan-yang was very unfriendly. We got to an inn, and they swarmed into the place. We were in a small room on two native beds, and the room was so packed that it was stifling. For hours they made a show of us, and our women had neither food nor rest. I sent to the Yamen for protection and food, and a man came, but could not keep order. Food was brought, and they told us we would have to go, by order of the military official and a man attached to the magistracy. We said we had no food nor anything else, and that the authorities must provide us with food and money. We told the military official he had allowed us to be robbed, and that he would have to give us an escort. I told him the Foreign Powers were going to deal with China, and that if we were ill-treated they would have to answer for it. He promised us an escort of forty foot and twenty horsemen, but we could not stop there that night; we must go right on. We replied that we would not leave until the military arrived. Then three times people came saying the troops had come, and we must go. I found out each time that this was not true, but at last a party of eight or ten soldiers did come. They told our servants we were all to be killed that night, and advised them to leave us. One man cleared out, but the other two men and one woman stuck to us bravely. The woman once, when sheltering a two-year-old child, was threatened with death, and she said she would guard the little one with her life. One of our China boys also bravely defended a child at the peril of his life.

'We saw that we were being followed, and decided to leave, as we might as well be killed on the road as in the inn. The mob had been besieging the Catholic Mission there for some days. It had been decided, we

heard, that the brigadier-general, with all his troops, should go out and destroy everything, and leave nothing belonging to the foreigners. The people said these orders were from Peking, and that all the foreigners were to be killed. Our departure was made at 1 a.m. Mr. Jamieson had got there a day ahead of us, and so out of this trouble. When we had got outside the south gate, it was discovered that Mr. Griffith and Paul (my "boy") were missing. We sent a man back to look for them, and hallooed. It was found that Mr. Griffith and Paul had left the cart, and we feared they were lost. Mr. Griffith had only his socks on at the time. We halted for an hour and a half, but got no word further than that the carter had seen them alight in the southern suburb. It endangered the whole party to remain longer, and we saw signal lights flashing at the south gate. We left one of our five carts for the missing ones, and went on.

'Before we had gone seven miles every soldier had left us. Then the carters refused to go on, and were going to cast us off in the road and go back. This caused a great crowd to gather, and a man of some responsibility inquired the cause. He was very angry with the carters, and said he would have them beaten if they did not go on. He came some distance with us. After he left us, men with knives and swords stopped us again and again, snatching up anything they could lay hands on. Our people were all in their blood-stained clothing, and the children were in rags. This excited some pity, and one man who came to rob, led us through three different places and protected our amah. My pith hat, split by a sword cut, was snatched from my head, and when I tried to regain it, it was torn to pieces.

'We next got to Watienlu, a big market town sixty

li from Nan-yang, and here I met two men who knew me. They at once came to our help, and their friendly attitude had a good effect on the crowd. When I mentioned that Mr. Griffith and Paul were missing, they promised to do all they could to find them, and sent two men with us, who took us safely to Hsin-yeh-hsin, forty miles south of Nan-yang. In the afternoon a messenger overtook us, saying that the missing ones had arrived at the place we had left, and that wheel-barrows would be sent to meet them, and that same night they rejoined us.

'At Fan-ch'eng, Mr. Jamieson had a man waiting with 50 taels (about £7) for us, and the magistrate also offered us money. Mr. Jamieson kindly had secured inns for us at Fanchen, and he very generously offered us 500 taels (about £70). It is impossible for us to fully express our gratitude to Mr. Jamieson. He sent telegrams ahead to the Viceroy of Wuchang, Chang Chih-tung; and that official, to whom our warmest thanks are due, sent up two gunboats and two boatloads of soldiers, to escort our reunited party down to Hankow. Again Mr. Jamieson's good offices stood us in splendid stead, he sending a steam-tug; otherwise we should have made little progress against the head winds. With Mr. Jamieson, Messrs. Reed and Fisher, engineers of the Peking Syndicate, were kindness itself. The U.S. Consul at Hankow sent his Vice-Consul, Mr. Brown, on the tug to meet us, and with him came Mr. Chapen, U.S. Episcopal missionary at Hankow. Our hearts were too full to speak our gratitude at the kindnesses we received. At Hankow, Mr. Jamieson secured the best cabins on the steamer for the women, and himself went into the native quarters on board. The luxury of good plain food was heartily enjoyed by the half-famished people, and we all were treated with the utmost

hospitality. Altogether, we lost property and effects valued at 10,000 taels (about £1400), and Mr. Jamieson himself was a very heavy loser.'

The experiences of Mr. Griffith and Master Paul Goforth, when they lost the party at Nan-yang, are full of interest, and the Rev. J. Griffith thus describes their adventures as 'a day and a night in peril':—

'About midnight, it seemed useless to longer resist the persistent demands of the officials that we should leave the city. We had told them that, unless they gave us money and an escort, they might come and massacre us all in the inn, but we would not budge. They had yielded so far as to give us a few soldiers, and cash to the value of about eleven dollars. An hour after midnight, we grouped ourselves upon five bare carts—selected from the ten which we had formerly occupied—and started out. The narrow, silent, tortuous streets, the knowledge that bitter enemies were all about us, and the recollection of the events of the last twenty-four hours,—these altogether gave one a strange feeling. But all our foes were not asleep, for the soldiers with us were acting very strangely, and we knew what threats they had been making in the inn yard. We had purposely arranged the carts with Mr. Goforth's in front and mine last, keeping the rest of the company between us. I suppose I noticed the actions of the soldiers more carefully than any one else, on account of what I had heard, and could not but observe how they divided into two small bands and surrounded the first and last carts as soon as we were on the street.

'At the first town, those about my cart gathered in a group, stuck their swords up their left sleeves, whispered suspiciously together, and then sent some of their number hurriedly down a side street. My carter had noticed

their action too, and leaning over toward me whispered, in terror, his conviction that we were to be massacred in a few minutes. I replied that it might be well for me to leave the cart and walk along the dark side of the street, in order to watch developments. He answered that the plan was a good one; so I descended, and, as little Paul Goforth was entrusted to my care, took him along with me. After telling the ladies in front to leave their carts in case an alarm were sounded, we skirted along the wall on the left side of the street. Soon I noticed that it was the outer city wall, and that it was broken down in many places. A river flowed within a hundred feet of it, but between the two was a winding path. This suggested the plan of keeping outside the wall and watching our treacherous guard through the successive breaks in it.

'This plan was found to be all right for a while, but presently the wall was more perfect, and just there the carts suddenly turned off at a right angle, and we found ourselves compelled to go some distance to a place where we could recross. By that time the carts were lost in the darkness, and their usual noisy rattle seemed to have ceased. Possibly they were on a piece of sandy street. At any rate, pursuit seemed useless, so I formed a resolution to follow the river and get as far as possible from the city before morning. To tell the truth, I felt that I should never again see the dear friends from whom we had been parted, and plans for saving little Paul and myself immediately began to take shape. I felt that, if Mr. Goforth could have expressed a last wish under such circumstances, it would have been that he might have revenge upon his murderers by giving a son to be his successor in proclaiming to them the glad tidings of salvation. I was convinced that the river which we

were following flowed to Fan-ch'eng, where boats would be waiting for us, and that, by keeping near it and avoiding main roads and towns as much as possible, we might get through the eighty miles to that city.

'So we trudged on, venturing here and there to arouse some Chinaman sleeping on the ground by his vegetable garden, in order to ask a question of our informant, to prevent our being recognised. Once, on a stretch of river road, we saw some one coming toward us, and branched off on a side-path. He shouted at us, probably to strengthen his own courage, but we passed on and did not answer. Paul was acting splendidly, walking well and not asking too many questions, but I knew he must rest before morning, so told him that whenever he felt tired we would find a place in which to lie down. Presently he showed signs of fatigue, so we selected a fine warm spot on a dry sandbank of the river, and, after commending ourselves to God's care, lay down to peaceful slumber. There were only the faintest streaks of coming day across the sky when we awoke and continued our tramp. Hunger began to make itself felt, for we had eaten very little food during the last thirty hours. We passed an orchard, and there was a temptation to investigate it, but we passed on. Some men bestirring themselves beside their water-melon patch suggested possible sympathisers, but they gruffly refused us even a taste. Then we came to a wide stretch of sand through which the river wandered in shallow streams. The sun was just rising, the birds were singing, the waters were cool, and man was absent. God's waters and grass and birds never seemed so sweet in all my life as during the dawning hour of that eventful day. We talked of them, and waded in the stream, and forgot our hunger, and I fear the tears stood in my eyes as memory

carried me back to the sweet and peaceful scenes of the dear home land.

'A main road crossed the bridgeless river at this point. Feeling convinced it was the road running to Fan-ch'eng, and fearing that, if the soldiers had murdered our companions, they would be on the lookout for us also, we got away from the spot as soon as possible, and followed the stream. But hunger soon forced us to capitulate, and as we had not a single coin, there was nothing for it but to beg. An isolated house in a lonely peach orchard seemed to present fewest dangers, so we made for it. The man and his wife, after hearing our story, seemed kindly disposed, but they had no fruit fit to eat. They also said they had no other food, and indeed the utter wretchedness of their hovel seemed to bear out their assertion. But they had some hot water, and gave us a drink. The man also listened to my plea for an old pair of cast-off shoes to save my bruised and blistered feet, and brought out a couple of ragged "scows" which he had thrown away. They were startlingly large *for shoes*, but better than nothing, so I put them on and stuffed in grass to tighten them on my feet. That one appreciates kindness in proportion to his distress and need was a thought borne in upon me very strongly that morning. I felt that this poverty-stricken fellow-man had done a great deal for us, and felt deeply thankful to him. But he added another kindness of still greater importance to us, by informing us of a report that some carts containing foreign men, women, and children had passed near there about an hour before.

'We immediately started out in the direction indicated, and upon entering a large village received such definite information as made doubt no longer possible. Again hunger was forgotten, and we were for hurrying

in the direction the carts had gone. But some men were sitting by the wayside eating their morning meal, and, having heard our story, insisted upon our eating a bowl of corn-meal before proceeding. Then we quietly left the village, but were only a few hundreds of yards out of it when little Paul looked back, and suddenly startled me by exclaiming that a terrible-looking man was almost upon us. A glance showed me that I should probably have to deal with a madman, so, shouting to Paul to run, I turned to meet the new danger. He tried to pass me, but I blocked the way and demanded an explanation. With fire blazing in his eyes, he answered that he must and would have "that boy." We parleyed a few moments in altercation, while a crowd, standing on the confines of the village and watching our movements, rapidly grew larger and began to run towards us. My antagonist began to scuffle with me to get past and after Paul, who was rapidly disappearing down the road. I scarcely know how, but we worked to the edge of a ravine about twenty feet deep, and suddenly realising my opportunity, I put forth all my strength and flung the fellow into it. As he went over the bank he carried with him one-half of my blood-saturated Chinese shirt—a relic of our riot the day before. Had it not parted, I should almost certainly have gone over the bank with my foe. However, once free from him, I kicked off the cumbrous shoes, and, taking them in my hand, followed Paul as fast as my legs would carry me. Any one familiar with China can imagine how village after village was roused in pursuit of us. Only the hope of soon catching sight of the carts induced me to run the risks involved in thus hurrying along where we might be suddenly struck down.

'Soon, however, I learned that we were hopelessly

behind the carts, and therefore resolved that we must adopt another policy. We could run no longer, so explanation and appeal must, by God's blessing, save us, if we were to be saved. Soon we entered a walled town, which it seemed difficult to avoid, and there the surging, vociferating mobs surrounded and jostled us, and assumed a most threatening attitude. Our position seemed almost hopeless, and it looked as though a word or movement might precipitate the crisis and seal our fate, when a man suddenly spoke up and declared that we ought to be allowed to proceed. He was rather young-looking, and it seemed strange that the crowd should pay so much attention to his opinion. But open it up he did, and the man himself led us out of the town. Not only that, though we were absolutely penniless and almost naked, he voluntarily accompanied us a distance of thirty li (ten miles), and for one-third or more of that distance carried Paul Goforth on his back, as the brave little fellow was almost exhausted. For the last twelve li of the thirty he kicked off his shoes, and, carrying them in his hand, ran as fast as he could to a town where we hoped the carts would be stopped for dinner. They had stopped for a short time, but were gone again. Our strange benefactor could go no farther. He returned, and, meeting us still two miles from the town, quietly said that he must now return home. We could not ask him to do more. He had already done a thing so remarkable for this heathen land, that we could only feel that God had specially moved his heart in our behalf. Not without emotion we thanked him for his great kindness. It was all we could do, besides expressing the hope that some future day might bring him his reward.

'Then, as he disappeared, we turned to continue our painful way to—we knew not where. My brave little

companion was scarcely able to walk, and my own feet were so blistered and stone-bruised and pierced with thorns that it was painful to even touch them on the ground. Toward the town we slowly made our way, trying to follow footpaths among the corn-fields, so as to keep out of sight as much as possible. But the Chinese seemed to be everywhere, and again and again we were discovered and surrounded by excited mobs. Dozens of times it happened that day. Sometimes the clubs or hoes were held threateningly over our heads, while we were catechised as to who we were and where we came from. Gradually I came to understand the object of the almost ungovernable rage which seemed to have possession of the people.

'It is sad to have to say it about persons professing to preach the gospel of the meek and lowly Jesus, but the fact is the people of that whole country-side were furious against what they considered to be the tyranny and oppression of the Roman Catholics. Hatred blazed in their eyes, and I am most firmly persuaded that, humanly speaking, it was only our ability to prove that we were not Roman Catholics which saved our lives that day. Once we could persuade a mob of that fact, its fury seemed to melt away. Again and again the same thing happened. On one occasion an immense crowd, which had been assembled at a theatre in the road, caught sight of us. They ran screaming and shouting across the fields to where we were. The people were excited, and, with the clubs already swinging over our heads, I feared even explanations would not be waited for. But they did consent to listen, and when eventually persuaded that we were Protestants and not Roman Catholics, British and not French, the very man who had seemed most determined to instantly kill us went away

and got one hundred cash, which he gave to Paul, and told us to go on our way.

'At last we reached the town, and managed, by the help of a pedlar, to find the inn where the carts had halted. Instantly we entered the yard, a well-dressed man rushed toward us, and hurried us, in the most friendly way, into a side room. I could not tell what to make of it, but he explained quickly that he had once been an assistant in the Yamen at Chang-te-fu, and while there had been shown kindness at our compound. He had seen Mr. Goforth with the carts, and had been requested to assist us, in case we happened to be heard of. Food was prepared for us, and meantime a fast messenger was hurriedly sent to overtake the carts and announce our coming.

'As soon as we had finished eating, it was announced that our "cart" had arrived. Our "cart" proved to be a very ordinary "wheel-barrow," but as it was declared to be the only vehicle available, and as we were scarcely in a position to dictate, we sat down—one on each side—and away the men went, one pulling and the other pushing. How the people laughed at our grotesque appearance! Sometimes, however, they were fierce and threatening, until our story was told, or until some good man exhorted them to peace. Occasionally light showers of rain fell, and then the people were mostly indoors, much to our relief. This, too, is to be recorded as another of the Lord's mercies,—that we were saved from the fierceness of a southern sun during all that July day, as we travelled with unprotected heads. It was cloudy almost all day.

'Another providential occurrence was the fact that, about the middle of the afternoon, we met a servant who had been separated from us for two or three days. He had cut across country, and, happening to meet the

Peking Syndicate engineers, who had heard of our being robbed, was entrusted with fifty ounces of silver for us. When met, he was going toward Nan-yang-fu (having missed our friends on the road), and by evening would have been at least twenty miles from their stopping-place. Our possession of this silver solved one of the most distressing problems pressing upon our penniless friends when we overtook them that night.

'As darkness came on that afternoon, we were able to conceal from most of those whom we met the fact that we were foreigners. We began to breathe more freely, and to feel that the danger of mob violence was almost past. This was a great relief, for although I had felt little concern for myself in the prospect of sudden death, which had faced us many times during the previous two days, yet my heart had been sore for those whose hearts would break if they should never see us again on earth. Before midnight we were entering the inn which sheltered the dear friends from whom we had been so strangely separated, and with what joy and gratitude to God we met each other again I leave the reader to imagine.'

CHAPTER XIV

The Flight from Honan

II. THE CHINA INLAND MISSIONARIES

The missionaries of the China Inland Mission, in the province of Honan, are mostly working in the south of that province. The Canadian Presbyterians, in making their escape from the north and going towards Hankow, passed close to some of the China Inland Mission stations, and to one of these, She-k'i-tien, they sent a message, advising the friends there to flee. In accordance with this intimation, the missionaries there decided to make their escape, and an account of their adventures is graphically told by Dr. G. W. Guinness:—

'At the beginning of July, reports of the disturbed condition of the country began to arrive at our station—She-k'i-tien, near Nan-yang-fu, in South-west Honan. Prolonged droughts had destroyed the prospects of a good harvest, and the people were in a restless condition, ready for anything in the way of uprising and excitement. They were incensed at the failure of all their prayers and rain processions; no rain had fallen. "It must be the foreigners' fault," they said; "let us get rid of them." Wild rumours were current everywhere, and finally we heard very definite threats of violence; no notice was taken, however, as wild talk is very

common in China, and we did not want to be disturbed by it.

'On Saturday, July 7, a large party (Canadian Presbyterian) of foreigners, fleeing from the north, passed our station, and sent a messenger to warn us of the danger, and bid us make good our escape. The same evening two officials came to discuss the situation; they were evidently desirous of getting money, but not willing to do much to help. We wrote to the mandarin at Nan-yang-fu, and determined to wait for an escort.

'The services next day were very well attended; in the afternoon crowds assembled to see the Church members go home; a riot seemed imminent, but an influential man dispersed the people, and we locked the doors and packed a few things and prepared to leave. That night a few soldiers were stationed in front of the door, and we were left in peace, but dawn revealed the fact that the guard had gone. It was impossible to get away, because a vast crowd had assembled, evidently bent on rioting. The packed boxes, together with a case of instruments and drugs and a camera, were conveyed across a wall in the garden and placed in an out-house in our neighbour's courtyard. By means of a ladder, my companions (Mr. and Mrs. Conway and baby and Miss W. Watson) and myself scaled the same wall and stood in this yard, not knowing which way to turn; our teacher was pale and nervous, and could offer no suggestion. The yells of the people and battering at our front door sounded ominous. He said, "You must hide; they are coming; it does not matter if you are killed, but I fear worse things may happen to you. Come!" The landlord of the house appeared, and led the way through his house to his guest-hall. In one

corner of the room was a ladder leading up to a loft overhead. "Hush, go up quickly and stay still."

'It was a long room with five windows on one side, dust and lumber plentifully scattered about; and there we lay hid, listening to the terrible shouts and yelling of the mob, the crash and falling of timber and masonry; they had begun to riot in earnest. Two of the party were ladies, and one of these, Mrs. Conway, had been seriously ill and was very weak. The month-old baby required food. The mother had tasted nothing since the previous day, and it was quite impossible to get anything then. Should the child cry, our whereabouts would be revealed, so it was all-important to keep her quiet. We prayed in silence, and the Lord heard and kept the child still from dawn till dark.

'It was very hot. The noise of the rioters increased as they neared us. Our house was in flames; we could hear the crackling of the fire and see the smoke. Suddenly there was a rush; the mob had traced us over the wall and across the courtyard, and into the room beneath they came. Every word was so distinct: "Kill the foreigners; smash up the house; they must be here up this ladder. I will go up and see; we have searched everywhere else, and have not found them. I believe they are here; let me go up." A brisk altercation ensued; our friends trying to dissuade the searchers from ascending the ladder; others urging them on.

'Time after time they were driven off, and as often returned to search. They clambered on to the roof and stared into the windows. We stood flat against the wall between two windows, thus attempting to screen ourselves from sight. At last two boys saw us and spread the news. Back came the rioters. "They are

here; they have been seen; we will go up." It was an anxious moment, but God gave peace amid the anxiety. The landlord managed to bluff them off again, and after a long time of stamping and raging they went away; so passed the hours of the day from 7 a.m. till 8 p.m.

'Darkness at length brought relief from strain; the mob had gone, and we breathed more freely. A pot of Chinese tea was passed up through the floor, and the wearied mother could quench her thirst. Presently the landlord appeared, white and trembling. "Don't delay," he said; "follow me; they know you are here." His voice was almost gone. We quickly descended the ladder, and again crossed the yard and passed into a granary situated on one side of it, immediately opposite the room where the boxes had been hidden in the morning. At one side of the room stood an enormous basket of grain; a stool was placed on this, and by its aid we clambered up through a trap-door into a loft above; the stool was removed, the door shut down, and all trace of our whereabouts was gone.

'We were in a long room, dirty and quite devoid of furniture; the rotting boards of the floor were covered plentifully with dirt and rubbish. The earth walls were cracked and split. A number of windows with bars of wood across them served to let in the light, and at one end an open but broken doorway, partly filled with earth bricks, gave us a view of the whole room, with the exception of one corner. It was this corner that gave us a hiding-place for the succeeding four days of riot. Thankful to have escaped thus far, we lay still on the floor and partook of a piece of bread and some native tea that Mr. Li (the landlord) had provided. The child still kept quiet.

'It was quite dark by now, and presently the trap-door lifted and Mr. Li emerged from below. He had come to tell us his plans for escape. We were to be disguised as far as possible, and to leave at midnight and go to the house of a man named Chang, from whence a start could be made early in the morning by carts. This was agreed to, and about 11.45 p.m. we passed down through the trap-door on to the grain, and thence regained the ground floor, little knowing the danger that lay ahead, had this plan succeeded. Just at that moment a noise at the front caused us all to stand still; a few minutes later the landlord came running back, and said, "Quick; back to the loft: the 'Pao-kia-ku' has come to search the place." There was no time to be lost; up on to the basket of grain we climbed, and once again, by aid of the stool, managed to ascend into the room above. The trap-door was quietly let down, and I took my seat on it; fortunately, the child did not cry. With short, sharp orders the Pao-kia-ku official ordered his soldiers to search the place. It was not long before the boxes and camera hidden in the morning were discovered; these were promptly removed.

'Having cleared them away, they returned to thoroughly investigate the whole place. "What is here?" "My grain," answered Mr. Li. "The door is locked; I must get in." "Here" (to his soldiers), "break open the door." A blow from a heavy pole followed, and we heard the official enter the granary beneath us. "What does this mean? a stool on a pile of grain just beneath a trap-door. Who is up there? Search and see." Silently we prayed, and God heard. A voice said, "Only women up there." Already the trap-door had begun to lift. "Only women, oh!" the door was dropped, and we heard them departing; three times they

returned to the search, and as often left again; we realised in a new way that God is a hearer and answerer of prayer.

'They stationed two soldiers below, so that all escape for the night was impossible. Subsequently we found out that, had the plan of going to Mr. Chang's house succeeded, none of us might ever have got away alive, so that what seemed to us disaster was really our salvation. All too quickly the remaining hours of darkness passed; brief snatches of sleep were seized by some, others listened to the conversation of the soldiers below; morning dawned and revealed us to each other covered with dust from the floor and cobwebs from the wall; the month-old baby lay asleep by her mother; little sleep and lack of food was an ill preparation for the day of riot that was to follow, but "as thy day so shall thy strength be" was not to fail.

'Very early in the morning the rioters came back to their work, to finally demolish the remaining portion of the Gospel hall. A very thorough search was made for the foreigners. Yells and blows resounded on all sides; time after time we could only lie hiding our faces in the dust and praying, as the sounds of the rioters overhead made the room shake. They smashed the tiles and danced on the roof, and tried to look in the windows and broken door. "Where are the foreign devils? kill them, kill them!" Towards evening the sound of rioting diminished: they were going to their homes. I looked through a window into the court below and saw two men piling wood and straw and dried grass round the house. "We will burn them out and kill them as they run"; the voice was low, and I could not be quite sure what was said. Was this then to be the end? The ladies knew nothing of this, and we did not tell them.

THE SO PING FU MARTYRS.

M. HEDLUND. J. LUNDELL.

N. CARLESON. E. KARLBERG.

O. L. LARSSON. E. PETTERSSON.

E. PERSSON. S. PERSSON.

A. JOHANSSON. J. ENGVALL.

[*See p.* 79.

The house was not burned, however, and another night came on, and with it a chance to get a little food through the trap-door.

'Wednesday and Thursday were thus passed in the loft. Every night fresh plans of escape were devised, but could not be carried out. One evening the ladies were to have been conveyed away from the city in water-butts, and we, disguised, were to walk with them. The butts proved too small, and could not be used. The attempt to let us down over the city wall with ropes they said would prove futile; the wall was too carefully guarded. The city gates were closed, with the exception of two, which were jealously watched. "Would we dress up as soldiers and escort the ladies on horseback?" "No, the risk was too great. Travellers were being continually robbed and killed." At last, hope of an escort of soldiers cheered our hearts; one hundred or two hundred taels was to be given, and for this sum an escort provided to Fan-ch'eng. The time of starting was settled, and we fully expected to get away. But all hopes were doomed to disappointment; the escort refused to go for less than 500 taels (about £70), and even then would accompany us for only a distance of thirty miles. So hope alternated with disappointment, and every day fear of discovery was added to the strain and trial of imprisonment; bands of searchers kept coming and trying to look into the room.

'At midday on Thursday, Mr. Li suddenly appeared, and said, "Fly! the Pao-kia-ku has come with swords to kill you." In two minutes all had dropped through the trap-door, crossed the yard, and scaled the wall, and we were back in the devastated remains of our garden. The sun was blazing hot, and none of us had any protection for our heads. The infant began to cry, and we

thought all was over. Apart from God we were helpless. Not many minutes later, a man followed us across the wall; it was impossible to avoid discovery; we lay still. "Come back," he said; "they have gone. It is all right." The revulsion of feeling can be better imagined than described.

'On the evening of the fifth day after the riot, rain fell, and afforded the opportunity required to escape to another house. An excited crowd of servants and assistants waited below to disguise us all and lead us forth one by one in the darkness and rain. After a ten minutes' walk, we reached a large business firm, and were conducted to the back of the building, and hidden in a strong room at the top of the house. The room was small and dark, with one window in it eighteen inches high and a doorway without a door. A bed on one side afforded a resting-place for the ladies, and we managed to put up a portion of curtain, and Mr. Conway and myself lay on a rug on the stone floor.

'Every day hope of escape seemed further off. The city was in a ferment. Rioters, robbers, and a society similar to that of the Boxers were continually fighting, and the chief man of the firm protecting us went out night by night to guard the city. Besides a gun and a sword, he carried two heavy-pointed iron pins rather like a cold chisel in shape. These were inserted into his belt. He said he could throw these weapons with accuracy for ten or twenty yards, and strike a man in the eye and kill him. A silent, taciturn man, he rarely spoke, but was evidently a man of power, and as such feared and respected by others. Twelve days were spent under his protection, and none of us suffered any violence, but the intense heat and confinement were proving very trying. Two out of the party became ill.

'One evening the chief partner in the firm appeared, and said, "To-morrow morning carts will be in readiness at dawn; prepare to leave." Before daylight we crossed the courtyard in silence, careful not to wake the many men who were sleeping there. Then an awkward delay of forty minutes waiting for the cart proved trying, because every minute it was getting lighter. Eventually two carts arrived, and we started just before the sun was up. Ten minutes more were spent at the city gate. A bribe of one thousand cash per cart had to be given, and we got through without being seen; our landlord sitting in front and screening us from view. About two miles from the city a small boat was waiting, into which we crept, and with an escort of four men started down stream. Passing the customs proved difficult and anxious work. The officials came on board and thoroughly searched our cabin, but never once of the twelve or more times we were examined did they discover the foreigner. Had they found us, our lives would not have been worth much.

'The escort and ourselves lived in the one cabin for thirteen days, until Hankow was reached in safety. Here it was their turn to be frightened; they had never seen such large vessels as lay in the Yangtse, and were only too glad to start back with the 300 taels (about £40) which was the reward for bringing us through in safety. Thus thirty days after our station was destroyed we reached Hankow, ragged and dirty, with clothing that had been lived in day and night for a month, but very thankful to have been brought through in safety by One who never leaves and never forsakes those who put their trust in Him.'

Two other remarkable escapes, those of Mr. C.

Howard Bird, from Siang-ch'eng in Honan to T'ai-ho in Gan-hwuy, and that of Mr. Argento, from Kuang-chau in Honan to Hankow. Both belong to the China Inland Mission. Mr. Bird's narrative runs as follows:—

'I arrived safely at T'ai-ho, Gan-hwuy, on Monday evening, July 24, 1900, after a most trying time on the road from Siang-Ch'eng. I left there on Wednesday morning, the 11th. The previous two days there had been an increase in the rumours, and the rowdy and threatening behaviour of the people when the Swedish ladies passed through had indicated a thorough change in their attitude towards us. News also had been received of a rising at Pao-feng, twenty-three miles west, where the people were said to be looting the granaries of the wealthy. On the Tuesday evening, the evangelist took my card and went to see the mandarin, but was told no protection would be afforded us; an edict had been received ordering the expulsion of all foreigners, and I must leave at once. I waited till next morning, when the evangelist and other friends came and urged me to leave without a moment's delay, as the house had been watched during the night, and the report of a massacre of foreigners down south had just been received. I was very reluctant to leave, but thought it only right to follow their advice. I took nothing with me, intending that my boxes should be sent on later. A man accompanied me, carrying my rug, and some cash and silver.

'That day we went thirty miles. The people were all friendly, but they knew we were fleeing, from the absence of baggage. Next morning we had not gone very far when we were met by a messenger from Mr. Powell at Chau-kia-keo, telling us of the riot there, and

of the Gracies, and Mr. M'Farlane, and also the Swedish sisters, having been robbed. We were then about half-way to Chau-kia-keo. What to do we did not know. Just then a man coming along the road, seeing me, yelled at me to go back, saying that all the foreigners had been killed, and so on. The main road seemed thus to be impracticable, so I decided to go by the river.

'I hid in the fields all day, not daring to go through a village; and my man went on and agreed with a boatman to take us down to Chau-kia-keo. The day was very hot, but I was able to get refreshing drinks from the wells in the fields. In the afternoon I lay in a hut in a melon patch, and later on in the crops by the river bank. At nightfall my man came back and led me to the boat.

'The boatman was very friendly, having taken me before, and the brother of one of the men was employed in the hall at Chau-kia-keo. We anchored for the night outside the small town of Siao-iao. During the night a strong wind arose, and the boat became strained, and this delayed our starting the following morning. I sent off the messenger from Chau-kia-keo, with a note to Mr. Powell, telling him that I was coming. In five minutes he returned, saying he had forgotten something. He started again, but back he came once more, this time with the news that three Swedish ladies were at the place, only four miles distant, where they had been robbed.

'This frequent coming and going excited the suspicions of a boy who was standing near, and he jumped on to the boat, lifted up the mat under which I was lying, and discovered me. Of course he immediately spread the news, and in a few minutes a crowd gathered. They clambered on to the boat, seized me and robbed

me of all my money and the few things I had in my cash-bag. They then made me get down off the boat, and pulled the clothes off my back, leaving me stripped to the waist. I had put my little pocket Bible in my waist, and when they felt that they thought it must be silver, and half a dozen pairs of hands grabbed at it. I could have laughed, so eager they each seemed to secure the prize; no one would let go; they wrenched furiously at it. At last they got it out, and great was their disgust on finding it was only a book. A boy standing by suggested that they should take my trousers, but a bystander was indignant and rebuked him. They took off my shoes, however, and then they left me standing there.

'I heard before this that the district mandarin was in the town, and had sent him my card; but all that the officials did was to come down and insist on my getting on to the boat and continuing my journey. This I refused to do, as the boat people were not willing, naturally fearing that their cargo might be plundered next if I remained with them. So they gave me an old ragged shirt and a pair of old shoes, and I got across to the other bank, my man carrying me on his back. My intention was to strike across the fields to the place where the Swedish ladies were; but I soon found that was impossible. The people came rushing from all parts, and one man seized my queue, and, drawing a dagger, presented it at my heart. He also took off my cotton girdle.

'I then waded the river again, and, entering the town with my clothes all dripping, stood in the main street, in a shady place, determined at all costs to see the mandarin myself. When he came back I made my way to the Yamen, but I was refused admission. They

promised, however, to tell the mandarin, and to see what he would do for the ladies and myself. For the rest of the day I sat in a tea-shop, in my disconsolate condition, a spectacle to all beholders. Some unknown friend bought me a little bread, which, however, I could not swallow. In the evening an inferior official came back with my gown and shirt, and said I must go on the boat again and leave for Chau-kia-keo. I replied that this could not be, as I was not going to leave without knowing something about the ladies.

'That night I slept in the boat, and in the morning again entered the town. The official said it was impossible to give the ladies and myself an escort, so I determined to make a final attempt to see the mandarin myself, as he descended from his chair and entered the Yamen. That day a Yamen runner kept constantly by my side, both on the street and in the tea-shop. In the afternoon I took my stand at the Yamen gates. A crowd soon gathered. They tried to get me to move with all sorts of promises; but, seeing I would not go away, two runners suddenly caught hold of me and dragged me down the street by the hair of my head. Some kind person had returned me my Bible, but one of the runners, seeing that I treasured it, took it from me again.

'I now saw that it was hopeless to expect help from the mandarin, and I just sat down by the roadside. In this my hour of extremity the Lord in a wonderful way raised up a good friend for me, who took me to his house for the night. This man was a Mohammedan, as were also two others who befriended me. A pedlar selling a sort of porridge gave me a basin of it, and would not take any money, and another selling black bread gave me a small loaf. My good friend stayed by

me for the next four or five days, gave me my food, and found me a little room where I lay hid for two days. He also sent messengers with letters to the ladies, but these never reached them. During these days, I think, my good friend did hardly anything else but make arrangements for me.

'Then the water in the river rose, and my friend hired a boat for me, to take me to Chau-kia-keo. By that time I had heard definitely that the ladies had gone on; and also that the Chau-kia-keo friends had left with an escort. I thought the same mandarins might do something for me. I knew there were many Christians in Chau-kia-keo, and I had given my messenger some silver, which I hoped I should be able to get when I arrived there; so I started.

'At night-time I bid my kind friend good-bye, got on to the boat, and hid in a locker underneath the deck. There I remained all that night and the next day. When we were not far from Chau-kia-keo, I sent a message to one of the leading Christians. In reply, a relative of his came to tell me of the condition in which the Christians themselves were. Several of their houses had been pillaged, and they dared not show themselves on the streets. After this man had left, the boatman offered to lead me to the house of the Christian, that I might see what was best to be done. As soon as he got me on shore he ran back, and the boat moved off, and I was left standing on the bank—without a cash in my possession, in a great city full of enemies.

'It was by this time quite dark, and I knew that the gates would soon be shut, when I should have to sleep on the bank—a most undesirable place, for it had been raining, and everything was damp and muddy. As I entered the gate, the gatekeeper looked dismayed when he saw

me, and wanted to know what I was doing there. He said that I could not possibly wait till daylight, as my life would not be safe. What to do I did not know, but just cried to the Lord ; and, seeing the night-watch going round, I appealed to the officer. He referred me to a gentleman who was just then passing by, followed by a soldier carrying a lantern. This proved to be the mandarin who had befriended the Shearer party. I told him my plight, but he said he could not help me, but would give me some money, and advised me to go on to the next city, six miles distant. I protested, but he only repeated his advice and moved on. By this time a small crowd had gathered, and all apparently sympathised with me, and seemed dismayed at the idea of my still remaining in the city.

'Some told me to go to the Yamen, but I did not think there was any use in going there. Ultimately, however, there was nothing else for it, and I made my way there through the wet, dark streets. Knocking I knew would be useless, so I just lay down on the step outside the door, and prepared to spend the night there. I was only afraid that the little money the mandarin had given me might be stolen. After lying there some time, the gatekeeper of the street gate[1] came and found me, and let me sleep in his little hole, a filthy place, but still affording a protection from the night air.

'The policeman then came and told me that the mandarin could not possibly help me; he had been severely reprimanded by his superiors for what he had already done for the other friends. He advised me to leave at dawn. During the night I had reason to fear

[1] In a Chinese city the streets are divided off by gates, which are locked at night.

that the gatekeeper was planning to rob me. I could hardly sleep, and got up before it was light, and stole away down the street, and only breathed freely when I was well away from the city.

'I reached the next city, Shang-shui, about breakfast-time, and made my way to the Yamen, in the hope that the mandarin might do something, or that I might get news there of the ladies' party, and might perhaps be able to overtake them. My hopes, however, were disappointed; the ladies had left more than four days previously, and the mandarin would do nothing for me. I stayed there the whole day, debating in my mind and praying about what I ought to do. The officials became anxious to get me away, and promised to escort me to the next city. It was merely a pretext, however, for the man they sent with me only went a short distance outside the city and then turned back, so I turned back also, much to his chagrin. They let me sleep that night in the room where all the Yamen runners were. I was only too glad of any shelter.

'Next day, as a last resource, I determined to make my way to Shui-tsai, a town some distance to the east, where there was a church and a good number of Christians. I started, but when about half-way there I heard that that town had been rioted as well, so that door seemed closed to me. On reaching Shui-tsai, I thought it best not to enter the town, and asked a passer-by the way. On perceiving who I was, he at once said, "Why don't you go there?" pointing to a village close at hand; "your friends are there all right." I set off, and the first person I met was the son of the leading Christian. He at once took me to his home, and what a welcome I received! They gave me a bath and some dinner, and then made me lie down and rest.

But what cheered me most of all was the good news that the Gan-hwuy missionaries had not all gone, and I had only some forty miles to go to reach T'ai-ho, where there were still two of our missionaries. Once there, I should be able to get money or hire a boat, and so get down to the coast.

'We left that place at midnight, two of the Christians accompanying me. We intended to go to T'ai-ho by a roundabout way, and hoped to reach there the next evening. We had not gone far, however, when one of my companions bethought himself of a boat he knew of, so we made our way to the river bank. The friend was found; he was willing to take me for a consideration, and I got on board. Once again my heart was full of gratitude for this help given, but the usual dilatoriness of Chinese boatmen spoiled everything. We had wind and water in our favour, but they would insist on waiting until they had received some money which some of their neighbours owed them, and they spent the whole morning and afternoon counting over several thousands of cash. Nothing would induce them to move; and the result was that in the afternoon my hiding-place was discovered; and although I had nothing of which I could be robbed, the boat people were so frightened that they refused to take me with them. So we had to get down and start on foot again.

'I tied a handkerchief over my eyes, and pulled my straw hat down over my face, hoping to be able to go along unnoticed. The two Christians had a few cash in their girdles; beyond this we had nothing with us. We had gone some distance, and it was now dusk, when, as we were passing a place notorious for its bad characters, two men sitting by the roadside recognised me, and instantly called on me to stop. The whole village turned

out in a short time. Sitting down and talking to them was of no use. They felt us all over for silver, but found none. Then they told us we could not go on, but I must stay in the village that night. Three great ruffianly-looking fellows came up and told me to follow, and led me into a field, where they told me to sit down. They produced three great swords and began swinging them about just over my head. It was then that I really thought my last moment had come. I just lifted up my heart to God. I had no fear, only joy that I should soon see Jesus. But it was not to be. They led me to another place, and had some consultation amongst themselves as to what they should do with me.

'It was now quite dark. All this time I did not know where my two companions were; but after a time they led me to them. They gave us a little food, and said we must sleep in the open under some trees, and in the morning they would décide what was to be done. Half a dozen or more arranged themselves in a circle round us, and continued talking till long past midnight. One fellow came up bringing some ropes and chains, with which I thought they were going to shackle me. But no, they thought they had me so completely in their power, as I had not a single cash on me and did not know the way, that I could not possibly escape.

'All this time I had no light at all as to what to do, as I knew an unsuccessful attempt to run away would only make it ten times worse for me, but still I had perfect peace, and slept soundly. Waking just before dawn, the thought seemed to come to me that I should get up and go to Shen-kin Hsien, a city about eighteen miles due south. As the men were all sound asleep, I awoke one of the Christians and told him my intention.

I got up and crept out of the village, and then ran for dear life, not resting till I was some six or seven miles away from the place. It was wonderful that, although it was dark when I started, yet I had hit upon a narrow track, and it proved to be the shortest way to the city I wanted to reach. T'ai-ho, of course, lay due east, but I knew they would naturally look for me along that road, so I went due south. I had to pass through two markets, and met numbers of people on the road, but only two recognised me, and I went on quickly without saying anything.

'At length I reached the city, tired and thirsty and hungry, having done seventeen miles without resting or having anything to eat. I made my way to the Yamen, not having the least idea what kind of a reception I should receive. My surprise was great when my story was kindly listened to, and I was taken into one of the inner rooms and given a very good breakfast. Then I was told that the mandarin had arranged to give me a cart to T'ai-ho, sending six runners to escort me, and giving me money for the road as well. It seemed almost too good to be true, but in another half-hour I was seated in a cart with two soldiers in front; and about ten o'clock that night we reached T'ai-ho.

'The city gates were shut, but on sending in the mandarin's letter they were at once opened, and a great array of officials and soldiers with big lanterns ushered me into the city and escorted me to the house. What a welcome I had from the brethren in T'ai-ho! They had long since given me up, and imagined I must have gone some other way. I can never praise God enough for His goodness in preserving me all these days; and how much I must have owed all that time to the prayers of all friends! These days one has just felt upborne on

the arms of prayer, knowing that so many were praying for us.'

The following is Mr. Argento's story :—

'There had been rumours of trouble and much unrest at my station of Kwang Chau, but they had not alarmed me at all. On Sunday morning, July 8, one of the Christians, a boy about sixteen years of age, told me that people were saying on the street that they would come either that day or the following and pull the house down and kill me and all the Christians. I told him not to be afraid about that. "Let them say what they will." Half an hour before the time for the evening meeting, I was engaged choosing the hymns, when I heard a crowd of people rush into the premises, making a great noise. I came quickly out of my study to see what was going on, and I saw the "k'eh-fang" (guest-hall) just crammed with people. They called out that they wanted me to preach to them; but having heard that they had come on purpose to make trouble, I went back to my study to fetch a card, intending to try to go to the Yamen, but people with knives in their hands were keeping the door, and I could not get out. The street was packed from one end to the other, and the house surrounded. It had only the one exit, at the front.

'I shouted to the servant to bring some benches to the "k'eh-fang" for the people to sit on. They were still coming in great numbers, so I stood between the table and the wall and tried to preach to them a little. I had only said a few words when I was told it was useless to preach, for their motive in coming was not to listen to the Gospel, but to kill me on account of my being a "ma-hu-tsi" (bewitcher). I tried to explain to them that that was false; we missionaries came with

the Gospel of peace, to let them know that all the people of the earth are one great family, and as such ought to love one another; not only so, but we also brought to them a message of salvation.

'Seeing that they would not listen to these words, but rather became more rowdy, and some of the rioters surrounding me, I invited one of them, as if he had been a friend, just to tell the people to be quiet, and to explain to them that we were their best friends, and had come to do them good. So this man jumped on to the table, and with great gesticulations, and shouting at the pitch of his voice, tried to quiet them, explaining what I had told him; but he had only spoken a moment or two when he was told to get down; and the people rushing towards the table tried to crush me between it and the wall. Then I asked some people who were standing at my right hand to resist the pushing of the table. They did so for a little while, but seeing it was unsuccessful, exhorted me to go to the back part of the house. I did not do so, feeling that there was no way of escape there.

'Suddenly one of the ringleaders, coiling up his queue on his head, pulling up his sleeve, grasped hold of my queue and tried to strike me on the breast. Some others took hold of my gown, striking at me on every side and trying to pull me outside the "k'eh-fang" (guest-room). Then some one gave a blow to the lamp, which fell and broke, and we were left in complete darkness. I at once made an effort, got my queue out of their grasp by a sudden pull, and, loosing my gown, left it with them. I threw myself on the ground, to be out of reach of their hands, and succeeding in reaching a corner, crouched down into as little space as possible. Having thus freed myself from their

hands, they thought I had run away, and so began to smash doors, screens, and benches, and all they found in the "k'eh-fang." One of the screens falling under their blows partly covered me.

'Nearly everything in the "k'eh-fang" having been destroyed, they then made a rush for the front "leo" (upper storey), and I availed myself of the interval to crawl underneath the table, where I was less cramped and should be less easily seen. It was not possible to get out, on account of the crowds surrounding the house. After they had finished in the front "leo," down they came again and made a rush for the back. From under the table I could see the work of destruction going on. After having looted or destroyed what was to be found at the back and in my study, they wanted a light to hunt after valuables. They found some straw, and dipping it in kerosene, made a torch of it. As soon as they had the light they began dividing the spoil, and when they could find no more they spoke of setting the house and débris on fire. So they set to work, got together a pile of wood, and poured kerosene on it. The torch was burning out, but one man lifted it up from the ground and was bringing it toward the pile of wood, when he saw a chair near the table and came over to take it away. The light revealed me, and with a rush they got hold of me and dragged me from under the table and on to the pile of wood. Others took up the benches and struck me with them.

'Some of the neighbours, fearing that if they burnt the house their own houses would be in danger, objected to their burning it. "The house," they said, "is only rented, and does not belong to him." Then the rioters replied, "Well, never mind, we will not burn the house; we will only burn him." And saying this they poured

kerosene on my clothes and set them on fire. Friendly neighbours, however, quickly quenched the flames, tearing off the burning part of the garment, whilst others were dragging me away by the queue to save me. I was lying with my face to the ground. The rioters, seeing these neighbours wanted to save me, got hold of a pole, and began to strike me on the head and all over my body. I tried to protect my head with my hands, but had not reached the doorsteps when a very heavy blow inflicted on my head caused me to lose consciousness. I commended my soul into God's keeping, and knew nothing further.

'I remained unconscious for two days. When I reopened my eyes on the morning of Wednesday, July 11, I found myself on the platform in the chapel, lying on a "p'u-kai" (native bedding), soaked with blood, and my head still bleeding. The Christians told me that some of the rioters dragged me on to the street and wanted to cut off my head, but others opposed this, saying, "That is no use, when he is dead already." Afterwards, on the same night, the mandarin came, and, seeing me lying on the public street, ordered his underlings to carry me inside and put me on a bed. No bed was to be found, so they left me on some unbroken boards of the platform. Some of the Christians by turns had watched me during the nights.

'After I became conscious, I was terribly thirsty and feverish. The Christians brought me food, but I could not eat anything; I only eagerly drank all the water they brought me. Some of the gentry, discovering that I had regained consciousness, spread it abroad, wanting the rioters to come back and cut off my head.

'When the mandarin knew this, fearing that I might die in Kwang Chau, and he be held responsible for all

that had happened, he decided to send me away to Chau-kia-keo, a hundred and forty miles north, thinking that I should certainly die on the road, and so he would be freed from blame, as he would be reported as having helped my escape to where I could obtain medical treatment. The gentry, having heard that the mandarin was friendly inclined towards me, presented him with a petition, threatening to murder him if he allowed me to leave Kwang Chau either dead or alive.

'In the evening the mandarin visited me, and suggested, as a safe plan to get me out of the city, that I should be carried along in a coffin. I feared, however, that I should either die for want of sufficient air, or that the soldiers and bearers would bury me alive, or throw the coffin into the river, so I would not consent, although the mandarin promised to put breathing-holes in the lid. I said I would rather die in the chapel. Some of the Christians suggested to him to put me on a bamboo stretcher, with an awning to protect me from the sun. He agreed to this, so about midnight one was brought by eight bearers. The mandarin came himself, with an escort of fifty footmen, twenty horsemen—all armed—and some few attendants. He led the way on horseback out through the west gate, and escorted the party for twelve miles towards Chau-kia-keo. When he left us he said to me that he would punish the ringleaders, and exhorted the soldiers to take good care of me. Towards dusk (Thursday, July 12) we arrived at Si Hsien, thirty miles from Kwang Chau, where we stopped to pass the night and to exchange escort.

'Next morning, Friday, July 13, we started towards Sin-ts'ai Hsien, one hundred li north of Si Hsien. That day we travelled twenty-seven miles. When we passed through any market-place, people would come out and

examine the stretcher. They were very much excited and unfriendly, calling out to kill the foreigner; but the soldiers kept them in check, and ordered the bearers to go quickly. Next day, Saturday, July 14, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, we reached the Sin-ts'ai Yamen. The escort was to be changed there again. A great crowd of people ran excitedly into the courtyard of the Yamen, and, in spite of all the soldiers could do, pulled off the awning and tried to smash the stretcher itself. Then the mardarin gave orders to take me into a room and not allow the people in. After a quarter of an hour's wait there, the new escort was ready, and, the awning having been repaired, on we went towards Hiang-ch'eng Hsien, distant a farther thirty-seven miles.

'Even at this time, in getting out from the Yamen, the people tried once more to smash the stretcher, and they took away my shoes and socks; and then, whilst we were going, men and women crowded round, stopping the bearers every now and then to look at the "foreign devil."

'I was a little better that day, and, for the first time, I could take a little "hsi-fan" (rice gruel) that they gave me. After we had travelled ten miles, a thunderstorm suddenly broke upon us; the rain pelted down, quickly soaking the awning and wetting us all through and through, and the wind blew like a hurricane. The bearers cursed and swore. Soon after, we reached a small inn, where we stopped for the night.

'Next day, Sunday, July 15, we arrived at Hsiang-ch'eng Hsien, about half-past five in the afternoon, and the bearers left me outside the door of the Yamen, at the mercy of thousands of enemies, who crowded round from every direction. They thought I was dead, for I did not move or make a sound, although they pinched me

pulled my hair, and knocked me about—an ordeal which lasted an hour long; after which the mandarin ordered some underlings to take me into a room and close the door.

'On the morrow, Monday, July 16, about 3.30 a.m., I was carried out into the yard, and, hearing them speak of going southward, I asked the soldiers and Yamen runners what that meant, and told them that, unless I saw the mandarin, I would not start; so saying, I made an effort to get down from the stretcher, to sit in the court-yard; but they took hold of me and put me back, and ordered the bearers to start off quickly. On my complaining of this mode of treatment, one of the older ones told me that the mandarin would not let me go on, and had given orders to send me back to Kwang Chau.

'Late that evening we reached Sin-ts'ai again, where the mandarin, having heard that the Hiang-ch'eng official, would not receive me, treated me very uncivilly, leaving me all night in the open courtyard exposed to the rain, which drizzled down and wet me.

'The following morning, Tuesday, July 17, the mandarin, thinking my being carried on a bamboo stretcher was too grand a style, ordered the Yamen runners to move me from it on to a wheel-barrow. I remonstrated, saying that it was impossible for me to travel on a wheel-barrow, on account of my being covered with wounds and bruises, which would not allow me to stand or sit; my head was giddy, and I could not bear the sun without head protection. I asked to see the mandarin, wanting to represent to him that, since the Kwang Chau official had sent me by stretcher, I must at any rate return in the same way; but the underlings paid no heed to me, except to say unpleasant words, "Pitch him into the barrow like a bag of foreign goods." Then they got

hold of me and put me roughly on the barrow and started off.

'The jolting on the uneven road and the fearful heat of the sun beating down, caused me excruciating pain, and reopened my wounds. We went twenty-three miles that day. The mandarin had given no money for food for me, and if the Lord had not touched the heart of one of the soldiers, who pitied me, I should have had nothing to eat all day. The following morning, Wednesday, July 18, about noon, we were back at Si Hsien. The mandarin did not want to have anything to do with me, and left me in the Yamen yard, and soon a large crowd came around.

'Some two months previously, I had visited Si Hsien on a tour for preaching and selling books. A man connected with the Yamen, named Chao, had invited me to preach outside his door, where he had placed a table and chair and kept me provided with tea. He was very much interested in the Gospel. Hearing that I was now in the Yamen amongst such a crowd of people, he came and told the barrow-man to push me to his house, where he soon prepared a bed for me to lie on, and gave me tea, and afterwards a good dinner.

'I told him my story, and, on hearing of the uncivil manner in which I was treated by the mandarin, and how he did not give me any travelling money, he presented me with one hundred large cash, telling me not to spend them whilst I was his guest, but to keep them for my journey back to Kwang Chau. Moreover, as I was without "k'u-tsi" (trousers) and socks and shoes, he interested some friends to provide me with them.

'Owing to heavy rains, I was his guest for three days, and during this time with them I had three meals a day, and he gave me fresh tea from morning till night.

Many visitors, both men and women, came to see me, sympathising with my sufferings; and I had the privilege of preaching to them, in the best way I could, the message of salvation.

'On the evening of the third day there, Friday, July 20, Mr. Chao's family tried to persuade me to stay in Si Hsien, rather than return to Kwang Chau, inviting me to continue to be their guest until I was better, and saying they would try to collect travelling money for me, say eight hundred or nine hundred cash, to send me down to Hankow. To this I answered that I expected word from the mandarin, and next day, early in the morning — it was Saturday, July 21—he sent a sedan chair and a few soldiers to escort me to Kwang Chau.

'We arrived at the Yamen there at half-past four in the afternoon. I was left in the yard four hours, all the time being at the mercy of large crowds of enemies, who abused me and mocked me, saying, "God has brought you safely back, has He? Your God cannot save you. Jesus is dead; He is not in the world; He cannot give real help. Our Kwan-ti (God of War) is much stronger; he protects us, and he has sent the Boxers to pull down your house and to kill you"; and thus saying they spat on my face, and threw mud and melon peel at me, and did what they liked. Some pinched me, others pulled my queue, and others expressed themselves in the most vile way. All the time I did not answer a word. Some of the Christians came to see me, but had to run for their lives.

'At half-past eight, the mandarin, being afraid that the people would kill me in the courtyard, ordered that eight Yamen runners should carry me outside the city in a sedan chair towards Lo-shan Hsien. On the way they told the people that they were carrying me to the

execution grounds. The night was dark, and we were travelling by lantern light, so we only went about three miles. The day after, Sunday, July 22, they carried me without disturbance twenty-seven miles farther, to a place called Chau-ho-tien. I had visited there twice before, and many came and recognised me, but did not make any trouble.

'Next morning, Monday, July 23, about 3.30, I got into the chair, and they carried me for a short distance, and then they asked me to dismount and let them tighten up the chair. No sooner had I left it than they took up the poles and away they went back to Kwang Chau. One of the mandarin's attendants still remained, and he told me that they had no official letter, and so were unable to escort me to Lo-shan Hsien, and that now I was free to do what I thought best. I talked to him, and asked him if the mandarin had not left him any money for me. He said, "No," but afterwards produced four hundred cash, and then left me in the darkness. There on the spot I prayed for guidance, and waited till the sun rose.

'Then I walked on past Lo-shan Hsien, intending to go to Sing-yang Chau, where I had heard that there were some foreigners prospecting for a railway. At Lo-shan the people called out, "The Bewitcher," and wanted to kill me; but others said, "He is only a Canton man." They followed me some distance, and then returned. At noon I stopped at a small inn four miles beyond Lo-shan Hsien. After dinner I rested till five o'clock, and then proceeded on my way, but I had only walked a short distance when I seemed to hear an inner voice saying to me, "Do not go on," and I returned to the inn. The landlord was surprised to see me back. I told him that I was footsore, and so could not get on that day.

'During the evening, some thirty men, armed with swords and spikes, stopped at the inn, and asked very excitedly if the innkeeper had seen a "foreign devil" passing by that morning, and saying that they were hunting after him to kill him. The innkeeper answered in the negative, and the men began angrily cursing the foreigner.

'I was lying down on the floor with my face turned to the wall and my head partly covered with my hand, so they did not recognise me; but I heard all they said, all their plans to overtake and kill me, and their conjectures that I was farther on the road to Sin-yang Chau. They talked for a long while, but started off very early in the morning. A little later, I too left the inn. It was Tuesday, July 24; I had walked five miles, and was feeling very weary, as if I could not go much farther, and for a time felt very despondent, when I saw a man coming from the opposite direction. As he neared me he stopped and looked very closely at me, and again went on. We passed one another, and then he stopped again. I turned round, and then he asked if I was not Mr. Ai (my Chinese name).

'Being doubtful of the man, I did not answer, but only asked him his name and where he came from. He told me that he was a Mr. Lo, of a place called U-li-tien, and then I remembered having seen him two years before at the city of Su-ning Fu. As soon as I let him know who I was, he came towards me, and, bursting into tears, told me that he had heard that I had been killed. He offered to turn back and accompany me to Hankow, so I told him that I had hardly any money. He said he would get some from his house, which was on the way to Hankow. So we started off together.

'When we were near U-li-tien, leaving me at an inn

on the farther side of the river, he returned and fetched money and dinner for me, and clothes. After dinner we went on towards Hankow, and by his help, after a week's more travelling, during which our lives were three times at stake, I reached Hankow safely. We journeyed partly on foot, partly by barrow, partly in sedan chair, partly by boat, and on Tuesday morning, July 31, we reached our journey's end, glad to have the dangers and sufferings over, and to be able to get rest and medical treatment.'

CHAPTER XV

The Exodus from Shantung

In the month of May 1900, the condition of the province of Shantung seemed unusually peaceful and quiet. Since the time of the murder of Mr. Brooks, which occurred in the preceding month of December, the reports concerning the Boxer movement had caused considerable anxiety, especially to the large number of missionaries resident in the province. The removal of Yü Hsien, and the arrival of the new military Governor, Yuan Shih-k'ai, bringing as it did a policy of repression towards the Boxers, made the situation more tranquil and the prospects of peace more sure.

Missionary work was being prosecuted as usual, and no one foresaw the events which rapidly transpired. Early in June the news from the north became more and more disquieting. The murders of Messrs. Norman and Robinson, of the S.P.G. Mission at Yung Ch'ing, the attack on the engineers on the Lu Han railway line, and the desperate fighting which alone enabled them to force their way to Tien-tsin, were ominous signs of the coming storm. Then the news of the burning of bridges and destruction of the railway line between Tien-tsin and Peking; the siege in Peking itself, and the taking of the Taku forts by the allies, made it apparent that the residence of missionaries in the interior of China was

becoming dangerous. This conviction impressed itself on Mr. John Fowler, the United States Consul in Chefoo, who, with characteristic energy, set about to secure the safety of the missionaries in the province of Shantung, of which a large number were under his consular authority, as citizens of the United States of America.

He secured the able and hearty co-operation of the Rev. George Cornwell, of the American Presbyterian Mission in Chefoo, as well as the no less able and generous assistance of the Rev. W. B. Hamilton, also of the American Presbyterian Mission, stationed in Chi-nan-fu, the provincial capital. These three took upon themselves the responsibility of urging upon the entire body of missionaries resident in the province, the necessity of seeking safety in flight to the coast. They placed before all concerned, by means of the free use of telegraphic communication, the gravity of the situation. When Governor Yuan received the fatal telegram from Peking ordering all foreigners to be killed, and the Imperial edict following endorsing it, he, while wisely refusing to issue it, communicated to Mr. Hamilton his fears for the safety of the missionaries in his jurisdiction and, while promising protection in going to the coast, urged that there should be no unnecessary delay in making the journey.

Then Mr. Fowler, on his own responsibility, hired a small Japanese coasting steamer in Chefoo, and sent her, with Mr. Cornwell on board, to the port of Yang-chia-kou, which is at the mouth of the canal which connects the provincial capital with the coast, in order to receive the parties of missionaries, with their wives and families, who were seeking safety in flight. The experiences of one of these parties of refugees is as follows :—

On the morning of June 21, a party of twenty-one souls, forming the missionary community, left T'ai-ngan-fu (which is situated two days' journey south-west of the provincial capital), to make their way to the coast *viâ* Chi-nan-fu and the canal. In this party were the venerable Dr. and Mrs. T. P. Crawford, of the Gospel Mission (the former over eighty years of age), and an infant a few weeks old, several girls, and a considerable proportion of women. It comprised Anglicans, Baptists, and Methodists. The leave-taking was very pathetic; the poor native Christians who had to be left behind hung about with eyes filled with tears and voices trembling with emotion, and the foreigners felt that in very deed they might never see them again.

Personal baggage had to be rigidly cut down to the smallest dimensions, and the time which had been given for getting ready was so limited that everything had to be left in a hasty way, and no proper preparation for a long journey was possible. The cavalcade was a curious medley of luggage and passenger barrows, sedan chairs, four men on bicycles, servants on donkeys, soldiers as escort on foot and on horseback; altogether the number of persons amounted to over seventy. On the afternoon of the second day, Chi-nan-fu was reached without accident or special cause for alarm. Here were found other missionary refugees, and the whole party were finally got off on the canal in a flotilla of fifty flat-bottomed boats, and some house-boats, which had been previously engaged by Mr. Hamilton of the Presbyterian Mission in Chi-nan-fu.

The remainder of the story is graphically told by a lady[1] of the party as follows:—

[1] Mrs. H. J. Brown, sister of Rev. S. M. W. Brooks, murdered near P'ing Yin, December 30, 1899.

'Our soldier escort behaved splendidly throughout. There were several boat-loads of them, and at night half of them patrolled the river banks, while the other half remained in the boats. Every night we anchored near some village, and it was a pretty sight to see all the craft lighted up, and the different lights reflected in the still waters. One night, about midnight, the soldiers were all called up, as a band of robbers had arranged to attack us. An attack by Chinese robbers is indeed a terrible thing. However, when they found themselves met by such a splendid set of armed men, they thought better of their project, and decamped. Like many others, I knew nothing of the danger until morning had broken, having slept soundly throughout.

'So far every one had stood the heat and discomfort fairly well, while I had nothing much worse than an intolerable thirst, which no amount of tea-drinking would alleviate. We had two doctors with us,—an American lady attached to the Presbyterian Mission at Chi-nan-fu, and an Englishman belonging to the English Methodist Mission at Laoling, a station lying between Chi-nan and Tien-tsin. The latter had been married about a month when he had to leave. His wife told me that she had just put the finishing touches to her little home the day before they fled. Like ourselves, they had to leave everything behind. Poor old Dr. Crawford and Mrs. Crawford were among the refugees. They bore up wonderfully, in spite of their eighty and seventy years of age respectively. Their great wish was to be allowed to die in China, having spent the greater part of their lives there—close on fifty years.

'On June 26 we arrived at Yang-chia-kou, a large trading village on the banks of the canal. There we exchanged our small boats for two Chinese junks, the

Gospel Mission getting into one, while the rest of us occupied the other. These junks are very rough specimens of boats, with one or two big sails, and a couple of oars at the stern, fixed, and worked to and fro by the Chinese sailors, who sing in a curious, weird kind of way as they swing backwards and forwards. Of course there is no accommodation for passengers, as they are merely cargo boats—no cabin, no anything. But that didn't much matter, as we knew—or rather hoped—that in a few more hours we should be safely on board the little rescue steamer now waiting for us at the point where river and sea joined. But the wind was dead against us, and the Chinese skipper said he could not possibly start until the wind changed—"The great God above was resting a bit," and a lot more to the same purpose. And so hour after hour passed by, and a rumour circulated that the little steamer had gone—that she could wait no longer. We treated that rumour as philosophically as we did most things then, only we longed for a favourable wind, and to make a start. Day passed into evening, and evening into night, before we heard the welcome sound of the anchor being weighed, and the rattling of the chains, and the weird song of the sailors.

'It was a night to be remembered,—a night full of strange scenes and sounds; everything looked ghostly and unreal, but behind it all lurked a very real danger; a danger that never left us by night or day. To an onlooker our boat must have presented a curious spectacle. We ladies were lying on boards placed over the hold of the boat. We were lying like a row of sardines, as close together as possible, and wrapped up in rugs. Womanlike, we naturally decided to sit up all night with a rug round us, but the men would not hear of it, but set to

work to do all they could to ensure us as good a night's rest as was possible under the circumstances, and to a great extent they succeeded. Of course it was intensely miserable, and we lay and shivered with the cold, in spite of blankets and rugs. We were very much exposed, and the wind whistled round us as we huddled together for warmth. Though so hot during the day, it was strangely cold at night. Of course, these are all minor evils, and are hardly worth remembering, but as I write the recollection of them conjures up a strange picture, and one never to be forgotten.

'And here I think I must say one word about the kindness of the missionary man, more particularly the kindness and thought of the missionary for his wife. Throughout that memorable journey, it seemed to me that they were always studying the comfort and wishes of the women, and never, never thinking of themselves. While we had the rugs and pillows, they were shivering about the miserable little deck, a place with hardly foothold. While we had hot tea or coffee (if we could get it), they were content to wait or go without. Not that we wished this—far from it; but we could not help noticing it, and remarking upon it. It was the same throughout—the husband for the wife, the father for his children, and the single man for one and all. During that eventful night, it was almost pathetic to see the husband or father creep up every now and then to see if we were all right, and to ask if we wanted anything.

'Our boat had ten or twelve of the Governor's soldiers on board. Early in the morning we were greeted with the intelligence that we had practically made no headway during the night, and, looking round, we could see the village of Yang-chia-kou close at hand. And all the time where was our little steamer? By this time I was

feeling very seedy, and could not manage to eat what little food was to be got; besides, I disliked having to accept the hospitality of others, feeling that they needed what little they had for themselves.

'And so the day wore on, and our progress was almost *nil*. We spent a good part of the time in striving to make out the steamer amid a crowd of junks in the distance,—first one and then another declaring they could see the smoke; jokes were never wanting, and some of us looking through the glasses even saw them talking in English, so plainly could we see what never existed. During the day, a boat met us with a kind of little Japanese officer. He informed us that the steamer was anchored outside the bar, but that she could not wait for us later than the following morning about 6 a.m., as she was without bread and water, and had a number of refugees on board. You may imagine our anxiety. The little Jap remained with us, and the day wore on.

'Before evening it was decided that a prayer-meeting should be held, and so we all collected together—people belonging to many denominations: Church of England, Presbyterians, Methodists, and Gospel Missionary. My husband read a chapter out of the Bible and gave out the hymns, while the head of the Methodist Mission, Rev. J. Robinson, made a very beautiful and touching prayer; then old Dr. Crawford finished up the little service with a few heartfelt words.

'Almost immediately after the meeting for prayer, a terrible storm sprang up. All the ladies were put down into the hold of the boat, our bedding being arranged, as well as could be managed, on the baggage. Then the men arranged a kind of awning of matting over us, which kept the rain out very fairly well. By this time the rain was coming down in sheets, while the thunder rolled

THE FLIGHT IN SHANTUNG.
MISSIONARY PARTIES AT CHINESE INNS.

and the lightning flashed from every part of the heavens at once. We were nearly suffocated down below, but it was far better to be there than exposed to all the fury of the elements, as the men were. And beside, missionary women are marvels of bravery and patience—one rarely heard a murmur, although we were so cramped and suffocated. I, for one, was in a partial stupor the whole night; at the same time I was fully aware of everything that was going on, and quite conscious that a sweet, kind-hearted girl was fanning me with her hat nearly the whole night through.

'The morning broke at last, but rough and miserable. However, our little steamer hove in sight, and we hoped our troubles would soon be over; but no, she was anchored some distance on the other side of the bar, and though we thought that directly she caught sight of us she would steam towards us, she never moved. We had by this time got into rough water, and in a very short time, with two exceptions only, we were all down with sea-sickness. Then the soldiers were ordered to fire off a signal of distress, and they fired off volley after volley, first from the side of the junk, and then from the prow; but still she never moved, and afterwards we were told the surprising news that never a shot was heard by any one on board that little steamer. Long before all this happened, both soldiers and boatmen had wanted to return. One soldier had been howling all the night through. The doctor said there was nothing wrong with him excepting fright. It seems they thought the gods were angry and that everything was against us, and really at one time it almost seemed so. The controlling spirit, however, Mr. Cornwell, insisted upon their continuing on their course, although we were in imminent danger every moment of capsizing.

'By this time the scene presented on that miserable Chinese junk was lamentable in the extreme. Every one was prostrate, and the boat was rolling to and fro like a drunken man. Once I closed my eyes as the boat lurched over on her side, feeling sure that the next moment would find us struggling in the water, and I remember thinking what a mercy it would be to end all our troubles so easily; but it was not to be. In the midst of all this wretchedness, we heard shouts, and found that our Japanese sailor was battling for dear life in the cruel waves; he was safely hauled out, but for some time was very ill. I never heard how he fell in, and we were too ill to inquire.

'There was also a fierce dispute between Mr. Cornwell and the skipper, for by this time we were alongside the steamer. We were anchored, but it was impossible to board the steamer, as the sea was too rough. Two sailors swam across to us at the risk of their lives, carrying a rope; one collapsed midway, and was rescued with difficulty, and both were prostrate for some time after. It was proposed to send us across one by one, and I was selected as the first to be despatched, but as I couldn't hold up my head, I fear there would not have been much chance of my getting across alive. Still, I would have done my best for the sake of the others. However, the waves increased, and it was deemed wiser to abandon the attempt, and to return to the Boxer-haunted village for food and water, and let the little steamer go on its way. And at this point the quarrel occurred between Mr. Cornwell and the boatmen. We were in danger every moment of being dashed to pieces against the steamer, but the anchor could not be hauled up. The skipper refused to cut the rope, which was a new one, and was preparing to

save himself and his crew, leaving us to our fate. Mr. Cornwell had to draw his pistol, and the little Jap unsheathed his sword. This had the desired effect, and we were soon on our way back to the dreaded village of Yang-chia-kou, feeling that we were indeed forsaken by God and man.

'The little steamer did all she could, even offering to tow us out to calmer water, but it would have meant certain death to some of us, for more reasons than one, and so she steamed away, promising us help as soon as possible. And so we returned. In a few hours we had covered the distance—a distance that had lately taken nearly two dreadful days and nights. A big crowd had assembled on the shore, and it was considered by some very unwise to land; however, Mr. Cornwell and Mr. Mathews landed to make a tour of inspection. They found a splendid place for us—a large warehouse in the form of a courtyard surrounded by small rooms, so we were divided up into parties and distributed. The men's bedding was arranged in the yard, and the women and children occupied the rooms. It was lovely to be able to lie down, to have a wash, and to have a little decent food. The few that objected to our landing were overruled; we felt that, whatever happened, we could not stand another night in that awful boat. Of course there were many terrible rumours about, and we knew that the Boxers were there; but then, we had the troops, and so felt comparatively safe. In our little rooms we heard the men being called up for conference, and we gathered afterwards that they each had to be on guard in turn throughout the night. But the morning broke, and we were still alive.

'During the day, a message was brought that we were to wait for another batch of missionaries, and they

duly arrived in the afternoon, all looking bright and happy. No one looked at any time (except when *mal de mer* reigned supreme) very miserable. Of course we did not know how long we might have to wait; it might be for days, or it might be for ever. During the afternoon a big prayer-meeting was held in the court-yard. At the door behind me I could hear the Chinese making a great noise, and endeavouring to peer through while we performed our "sacrilegious rites." I could also hear the soldiers clearing them off with the flat of the sword. Whack! whack! And so the day came to a close, and in the evening our little Jap of the steamer arrived, bringing the glorious news that she had obtained a supply of water and bread, and had returned for us, and that we must leave at once. At the same time we were told that fresh Boxers had arrived, and were busy drilling, and that to spend another night in this place might mean certain death to us—anyhow a big fight.

'So about 10 p.m. we commenced getting ready, and by midnight we had all cleared out of the inn. I don't think any of us will ever forget that night. We had to put our few things together by the aid of a candle, and of course, being so herded together, it was no easy matter to see which were our own things and which belonged to others, but we were always "jolly" over it all, and no one would imagine from our aces and behaviour generally that we were in such peril. When I had packed, I sat down in the yard to wait. It was a beautiful night, clear and starry, and so still; at the same time, we all experienced a certain nervous feeling of uncertainty and dread, wondering if we should ever reach our junks alive. As I was sitting there, young Dr. Jones and his new wife sauntered up, and he remarked upon the fact of

our realising our danger so little, but supposed that we should in the future, when it was a thing of the past. It is a curious thing that when one is face to face with death one fears it so little; the hurt comes when it is the death of those we love. That is agony of agony.

'At last all was ready. The candles had ceased to flicker across the compound, as the men and their "boys" put the bedding together. My husband came and sat down by my side, and on the other side my kind little girl friend (the one who fanned me through the long night on the junk), and so we waited. We were to be divided up into three batches. Gospel Mission were the first to go, then the members of the Mission that arrived that afternoon, and lastly we English. There were three junks in readiness in the deep water beyond the stretch of sand (now covered with water), and each party was escorted down to the boats by soldiers. The first party left us; there were a few quiet handshakes—a few tearful eyes, and they were gone—and we listened. It seemed a long time before the soldiers came back for the second party, but at last they went too, and we were left in the almost forsaken yard. But our turn came at last, and we stole out at midnight, amid a death-like silence. I could see faces lining the way as we went, but whether they were the faces of soldiers or others I never knew. I only know that we looked and felt like a funeral procession, and said so.

'In addition to our soldiers, the official had sent a body of soldiers of his own, and as they stood to attention near our boats they looked very picturesque, absurd, and imposing. "Absurd," because they had no weapons, only very long poles with little pennons and tufts on the top. It was a beautiful night, and the stars and lights were reflected in the still waters, and looked so calm and

peaceful ; but when we heard every now and then the report of some distant gun, we realised our position, and longed to be far away safe on our little steamer. At last we were safely on our three junks, and the sampans and boatmen returned to the shore. However, we had to wait for Mr. Cornwell, who had remained behind to settle accounts. We got fearfully anxious, as he was so long in coming, and of course imagined all manner of dreadful things.

'At last by two o'clock we were off, the sails were hoisted, the soldiers made themselves comfortable, the sailors sang their boating song, and we lifted up our hearts in thankfulness, feeling at last that a kind Providence was protecting us, and that we were saved. Strict instructions had been left with the official and others that no boats were to be allowed to follow us. We made ourselves as comfortable as possible—the men in one hole and ourselves in another. Of course, sleep was out of the question, but I sat and watched the stars and listened to the boatmen. Sometimes I heard a gentle snore by way of a change, and then, in the morning, I was rewarded by seeing the sun rise over the sea in all its grandeur, and the colouring was sublime. I shall never forget the wonderful glow that pervaded everything, nor the Chinese junks—their sails all manner of tints—going along like so many beautiful phantoms ! And with the morning our precious little steamer loomed in sight. Though the last to leave the inn, we were the first to reach the boat. We were soon on board, and kind friends were there from far-away Missions, saved like ourselves, to give us coffee and tea and biscuits.

'It was the dirtiest little steamer that ever eye of man or woman rested upon, but to us no luxurious P. & O. vessel could have been more beautiful or en-

trancing. We looked through the skylight and saw a real table, a real cloth, and real cups and saucers—yes, and actually real foreign food. Presently the other junks came up, and then there was a general merry meeting among older missionaries. We were all refugees —seventy-five of us. The steamer was a little Jap chartered by the American Consul, I believe. The Americans are good to their missionaries. The missionaries seem to be *the* important people in American eyes. We were a wonderful mixture, and there were crowds of children. Some of the people were exceedingly nice, and evidently clever, well educated, and refined. There was no accommodation on the "boat," as it was really built for native use; besides, it was very small, so we had to sleep on deck, and in the morning we smeared our faces over, using a rag and sea-water for the purpose. In the saloon the flies were so numerous, and the people almost as much so, and what they lacked in numbers they made up for in size, so that feeding was quite out of the question. However, they all tried to do their best, and an arrangement was made whereby we all went down in the parties arranged as we were in the inn.

'But our one longing was to get to our journey's end, and our little "Jap" went merrily along, ploughing through the water at a famous rate. We had one very exciting incident *en route.* We met a Japanese merchant vessel (steamer) like our own, on its way to Yang-chia-kou. Mr. Cornwell signalled to her, and she came alongside. He then told the captain that there would be a small party of refugees on their way from Chi-nan-fu, and would he bring them on, as it would be some days before he could get back himself? The captain took a letter, and he and the crew promised

that, if they came up, they would not refuse them, but would take them on board. The compradore (who is all-powerful, and a Chinaman) absolutely refused to have anything to do with them. As you may imagine, we were very wrathful, and many were the bitter things said about that compradore. We could do no more than hope and pray that the good little captain would have his way. And he did, and the compradore was reported, and dismissed from the firm.

'On arriving at Chefoo, Mr. Griffith came off on a sampan to meet us, and the little bay was soon alive with boats,—such a bright, animated scene; the *Terrible*, too, was anchored there, as large as life, and other big ironclads belonging to different nations, and the whole scene was just one brilliant picture. We were taken to the house of one of the merchants, and had such a breakfast; but after all we had gone through I felt a bit overwhelmed.'

One other experience is worthy of record in connection with the exodus of missionaries from Shantung, namely, the burning of the Weihsien Mission compound. This disastrous event occurred in the night of June 25, 1900, and is described by Miss Boughton, who, with Miss Hawes and Rev. F. H. Chalfant, constituted all that was left of the Mission staff at the time. Miss Boughton writes:—

'Monday, June 25, we were busy all day packing our own things, and other people's. About four o'clock, Miss Hawes and I went to Dr. Faries' house to see if we could put up any of their things. There was a crowd of children in the street, and they ran away, jeering and laughing at us. After this, more and more Chinese gathered about the compound, and finally word came to

Mr. Chalfant that they had knocked the coping off from Dr. Faries' wall. He went out to see about it. Just at this time, one of the Chinese pastors was leaving on a cart that was loaded with the goods of a Chinese sewing woman. As soon as the cart was out of the gate, the pastor was struck and the things all stolen from the cart. Mr. Chalfant went back to his house to get a revolver, and told us that he had sent for *shenzas*, and we must go at midnight. Soon after, he came again, and said that we had better go to his house. We went there, and he went to face the mob. For over two hours he kept them back, first standing inside of the wall, and afterward on the outside. A letter had been sent to the Chinese official, asking for help, but no one came. One soldier carrying a message to another place came to the compound, looked around, and went back. After he left, the mob was worse than ever. Mr. Chalfant shot several times into the air. The people shouted that members of the Big Knife Society could not be hurt. Mr. Chalfant then fired into the crowd. Next, the mob attempted to get between Mr. Chalfant and the gate. He made a rush for it, and succeeded in getting inside. All this time the mob had been throwing brickbats, and it is wonderful that Mr. Chalfant was not killed. He was not even seriously injured, though the toe of one foot was crushed and was very painful. It is most plainly the power of God that kept him safe. When Mr. Chalfant came into the compound, the south gate had been broken in, the mob had come in there, and set fire to the chapel.

'In the meantime, Miss Hawes and I were in Mr. Chalfant's house. Some Christian women came there to see us. They were at first much excited, but soon quieted down. A boy brought us something to eat.

We drank some water and ate a few mouthfuls, but it is not necessary to tell you that most of our time was spent in prayer, and, indeed, our hearts were constantly lifted in prayer to God. The gate of Mr. Chalfant's yard was bolted, and a man sat in front of it with a pitchfork in his hand to defend us. Word came that Mr. Chalfant had been taken, and we sent one man to look for him. It was then that the south gate was broken in, and our men rushed there to keep the mob out. Mr. Chalfant came soon after.

'We barricaded the doors and windows and went upstairs, several Chinese women, a man and boy, with us. We heard pounding downstairs and the breaking of glass, and saw the flames from the burning chapel and from our (ladies') house. We then went downstairs and out of the east window. There was a ladder lying on the porch, and no one in the front yard. Mr. Chalfant and the man put the ladder against the wall, and we climbed over. We were seen. Some one threw a brick, and we heard a man calling, "The foreign devils are escaping: kill them!" but no one followed us. Three men and a boy came with us to a place called Fangtze, where the Germans have opened a coal mine, about ten miles off.

'After getting over the wall, we walked quietly along, passing groups of people, who spoke kindly to us. I heard some one say, "How good it has been to have them here!" and his tone evidently meant, "and what a pity to send them away." The last group of people we met jeered at us, and told us to "go home." We were so thankful when darkness came. We went through the edge of one village, and the dogs came out barking at us. Generally there is nothing I am so afraid of as Chinese dogs, but that night I did not think of them.

We came to one place where the people were out on the village wall. They were hostile, and we turned aside and went around the village, through the fields. We rested several times. Once we sat down for a while, waiting until the road was quiet and people had gone to bed. We left our compound about eight o'clock, and reached Fangtze at midnight. The Germans were still up, and gave us a most cordial welcome. Supper was soon ready for us and beds prepared. I shall never forget the kindness of these people. They put everything they had at our disposal. There were no ladies there, only German engineers and miners, in all fifteen or sixteen men.

'As we look back upon the way God has led us, His love and care seem very wonderful. All the time of the riot, He seemed close beside us, and I kept thinking of the verse, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." When we went upstairs to Mr. Chalfant's house, we fully expected to die. So far as we could see, there was no escape, but we were all ready to say, "Thy will be done." My earnest prayer was that I might not in any way dishonour God, but that I might be close to Him to the end.

'We have many things for which to be thankful, and which show plainly that God was caring for us. If the riot had been earlier in the day, and we escaping by daylight, in all human probability we could not have got away. The ladder by which we escaped had been brought there only the day before for Mr. Chalfant to examine the roof. Just at this season there was no one in the fields. A little earlier or later, the men are out all night watching the crops. Humanly speaking, we owe our lives to Mr. Chalfant. He was *one man against five hundred*, and he held them back until nearly

dark. To the Chinese who came with us we owe a debt of gratitude we cannot repay. They risked their own lives to help us. As soon as we reached the coal mines, the headman of the place sent a telegram asking for German soldiers to escort us to Tsing Tau.

'We saved nothing except what we had on our backs. I had been packing all day, and wore an old dress that I expected to throw away. I did have my watch on, but everything else is gone. Our school teacher was killed just outside of our compound, and a cook was badly beaten. Most or all of our helpers and servants lost all they had at the station, but we have not heard of any others who were injured.

'We left Fangtze after four o'clock, Saturday afternoon, June 30, and went ten miles that evening. Next day we went about thirty miles. Just as we began to eat dinner we heard a great uproar in front of the inn gate, and feared it was the beginning of another riot. The men grasped their weapons and rushed out. They succeeded in quieting the people, but no one was hungry after that. Toward evening we crossed a river where there was only one small boat, and it took several hours to get us over. That night we reached a miserable inn, where the people were sullen. Miss Hawes and I slept in a little inner room, with a curtain between us and the gentlemen. We heard alarming news of the road ahead of us, but there was nothing to do but push on.

'Mr. Bergen with friends and ten soldiers were out nearly a week looking for us, and had suffered very much. After hard riding they had gone for many hours without food for themselves or horses. One horse died, another went mad, another was brought home disabled. Three times they were attacked by the Chinese. Once there was firing all night.

'After the way God brought us out of the fire at Wei Hsien, I can most certainly say that mine own eyes have seen His great power. With Him we are always safe, and without Him no place is safe. I believe that after this trouble we shall see a greater work in China than we have ever seen before. That night we were fleeing from Wei Hsien, as I looked back and saw the flames rising behind me, I thought,—These flames will kindle a wonderful work for God in this place, and then how glad and happy we shall be! I am more than ever anxious to go back and begin work again, and Wei Hsien and the people there are dearer to me than ever.'

Miss Hawes, in writing of those hours of crisis at Wei Hsien, says:—

'Mr. Chalfant shot into the air until they closed about him, when in self-defence he shot into the crowd, and managed to get through a small opening in the gate and returned to us. The bricks were flying thickly about him as he did so. When he appeared, I said, "Oh, Mr. Chalfant, thank God that you are not killed." He shook his head, and said, "Yes, but—" and as he sat down looking so pale I saw there was not hope in his face for our lives. He drank some fresh water, and we all ate a little for strength, and then we gathered with the Christians who were in one room waiting for the end.

'We heard the smashing of our windows, and saw the flames on either side of us, and we prayed and shook hands together, expecting soon to be massacred or burned in the house. But, to Mr. Chalfant's amazement, on looking out of the east window he saw no one in the east yard. We went through the sitting-room window, which reached to the floor, and, finding a ladder on the piazza, crossed the yard and got safely over the

wall, taking our Christian women and men with us. The boxes which we had packed were all on one side of Mr. Chalfant's yard, and evil men were carrying them off, while we gained the chance of escape on the other side.

'After we were over the wall, we joined hands and walked through the corn-fields, praising God for our deliverance. We hid by lying down in the corn till dark and all was quiet, then we crept softly through the fields, avoiding the roads, and not daring to speak to each other until ten miles were done and we arrived at the German mines. The Chinese had already set fire to a large shaft belonging to these miners, causing a loss of several thousands of dollars.'

It is one hundred miles from Wei Hsien to Tsing Tau. Of five men who voluntarily accompanied the fleeing missionaries as far as the mines, two were non-Christians who had often been employed as barrow-men. The faithful Chinese women stopped in a village west of the mines.

Other striking incidents in connection with the flight of the missionaries from Shantung were: the total destruction of the Mission buildings belonging to the American Presbyterian Mission in Lin-ch'ing-chou, in the south-western part of the province, and also of the buildings of the English Methodist Mission at Lao-ling, near Wu-ting-fu. The missionaries and their families all escaped in safety.

The buildings of the American Presbyterian Mission in I-chow-fu were in part destroyed by the soldiers of the Imperial army passing from the south, under the command of the notorious Li-pingh'eng, the Governor of Shantung at the time when Kiao-chou Bay was seized by the Germans. On this account he was incited to

become, as he afterwards did, a leader of the Boxer movement.

The missionaries of the American Board Mission from the station of Pang-chia-chuang, in the extreme west of Shantung, were mostly away at a meeting of their Mission in Tungchou, near Peking, when the Boxer troubles broke out, and were amongst the number who were saved through the gallant action of Dr. Ament of Peking, who rode out with carts and brought the whole party in safety to the capital, where, however, they had to endure all the horrors of the siege.

The extensive Mission premises of the English Baptist Mission in Ch'ing-chou-fu escaped almost unharmed, though only forty miles from the Wei Hsien Mission compound, which was completely destroyed by fire by the mob. The premises, which were left in the care of the local magistrate, were extensively looted by the very men sent to guard them. The neighbouring station of Chou-p'ing, belonging to the same Mission, was preserved, mainly through the efforts of a friendly official, who had himself to suffer great indignity from the Boxers on account of his friendliness.

The missionaries who escaped in the exodus from Shantung were mostly congregated in Chefoo, where they remained for about nine months. They were followed in their flight by a considerable number of Christian natives, who escaped from the terrible wave of persecution which immediately followed the abandonment of the mission stations in the interior. The missionaries at Chefoo were not only useful in helping these their native converts, but were successful in obtaining relief for the persecuted Christians in the province of Shan-si.

It is only right to thankfully record the fact that no

missionary, or any of their families or dependents, lost their lives in this most memorable flight. This was due, under God, to the energetic action of the then Governor of the province, H. E. Yuan Shih-k'ai, who, at great personal risk and much anxiety, befriended the missionaries, and by the aid of his well-disciplined troops secured their safety by providing efficient escort to the coast. Not only did he act consistently in his efforts to befriend all foreigners in his jurisdiction, but, by means of trusty couriers, kept in constant communication with Peking all through the troubles, and reported constantly and confidently the continued safety of the Legations when all hope had been given up in other quarters. He also, on receipt of a communication from the missionaries in Chefoo, thanking him for past help, and praying a continuance of his vigorous efforts in the suppression of the Boxers, sent a most courteous and statesmanlike reply, which put missions and missionaries working in the province in a position never before attained under any previous Governor. His subsequent action, in summoning Rev. W. M. Hayes, D.D., of the American Presbyterian Missionary College, to Teng-chou-fu, to his aid in his wide-reaching schemes of educational reform in the province, also earned for him the gratitude of the missionary body. When the Consular authorities thought it safe to allow their nationals to return to the interior, efficient escort and a cordial welcome were extended to them by the Governor.

PORT ARTHUR.

VLADIVOSTOCK.

WEI HAI WEI.

CHAPTER XVI

The Destruction of Mission Work in Manchuria

The home provinces of the Manchu dynasty have been, within recent times, the scene of some of the most remarkable successes in modern missionary work. The Manchu race, composed of many warlike tribes finally welded into one by the force exerted by the founder of the present dynasty now ruling over China, has never fully occupied the magnificent territory which they had as a natural heritage. Consequently, immigration by Chinese from the provinces of Chihli and Shantung has been going on for generations; and of late years, owing to famines and floods in Shantung, has been greatly increased and even encouraged, especially from that province. Those who have gone have been, for the most part, young, unencumbered men, drawn out from their paternal homes by force of circumstances, becoming settlers in new territory, and gradually, when able, gathering friends about them and founding new homes in new surroundings, and thus more ready to accept new ideas and make new developments.

The work of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, now known as the United Free Church, and the Irish Presbyterian, especially amongst these settlers, has been, of recent years, almost phenomenal in its

success. Up to the time of the outbreak in June 1900, converts and inquirers had been numbered by thousands for several years previously, and it seemed as if a general movement of the populace in favour of Christianity was about to take place.

The Japanese war of 1894 had stirred them deeply. The ease with which the little Japs conquered by sea and land, culminating in the overthrow of what was considered the impregnable fortress of Port Arthur, and the virtual surrender to them almost without a blow of the whole Liao-tung peninsula, was to all concerned a most astounding revelation of the utter weakness of the Chinese and Manchu authorities in that province, as well as in other parts.

The subsequent combination against Japan, and the consequent handing over the fruits of their victories to the Russian Government; the rapid Russianising of Manchuria by the aid of a branch line of the Great Siberian Railway running through the heart of the country, and connecting with the new Russian Port Arthur: all these rapid and momentous changes made the whole population restless and uneasy. Constant communication with Peking, and the rise and progress of the Boxer movement, had its almost immediate effect in the native home of the dynasty. Shantung immigrants readily learned the Boxer arts and incantations, as the initiators of these mysteries were Shantung men. When the Imperial edict was issued, ordering the destruction of all foreign buildings and the death of all foreigners, it was like placing a match to gunpowder. The explosion was as immediate as it was disastrous.

The missionaries, warned, but only just in time, had barely the opportunity to make their escape, even with the help that Russian soldiers and railway trains could

give. One of the most exciting of the adventures of the escaping missionaries is related by Rev. F. W. S. O'Neill, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission, who writes:—

'Though we had had warning, yet the trouble came to a head with unexpected suddenness. On Sabbath, July 1, I preached in our new church premises, on the power of united prayer when God's people were in danger (Acts xii. 5). It is true, the notice had been posted up in Fakumen to the effect that, on the following Sabbath, July 8, we were to be killed, and the chapels burned; both Protestants and Roman Catholics being included. But we did not take the threat as really serious. On Monday, however, news came that the East Moukden church had been burned. Several of us were together—deacons, members, elders. We discussed the situation; we prayed, some in tears. They pressed me to leave Fakumen. So that night I packed up, and next morning set out about dawn, dressed in Chinese clothes. Hoping to get a train to Newchwang, I made for Tiehling, an important station on the Russian railway, thirty miles eastwards from my home. That evening I reached my destination, and lodged in a Chinese inn without disturbance.

'Next morning, I missed what turned out to be the last train that presumably got through to Newchwang, for on the following day the train on which we were was attacked by a company of perhaps two hundred Boxers, or Imperial troops, or both. Some twenty miles north-west of Moukden we had stopped. Looking out from the waggon, I saw the enemy crouching in a field a little way from the railway line. Not many men were on the long train. The Russians fired. Then the Chinese began a sharp fusilade, and the train speedily put back. Many bullets struck the locomotive, but no

one on our side was injured. The track was broken. We went back some distance for help and materials, and returned down the line that night. We found a station burned, flames from piles of wood still burning brightly. The damage to the line was too serious to be repaired then. So we returned to Tiehling in the morning, to find that an attack had been made on the station there by a strong force, and repulsed with, it was said, over forty Chinese killed.

'It is curious to observe the mixture of superstition in this rising. To enter the Boxers' Society a charm is repeated, after which the person swoons, and, on regaining consciousness, is supposed to be able to perform military feats untaught; to be, in fact, "possessed"—whether through imaginary demonism, or real demoniac power, it is hard to say. Young girls also enter the Society, and they especially are said to be bullet-proof. On the occasion of that first attack at Tiehling the Chinese troops were led by a maiden on horseback. She was shot in the head, and died, of course. But the story was that she became alive again.

'Next day, Saturday, July 7, sustained fighting went on at the station. The Russian settlement where we were staying was two or three miles from the station. Mounted Cossacks hurrying out or returning, the sound of musketry, and the sight of burning houses, made that afternoon and evening serious with the knowledge of war at our door. There had taken refuge at the Russian settlement two French priests, two nuns, and some two hundred Chinese Roman Catholics. In the dusk of that memorable evening, they came together on the roadway in front of the chief engineer's house. The congregation knelt on the ground, the two priests standing, and thus repeated their prayers, mingled with the women's sobs.

It was an impressive sight. The news had already reached us of the destruction of Moukden Roman Catholic cathedral, and the death of the bishop with a French priest and two nuns, and it was said about three hundred Chinese Christians, the place having been bombarded by Imperial artillery. We heard that the Chinese troops had come on to Tiehling. The Protestant and Roman Catholic churches of Tiehling had been burned. From the train I had seen the remains of the spire of the latter, and clouds of smoke that may have come from our church or street chapel.

'That night death stared us in the face. The same day a copy of a recent *Peking Gazette* (Chinese) was secured through the capture of a letter-courier. In it was a proclamation from the Empress-Dowager, authorising the people to destroy chapels, buildings, and property, and otherwise avenge themselves on foreigners for taking the forts of Taku. It was decided by the engineers and officers to leave Tiehling at once. The Russian soldiers on the spot were for the defence of the railway against robbers, but were not sufficient to make war. As the way to Newchwang seemed too difficult, we were to make for Harpin (or Charbin), the great Russian settlement in the far north.

'That night we did not sleep. We prepared for flight. Three boxes which I brought from Fakumen were thrown aside. And as my house was likely to be burned or at least the contents destroyed, my equipment was reduced to a portmanteau and such things as I could carry along with it. This baggage had come with me so far, minus an umbrella. I was more fortunate than several others. One acquaintance, an Italian contractor, had lost all but the clothes he stood in. But these things were trivial compared with the sacrifice made by the

Russians. In order to save the Chinese Catholics, the number of carts being limited, Mr. Kasignery, the chief engineer of Tiehling, decided to leave behind half a million roubles (about £50,000). Such an act of generosity under such circumstances is deserving of the highest praise, and is of a piece with what I afterwards saw of this gentleman.

'In the dark we pushed out, and had abandoned the settlement by dawn. A lurid blaze shot up behind us, for the Russians set fire to their own houses themselves. We were a motley throng of five or six hundred souls, and over twenty carts. A large portion of the procession was mounted — soldiers, engineers, employees. Not having a horse, I went on foot that day, and afterwards sometimes on foot or the back of a horse, and latterly on the shaft of the cart in which were the French nuns. During this remarkable journey, apart from the fighting, two of our difficulties were to get enough food and sleep. On one occasion I was glad to make a meal of a piece of stale bread and some dirty water, which, being cold, was very welcome. And as for sleep, one snatched an hour on the ground when one could get it. I usually had meals with the engineers, who were very kind. But, as the phrase has it, *à la guerre, comme à la guerre.* Sometimes, if one did not turn up when food was ready, one had to look around elsewhere. I was never as badly off as the priest of Tiehling, Père Lamasse, who one day became so giddy from lack of nourishment, that he was afraid of falling off his horse. It was a great blessing that there was a good supply of cold water from the wells along the road, otherwise men and horses might have been in a terrible plight in the very hot weather. Though the roads were not bad until towards the end, when rain fell, yet our march was slow. Thus

the enemy had time either to advance ahead of us, or, which is more likely, to send messengers to the Chinese troops along our route.

'The first day, Sabbath, July 8, was quiet, without molestation. But on the second day, beyond Kaiyuan, we saw the Chinese in force on the hills in our rear. I was staying behind to observe, when quite near me a Russian soldier cried out, being wounded in the leg. Across the valley the rattle of musketry lasted for a time. The caravan hurried on. Then our troops retreated, the Chinese following, and thus at intervals the firing continued. At last we reached the shelter of the Russian station, Sa-hetzu. The casualties on our side were not many. I heard that many Chinese were killed. Possibly this was the cause of their not attacking us again that night.

'A short stage of eight miles brought us next day to Shuang-miao-tzu ("Twin Temples"). The Russian General at Harpin had telephoned that he wished us to remain at this place. But events proved such a plan to be quite out of the question, with our small body of some three hundred soldiers, and another one hundred or so armed engineers and railway employees, while the opposing forces might number thousands. On that day, July 10, we had breakfasted, and I was settling down to have a read and sleep; indeed, I was just dozing, when I was rudely awakened by the hurry-scurry around me. The Chinese Christians came together into the backyard of the house, and knelt down to pray. Bullets whizzed in the trees over our heads. Where was the enemy? I ventured out to peer around. The settlement was on an eminence. Native houses, trees, or crops offered shelter for the attacking parties. Mounted and foot poured out for

the defence. But this time it was not to be a mere "shoot-and-run-away," a device of which Celestials are so capable. From more than one side, the attack was kept up with determination. By and by, our men retired to the three compounds on the hill where we were staying. From roof and from embrasure, crack, crack, went the deadly Russian rifle. It was a solemn night. I wondered whether God meant me to live or die. Once there came to my ears the confused sound of many voices and a whistling, which seemed possibly to be the rallying of the Chinese for a final assault, but which I afterwards thought may have been their call to retire. No one of our company was killed, but about ten were wounded.

'In the dead of night quietly we slipped away; but still in the teeth of the foe. Next day for the first time we were met fairly in front. The caravan called a halt. Our fearless Cossacks charged. In one volley, it was said, fifty of the enemy were killed. The Chinese changed their point of attack, but numbers were not a match for skill and pluck. We took two colours, one of Imperial troops and the other with the words, "Boxers Braves" (*i.e.* soldiers), thus proving that the regular soldiers were hand in hand with the Anti-Foreign Society.

'A sad incident occurred that day, showing how in war the innocent suffer with the guilty. A Chinese evangelist, Père Lamasse's helper, was mistaken by a Cossack for one of the enemy, and received five or six sword wounds. On the occasions where villages were set on fire because the enemy had been there, it is not unlikely that the peasants who did not manage to escape met their death. I saw one old man lying dead, scorched and blistered, where he had fallen,

having perhaps run out from a burning house close by. Once at a burning village I saw some Russians threatening a couple of Chinese who looked like farm labourers. I went up and stepped between. When I spoke to the Chinese, they implored me despairingly to help them, saying they were innocent. Knowing but little of the Russian language, I turned to those beside me with the words, "Not soldier." "That's a highway robber," replied one of them; "see his hand" (which perhaps was bloody). Crack went the Russian's rifle without further parley, and I turned away from the sad spectacle. How could I or any one tell for certain that inoffensive-looking Chinese were not really Boxers? A soldier one easily knew by his uniform, but to judge by the reports one had often heard before the fighting began, the whole country swarmed with them.

'On Thursday, July 12, we had a long day's march from 12 p.m. to 10 p.m. Next day men and horses were too done up to go on, so we remained all day in the village where we had quartered the night before. I had sought out a quiet place below a hedge of trees to have a sleep; but a soldier ordered me in nearer the others, while out poured the hard-worked mounted Cossacks on the far side of the hedge. The threatened attack, however, collapsed, for the Chinese fled, and our rest was not further disturbed.

'Saturday, July 14, saw us off once more under the burning sun. This night we encamped about thirty miles from K'uan-ch'eng-tzu. No definite news from the Russian settlement there, but bad rumours. The sight of telegraph posts sawed off near the bottom did not help to make us hopeful. A small party of Cossacks was sent forward to find out. They returned the follow-

ing day with the ominous information that the Russians had gone, and that their settlement was in the hands of Chinese soldiers. This was enough to make us give K'uan-ch'eng-tzu a wide berth. And if more were needed we had it, for that morning we sustained the sharpest attack of any on our route. In front, from beneath a clump of trees not far away, came the fusilade of the unseen Chinese. The carts had to cross an unprotected space before they could reach shelter. It was weird work, with the bullets whizzing over our heads. Behind friendly trees and some houses we halted. Some of us prayed. The "hurrah" of the Russian charge sounded in one's ears. When the fight was over, three of our men had laid down their lives, and five were wounded. On a sunny hillside, amid the tall green stalks of unripe millet, a grave was dug, and the three men lowered into it. Then for the first time I heard the solemn, beautiful chant of the Greek Church Burial Service sung by the soldiers themselves. The devout crossed themselves now and again. Père Lamasse made the sign of the cross, and threw in some earth. Then handful after handful of earth was thrown in by those who stood around. More than one of the strong, rough men had tears in their eyes.

'After a consultation had been held as to the direction best for us to take, in which the two French priests and I had some say, we sheered away westward, towards Mongolia. It was now that one enjoyed an all-night march, and but for drowsiness it was enjoyable. For we knew that we were probably free from bullets. Nothing worse than sleeplessness marred our peace, until July 18, when we were only about seventeen miles from the River Sungari, and it looked as if we were to reach it without further molestation. But, no,—the

sound of firing again! Can we never get free from the Boxers and their Imperial allies? By and by, the conquerors return, bearing aloft a fine Chinese standard, with the loss of one Cossack killed.

'We halted for food at a deserted railway station —ice still in the ice-houses. The occupants had not been gone many days, and the houses were not burned. I had had a meal in bits, looking out for anything that turned up at headquarters,—glad, too, when I could get a mug of tea. Two respectable-looking Chinese were brought in on the charge of being spies. They said they had come from the Sungari that morning, and that all was quiet—steamer on river, and railway on far side intact. The news seemed too good to be true. "Ask them," said one of the engineers to me in French, "is it really true?" The men held firmly to their word. They said they were foremen, in charge of labourers on the railway, going to their chief office to get money to pay their men. After a little, some more Chinese were dragged or pushed in, along with the first two, before the officers. One of the interpreters translated for the accused. But it was of no avail; they were executed. I felt pretty sure that those two had told the substantial truth. As I was going over to where their heads were being cut off, an engineer told me they had been caught with several guns. That was a decisive piece of evidence. Poor Manchuria, bleeding, in flames, hundreds of homes deserted, crops untended, the avenger sweeping up and down the land to-day!

'The same evening, as we defiled in a picturesque coil over hill and valley, there came cheering from the van. Slipping from my seat on the cart-shaft, I went forward to inquire. Hurrah! hip, hip, hurrah! We are safe at last, for one hundred and forty Cossacks have

come to meet us, and the way is clear for Harpin. You may guess the load that was lifted from every man and woman in our strained and weary company. The file of carts was now mostly occupied with wounded; twenty-four of them,—sometimes two on one cart,—poor fellows, patient and uncomplaining, jolted, jolted, day after day. Altogether, eight had been shot dead or died of wounds. One of them was a cheery, brave young technical engineer, with whom I had felt quite at home. He could speak some Chinese. As he lay in the cart slowly dying from a chest wound, I tried to point him to God. He made no reply, and perhaps he did not understand. His breath came in gasps, his eyes rolled. I felt that in Mr. Bagisloosky I had lost a friend.

'It was pitch dark when we reached the "Second Sungari" station, Lao-shao-kou. It had been raining. But even to sleep on wet grass, with only a little straw under one's wet waterproof, could not make one miserable when the haven was sure. The chief engineer and staff had already cleared out not long ago. The engineer's fine house was in charge of Chinese soldiers when we arrived. They must have been more or less friendly, for all the damage noticeable was that they had broken his piano!

'We crossed the Sungari on July 19, leaving carts, horses, locomotive, houses, wood, etc., behind. Only the Cossacks' horses were brought over. To the variety of my experiences I added another. Passing the night in an open railway truck, there came on a storm of rain, which took the glory out of my felt hat, and ironstained some of the few white things that remained in my possession.

'Friday, July 20, we reached Harpin, and had a great reception—military band playing, high officials in their

white jackets with epaulettes, shaking hands. Hungry, we go to the club, where a feast is awaiting the favoured ones. A long dining-hall and many guests, civil and military. "England and France may declare war against China, but Russia will not," said the engineer-in-chief of the railway to me. After dinner there were toasts and speeches. General Guerngross, in command of the Russian forces in Manchuria, was carried round the room. The Greek Church priest, a gentlemanly-looking man, in a long robe with wide leg-of-mutton sleeves, rose to speak. He is proposing "The Missionaries,"—explained the doctor beside me, in English. Père Lamasse replied in French. It seemed to me that, as the only representative of the Protestant Mission, I should also speak. So I went forward, and in my mother-tongue thanked the Russian officers and gentlemen in the name of the Protestant missionaries for their very great kindness. It was not much return to make for all the favours I had received at their hands. Not very many of the company could have understood me, but they cheered nevertheless. During the proceedings, my respected friend, Mr. Shidloosky, head-engineer of Liao-yang (whose protégé I had felt myself during the march, for he spoke a fair amount of English, and had been very kind to me), came up and kissed me warmly. There was much kissing, according to the Russian custom.

'Dr. Naumov was to be my host, so I was driven in a drosky to his house, near the hospital. I was surprised at the size of the town, or rather towns, scattered in three separate places. The settlement on the bank of the Sungari, with its high flour mill, police station, and shops, strikes one as a busy place in its way. One more experience. Lest the laundress might not

have my dirty clothes ready in time for the steamer, which was overdue, I tried my hand at washing them myself.

'Flight once again! Unexpectedly word came late on July 22 from Tsitsihar, from the Governor-General of Hei-lung-chiang (the most northerly of the three provinces of Manchuria), that all non-combatants were to leave Harpin. Next day the river bank at the wharf presented a varied scene,—crowds of Russian clerks, engineers, employees (men, women, and children), Japanese and Chinese (men and women), boxes and bundles, chairs and samovars, tents and railway trucks, the wounded from the hospital carefully conveyed from train to barge, men eager to get quickly on board expostulating with those in charge, a pile of large loaves of bread for the wounded, and individuals with their private stores of eatables. By evening we had settled down, and next morning at dawn two paddle steamers, each towing three barges, in all containing perhaps three thousand souls, left the moorings. While the loading was in progress, the principal of the two priests went through the crowded barges in gold-laced vestments, and a whisk and cross, sprinkling us with holy water, while the more devout men and women pressed forward to kiss the metal symbol of the death of Christ, and the hand which held it, themselves making the sign of the cross.

'I was on the barge that carried the wounded, and found new friends, one being Mr. Kishevitch, a Polish engineer who had been in America, and spoke very good English. I was fortunate in having a place on a broad wooden shelf in one of the holds to sleep on. Not having provisions for the journey, again the hospitality of strangers kept me well supplied. The second day out

ON THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

A STATION IN MANCHURIA.
HOUSES FOR MILITARY GUARD.
STEAMER ON THE AMUR.
ZIGZAG AT GENGHIS.

we met the Russian fleet of steamers and barges that was convoying an army of three thousand, it was said. Just a short time before we reached them, they had captured the important fort near San-shing, which commands the river.

'The previous steamer that had gone from Harpin had been fired on with effect. Had we started on the 23rd, as we were ordered to, we might have had a bad lookout. The remains of Russian settlements along the banks showed the hand of the incendiary. But during our voyage we were nowhere molested. We had no military guard, and so were not in a position for defence, had there been trouble. The man next me in the hold had a nasty wound in his arm, received in fighting at the settlement near San-shing. The bullet which struck him had been flattened by first penetrating six sheets of corrugated iron, and so the wound was a wide one. He was evidently in pain; I could not do anything to help him except sometimes light his cigarette. The Russians are great smokers of cigarettes under almost any circumstances. I have seen a lady light hers between the courses of a meal, and a man puffing away as he stepped on to the spring-board for a plunge in the sea.

'After a voyage of five and a half days, on July 29 we reached our destination, Habarovsk, an important town, beautifully situated on the Amur, in Eastern Siberia. Of the one hundred and twenty or so wounded that were with us, three had died, and seven had lost their reason. Here again the "Orthodox" Church showed how she keeps in touch with public life. On the river bank, or street, at the landing-place, in the midst of a downpour of rain, two priests in vestments held a thanksgiving service. There was again the kissing

of a cross by the bystanders, while we on the landing barge stood bareheaded. Certainly, if ever there were fit occasion for thanksgiving to our Heavenly Father, it was then. God had wonderfully, and sometimes, as it were, miraculously preserved us amid many perils.

'Next morning, I took the train for Vladivostock, arriving on July 31, and finding, to my surprise, that a party of our own Irish Presbyterian missionaries was still there. It was a sad group, for Mrs. Greig, of our Mission, had been buried that morning. Though we talked of separating, and some of going to Japan, we remained there some time. Vladivostock is picturesquely built on hillsides along a neck of land jutting out into a long arm of the sea. Besides the large Greek church, there are Lutheran and Roman Catholic churches. We acted on the assumption that we should resume our work in Manchuria when the trouble is over, even if Russia is then the avowed owner of the country. I was told that the Greek Church has enough to do at home, and will not send missionaries to the Chinese, and, moreover, will not interfere with our work. This last statement we have not proof for as yet, but the rest, from what one sees of the Greek Church, seems very probable. While among Russians the feeling against England is strong, they treat Englishmen with courtesy, and even employ them in mines and in other ways in Manchuria. They may come to understand our non-political and purely religious ends. We need much prayer for our native Christians in their fiery trial, and for the future of the Church of God in this land.'

The following brief account shows how the fugitives from Kirin fared:—

'At the time of the Boxer outbreak in 1900, the missionaries resident in Kirinwere, Mr. and Mrs. Drysdale,

of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and two children, Dr. and Mrs. James A. Greig, Dr. and Mrs. D. L. Fisher and infant, Rev. A. R. Crawford, M.A., Rev. W. Miskelly, M.A., of the Irish Presbyterian Mission. During the month of June the two latter were out-on-tour in the Ku-yu-shu district, north of Kirin, and saw nothing disquieting in the state of the country. On their return to the city of Kirin, however, they learned from Dr. Greig that all sorts of evil rumours had been circulated in the city, and that placards and handbills, denouncing foreigners and exhorting the people to practise Boxer drill, were being disseminated everywhere. Meanwhile, chapel-preaching was carried on with redoubled energy, and the audiences were large.

'On the second day after the return of Messrs. Crawford and Miskelly, a code telegram was received from colleagues in Newchwang, which said that war had been declared between China and the Powers, and warned us to hold ourselves in readiness for flight. This telegram had taken nine days to come from Newchwang, and we learned that the Tartar General had taken charge of the telegraph office, and was now allowing no private messages. As the Tartar General, Ch'ang Shun, had the reputation of being anti-foreign, and we had cause to know that his reputation was not undeserved, we decided, on consultation over the belated telegram, to take advantage of the kind offer which had on the previous day been pressed on us of hospitality and protection in the Russian colony at the west end of the city. The city front lies along the bank of the Sungari, which here runs almost exactly east and west. The Russian colony was situated outside the west gate, and the mission houses outside the east gate,

so that the whole city lay between us and our friends. We were, however, able to communicate by Russian telephone, from a little station where timber was landed, and the engineer-in-chief at the colony at once replied, requesting us to get on board a little railway steamer, which happened to be lying at said station, without delay.

'Having packed up a few necessaries, we started off about midnight by the light of lanterns for the place where the steamer lay. We had to pass the arsenal on our way, and the unusual procession of lanterns seems to have attracted attention, for a gun was fired from the arsenal wall, whether at us or not we did not know, but we were relieved that the shooting was not repeated. We steamed slowly up river, past the sleeping city, and reached the Russian colony in the grey dawn, and were most kindly received and attended to. Later on in the morning, the prefect called, and informed Engineer Daniel that he could not guarantee the peace of the city; that affairs looked bad, and within a few days the soldiers and populace might be beyond control. He urged Mr. Daniel to send away at once all the women and non-combatants. This advice was understood to have come from the Tartar General, and the Russians decided to act on it. Preparations were made for a start next morning, and we were offered places on the little steamer, with an allowance of 20 lbs. of baggage each. We gladly accepted this offer. Meanwhile the steamer took some of us down stream against the east suburb, and allowed us to visit our houses and make choice of what we preferred to include in our 20 lbs. We missionaries urged the Russians to start before daylight next morning, as we thought it best to avoid being seen from the city and perhaps fired on with cannon. Russians, however,

are not easily hurried, and it was about nine o'clock and full daylight of July 2 when the little steamer, laden with some eighty, mostly deck passengers, glided swiftly down stream in full view of the city. As we passed the Tartar General's palace, which fronts the river, our dauntless captain gave a long salute of the steam whistle by way of farewell, which had the effect of attracting crowds of people to witness our departure. At the east suburb wood station we made a long stop to take in firewood, but finally got safely and quietly off. It looked more like starting for a picnic than flying for our lives, and some of the Chinese who saw us off seemed to think it was a picnic such as the Russians had had not long before.

'The weather was dreadfully hot, and as the deck was only protected by a strip of canvas about a yard wide, the ladies and children had a very trying time. The water in the river was low, and our steamer ran aground frequently, although sounding was maintained all the time with a long pole. Often we lay for hours before our crew could lever us off. We also stopped usually once a day for firewood. This gave us opportunities of cooling ourselves by having bathes from the rafts moored at the wood stations. We lay to at night. In three days we arrived at Lao-shao-kou, where the railway bridge over the Sungari (north of K'uan-ch'eng-tzu) is to be. We were glad to hear that trains were running to Harpin, but we had to sleep another night on the deck of the little steamer. It turned out to be a very wet one, and we (most of us, at least) got well soaked. Meanwhile the missionary party from K'uan-ch'eng-tzu had arrived, having travelled thence by Chinese cart.'

Dr. J. R. Gillespie, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission

in K'uan-ch'eng-tzu, thus describes the flight of their party:—

'In June 1900 the following missionaries of the Irish Presbyterian Church were living in K'uan-ch'eng-tzu, a city of about ninety thousand inhabitants, situated about three hundred miles north of Newchwang, and eighty miles west of Kirin: R. J. Gordon, M.A., M.B., Mrs. Gordon and five children; Rev. A. Weir; and J. R. Gillespie, M.A., M.B., and Mrs. Gillespie. In the latter part of the month, Boxer agents began practising on the street; and even, it was said, in the Yamen. Placards also were posted in the streets, urging the expulsion of the foreigners,—a thing unprecedented in K'uan-ch'eng-tzu.

'Dr. Gordon, who, on account of medical services rendered to his wife and his brother, was on friendly terms with the mandarin, sent him a copy of an anti-foreign placard. The mandarin responded by issuing a proclamation threatening imprisonment to those who should speak ill of foreigners, or circulate placards hostile to them. The placards ceased, but there were still unpleasant rumours, to which weight was given by the daily rise in the price of silver, and a steady diminution in the number of hospital patients. On June 29, two letters arrived: one from Newchwang, telling us that the Chin-chow and Kwang-ning missionaries had had to leave their stations, and were already in the port; the other from K'ai-yuan,—four hundred li south of us,—saying that the missionaries there were on the point of leaving for Newchwang. Next day, a telegraph office was newly opened in our city, and we took advantage of it to send messages to Newchwang and Kirin, asking for information. The Kirin reply came in the following evening, in German as a precaution. It

said that the missionaries there were going that night, under cover of darkness, to the Russian settlement, and were to leave next day on a river steamer, *en route* for Harpin. We decided to follow them, and were busy next day packing when the Newchwang reply arrived. It said: "Moukden houses, churches, hospitals burnt; go north." The Russians kindly promised us an escort of two Cossacks to Lao-shao-kou, a newly arisen town on the River Sungari, from which we could get by rail to Harpin. We informed the civil and the military magistrates of our intended departure, and entrusted our property to their care. They promised to send soldiers twice a day to see that our property was not molested, and sent a guard of six soldiers with us to Lao-shao-kou.

'We set out in carts at 7 a.m. on Tuesday, July 3. Quite a number of the Christians came to see us off, and a good many of them accompanied us as far as the Russian settlement, about three miles. After a little delay there, we set out with our curious guard of two Cossacks and six Chinese soldiers. At first we kept along close by the railway bank, at which work was going on as usual. At midday, we stopped at a Russian settlement, and took our midday meal in the open air in a little grove of fruit trees. The Chinese soldiers and carters did not like this, however, as their wants are more readily supplied at a Chinese inn. Accordingly, at the first opportunity, they insisted on going off to the Chinese road; and the Cossacks, who had orders not to leave the railway route, left us, and we saw them no more. From this point we kept to the Chinese road, and stayed at Chinese inns at night, but without meeting with any incivility. Our Chinese escort was polite and obliging, helping to carry things into the inns for us.

'Our first day's journey was so uneventful that Dr. Gordon was disposed to go back to K'uan-ch'eng-tzu next day. Had he done so, he would have arrived on the eve of battle between the Russians and the Chinese. On the evening of our third day out, we arrived at Lao-shao-kou, where we were made comfortable by a Russian captain, whose child had been treated medically by Dr. Gordon some months before. Here we found that our Kirin friends had arrived the same day.

'Next morning we were taken across the Sungari in a steamer, and got on board a train, which started about 1.30 p.m. We shared with Mrs. Daniel, wife of the chief engineer at Kirin, the only passenger carriage there was, a third-class one. The rest of the Russians were in covered waggons, and there were in addition large numbers of Chinese on open waggons. We reached Harpin about 8.30 p.m., and were allowed to sleep in the train all night.

'Next morning we established ourselves in a Chinese inn close to the station, but the Russians did not consider this a safe place, as it was outside their settlement. They put their school at our disposal, as the school had broken up. Here the ladies and children occupied one large room, and the gentlemen another. We had meals in a hall between the two rooms; two meals a day were sent gratis from a neighbouring hotel; the rest we were easily able to provide for ourselves. We were just about settled in the school on Saturday afternoon, July 7, when some of our party met Dr. Muir, of the United Presbyterian Mission, who had just come in from Ashiho, his station, to get news; having received a warning letter from K'ai-yuan. Ashiho was within easy reach of Harpin, being a station on the railway. Mr. Miskelly accompanied Dr. Muir next morning to

render assistance. Large numbers of Chinese soldiers had assembled at Ashiho, and it was felt that the greatest expedition should be used.

'On arrival, they found Rev. Mr. Robertson preaching. They went into the chapel and sat till the service was over, but managed to slip a note to the preacher, with the news that they must all leave at once. As soon as the congregation was dismissed, a hurried consultation was held, carts were procured, and a few things hastily packed. The whole party, consisting of Rev. D. and Mrs. Robertson, Rev. Mr. M'Intyre, and Dr., Mrs., and baby Muir, reached Harpin safe that night.

'Meanwhile things began to appear threatening in Harpin. We were told that the Chinese had attacked the Russian settlement at K'uan-ch'eng-tzu, two days after our departure, and that the Mission houses there were burned. The Russians decided to send their own women and children all away, down the Sungari. They very kindly allowed us to travel in one of the four barges. We got on a train on Tuesday morning, July 10, and went down in open trucks to the river bank, considerably more than an hour's ride on a slow train. We were towed in a barge by a stern paddle steamer, and had an uneventful voyage, lasting a little over four days. It was feared we might be fired on at the San-shing (Chinese) forts, but we were allowed to pass. There were a few cases of sickness on board, but not of an alarming nature. On Saturday afternoon, July 14, we passed fifteen steamers, mostly towing two or three barges each, going up with soldiers, guns, and horses to the relief of Harpin, which was besieged a few days after we left. The same evening we arrived at Habarovsk, at the junction of the Amur with the Usuri. We were now out of Chinese territory, and thankful

to have escaped without seeing any fighting or other horrors.'

Whilst these and similar events were in progress, the destruction of the property of the Irish and Scotch Missions was accomplished. The headquarters of both Missions is in Moukden, and large residential premises, a handsome chapel and well-appointed hospital and other buildings, had been erected there. The tale of the destruction of these buildings is graphically told by Rev. John Ross, D.D., the pioneer and founder of the mission work in Manchuria. He writes as follows:—

'Er-ta-jen, or "Number Two Excellency," is an official peculiar to Moukden, the "second" capital. He is second in power and influence as in rank to the Viceroy. The latter is over the "Three Eastern Provinces," as Manchuria is called. The "Second" is over all the Manchus, but subordinate in the office to the Viceroy. Both officials must be pure Manchus, and staunch supporters of the throne. Ching Ch'ang was the name of the second official in 1900. His younger brother was high in office in Peking, and had intimate relations with the Court. He had the fullest knowledge of the actions and the aims of the Boxers, and their relations to the party in power. Through him Ching Ch'ang was kept abreast of the entire Boxer movement, which was to throw off from the shoulders of the Manchu Government the hated yoke of the foreigner—by the magical influence of another Joan of Arc. There were constant and private messengers running with all speed between the palaces of the brothers in Peking and Moukden respectively. The Viceroy had his own, and received his own news from Court; but Ching Ch'ang's palace was the destination of all, especially Boxer news. The Viceroy was sceptical as to the

utility of the Boxer movement; his colleague was insanely enthusiastic in their favour, hoping by them to oust the disturbing foreigner from the sacred soil of China.

'When the Boxer representatives came to Moukden, they passed the Viceroy's palace and made for that of Ching Ch'ang. Not only did they find this official favourable, but several superior Manchu officials. For here we have five of the six Boards of Peking, the officials in which are all Manchus. The Boxers boldly began the work of initiating members publicly in the squares and along the city walls. Their presence and action—preceded by the stories of Shantung and Chih-li—caused an abnormal excitement. The attention of the Viceroy was possibly attracted to them. Though he is a very gentle man, and is a devout beliver in *laissez faire*, he felt constrained to take action against those who, by their hallucinations, were threatening great disturbance of the peace. He issued a proclamation against the Boxers, in which he denounced them as rebels, and threatened severe measures if they performed in public. This proclamation was dated the 18th day of the 5th moon. It gave great satisfaction to the peace-loving people, who are the majority and the best of the dwellers in Moukden. The proclamation was posted on the eight gates of the inner city.

'Meantime considerable numbers of youths and maidens resorted to the Boxers and practised in private. The soldiers and the majority of his officials largely sympathised with the Boxers. The Viceroy was denounced as unpatriotic and the "friend of the foreigner." Daily he was urged by Ching Ch'ang and his fellow-believers to issue a proclamation in favour of the Boxers and against the foreigners. They even threatened to

take his life if he continued obstinate. But obstinate he did continue until more potent influences made themselves felt. The excitement was intense as the official disagreement was noised abroad. Foreigners in the city were drawn into its vortex, through the Christians, who knew all that was going on, and were thoroughly alarmed. So many riots and troubles have threatened in Moukden which never came to anything, that the more experienced foreigners were perhaps less alarmed than subsequent events justified.

'In the endless buzz of excitement, the whole city was electrified at seeing on the city gates another proclamation, by which all the threats were withdrawn, and the good Boxers were gently exhorted to keep the peace. This was published on June 19. To the Boxers this was a sign of the capitulation of the Viceroy, and their audacity knew no bounds. It was believed at the time—it was made publicly known afterwards—that in the interval between the two proclamations a secret edict had come from Peking, binding the hands of the Viceroy, and compelling him at least to permit them full liberty to enact their own drama. Indeed, the edict commanded the extermination of the foreigner. The Viceroy kept this edict secret for some time, despite the many efforts of Chin Ch'ang and his sympathisers to compel its public issue, that the work of destruction might commence. Though all the official world of Moukden knew of its existence, he refused to publish it. The Boxers threatened to kill him, but he did not move.

'During the interval between the two proclamations, but after receipt of the edict, a friendly official called by night on Dr. Christie, the senior missionary in Moukden, informing him of the great danger to the foreigners from

ON THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

TRAIN AT BAIKAL STATION.
TRAIN DE LUXE, WITH OBSERVATION CAR.
A SIDING STATION.

the anarchy in the city, and the insubordination of the soldiers. He urged that the foreign women and children should go at once, and only a few men remain, who could get away easily a day or two later. He called at night and by stealth; but it is believed that he did not go unknown to the Viceroy.

'The missionaries and elders connected with the Presbyterian Church in Manchuria had met in presbytery for a fortnight in the beginning of May, to discuss the affairs of the Church. Except the desultory attacks of the Tsai Li sect, there was not a cloud as large as a man's hand over the Manchurian political horizon. The Presbytery deliberated, decided, and was dismissed, without any special reference to possible upheavals in the future. They parted, each to his own sphere, in perfect peace, and with great hopes of a most prosperous work during the following year. Over five thousand baptisms had been reported for less than twelve months, and more than seven thousand names were on the lists of applicants for baptism. "Enquirers" into the doctrines of Christianity were too numerous to be noted. The only reference to politics in the Presbytery was a resolution to have nothing to do, as a Church, with Yamen business. This did not, of course, imply that no effort would be made in behalf of a Christian who was in serious danger of persecution on account of his faith. Probably for the first time the native elders were on this matter completely of the same mind as the missionaries. The doings in Shantung and Chih-li were known from the newspapers and by gossiping rumour. But they seemed as far away as the war in the Transvaal. But now, a month after the Presbytery separated, the missionaries are warned by a friendly official to flee for their lives; and this official dared

not appear by day. So sudden and so overwhelmingly complete was the anti-foreign craze set ablaze by the Boxers.

'The native pastors and elders daily urged the same advice as the friendly official. They showed that matters had become so serious that it was impossible for the missionaries to save themselves; much less could they be of any service to the native Christians. The Viceroy had completely lost control of his subordinate officials and of the troops, the latter especially publicly fraternising with the Boxers. The city magistrate (Hsien) was brave enough to imprison a few Boxer leaders for disturbing the peace. Chin Ch'ang went in person and bailed them out. From that hour, whatever authority there was in the city was in the hands of the Boxers.

'On Saturday morning, June 23, the ladies and children, accompanied by junior missionaries, started for the railway. By the courtesy of the Russian engineers they arrived, by the construction engine, safely in Newchwang. Dr. Christie, Mr. Fulton, and Dr. Young remained, as they could move away more freely, if matters came to extremity. But they too were urged by the Christians to go. For while they remained in this city no Christian could go away. They could, of course, be of no service in protecting the foreigner; but they could not forsake the foreigner if there was any risk to the latter. If, however, the missionaries left the city, the Christians would feel morally free to go each his own way for his personal safety. With the departure of the foreigner, it was just possible that the anti-foreign craze might subside. The missionaries clearly saw that their presence was a real danger, instead of a problematical help to the

Christians. Yet they remained over the Sunday for further developments.

'Dr. Christie had long been superintendent of the Sunday school, which is attended usually by about two hundred men, who come for fuller Christian instruction. On this day, the usual number was present. The work of the day went on, but with a feeling of suppressed excitement. The Hsien had sent thirty soldiers to guard the door, as there had been threats of burning down the church that day. After the Sunday school, the native Pastor Liu entered the pulpit. His text was the story of the offering of Isaac. As the subject of discourse, he selected the topic of the intervention of God when the resources of man were exhausted. When man's hand fainted and fell down in utter hopelessness, then was the time for the manifestation of the hand of God in power unto salvation. A more eloquent and impressive sermon the hearers never listened to. And Pastor Liu can be as impressive and eloquent as almost any preacher in any tongue. After a discourse of about an hour's length on the topic, he wound up with a perfervid exhortation, concluding with the appeal, "Be faithful unto death," whatever occurs. It was a notable and fitting commencement of the week, the end of which was to see the beginning of a revolution in Manchuria which has already wrought such immense changes—changes which will continue to go on—till when? towards what?

'During the whole of that day, the streets everywhere resounded with the unearthly shouts of the Boxers, "Slay," "Burn." They were accompanied by great crowds, some from curiosity, most from sympathy. The Christians, who live all over the city, knew that the rioters had decided to act, and the missionaries were

again appealed to. When they consented to leave on the Monday morning, the Christians were relieved of an overwhelming weight of responsibility. They were more anxious for the foreigners than for themselves. The few friendly officials were also gratified at the resolution.

'Next morning early the three brethren departed for the friendly railway, twelve miles distant. A day later, the railway was no longer available, it having been wrecked at several points. It is particularly remarkable that scores of stories—of safety at the very last moment—have been repeated to me from all parts of the country. The last story told me was of an experienced Christian, who was apprehended, taken to the Boxer tribunal, and condemned to death. The headmen and villagers of eight villages came to plead and to pay for his life. They were refused. The executioner four times fingered his neck prior to striking the one fatal blow. The man had given up all hope, yet for some reason unknown to him he was released.

'The Viceroy meantime continued sceptical as to the bullet-resisting faith of the Boxers. They were so loud in their protestations that he demanded to know if they were willing to submit to the test of rifle-firing. On affirming their willingness, he called for volunteers to stand against the wall to be fired at. He gave instructions to load with blank cartridge. About half a dozen were bold enough to step forward. The order was given to fire; and as no one was hurt, the faith was declared triumphant. The impression made on the public was so serious that the Viceroy resolved to use a bullet. Volunteers were again called for, but forewarned several times that the shot was real. One man went forward. The rifle fired, and the man fell. In much

hubbub the Viceroy ordered his head off, as a "false" Boxer and deceiver of the people. This aroused the greatest commotion among the insane crowd, who threatened to kill the Viceroy, who had no right to dismember the man. For "had he not been beheaded the teacher would have brought him to life again." This proved how reason had abandoned the multitude.

'On Wednesday, June 29, a crowded congregation collected in the church to discuss the situation, which was as critical as it could well be. The large church could hold about one thousand people. There were about six hundred men in the area. No woman dared appear, and their gallery was empty. They had heard that the Roman Catholics had made provision for defence by firearms in their cathedral. Some young men urged that the Protestants should follow the example, and defy the Boxers in the church. The native pastors, the elders, deacons, and the more experienced of the members, regarded such a plan as useless, even if it were right. In the circumstances, they considered such resistance wrong. By that time all actual authority was in the hands or at the dictation of the Boxers and of those officials who were openly on their side. The soldiers, almost to a man, were wholly with the Boxers. Resistance would therefore mean resistance, not against the Boxers alone, but against the constituted Chinese authorities. Knowing the existence and nature of the Imperial secret edict, resistance was to them tantamount to rebellion.

'After considerable discussion, it was agreed that the Christians must regard themselves in a position similar to that of the Twelve when sent out by the Saviour. They were but a few weak sheep, among a great herd of furious wolves. Their policy, therefore,

was the harmlessness of the dove and the wisdom of the serpent. When persecuted here, they must flee there. This was their only plan. Flight was their only resource, as far as human means could take them. But even flight would be ineffectual while the whole country was everywhere simmering with hostility, if He whom they had come to know and to serve would not deliver them. They therefore made an agreement daily to pray for three things, wherever they happened to be: first, for the Church; second, for the Nation; third, for peace. Having so decided, they engaged in prayer, and for the first time since they became a large congregation, they all with one accord fell on their knees. Their usual posture is standing. They would be guided each by his own wisdom as far as it could lead him. But their one hope was to be in God, who could, in man's impossibility, provide a means of escape. And most strangely was the hope attained in many scores of instances. Next day came the outburst.

'On the morning of Saturday, June 30, messages were sent by word of mouth or in writing to every Yamen and to every restaurant and tea-shop, that in the afternoon the "Foreign Tower," as our church was called, would be burned down. One of our Christians, a small official, went that morning to the native pastor, expressly to inform him that it was time for him and for his family to flee. The Christians left in charge of the church, chapel, hospital, or dwelling-houses of ours, remained at their posts to the last.

'A wall of considerable height surrounded the church and its halls. On the south side, this wall was pierced by a gate of upright bars of wood, which shut in the whole compound from the street. In this gate was a small wicket, through which men could pass freely. This

was usually open all day. Directly north from this gate was the usual heavy, solid wooden gate, opening on to the church, which stood with its imposing tower facing south. This gate was the centre of a set of buildings fifty feet long. To the right was a hall for small meetings; to the left, the dwelling-house of the caretaker, with a room for country preachers and students when they came into town. Between the two gates, and to the left after entering the gate of bars, was a small door leading into the pastor's house, standing in a small compound of its own.

'In the early afternoon several young men hovered about the outer gate. They soon became a small crowd, and passed in through the wicket. They appeared to be country bumpkins, or other idle sightseers; but all wore the cold, impassive, stupid-looking expression the Chinese can so well assume when really excited. The caretaker asked their business, but got no reply. He wished them to go outside if they had no business, and was answered by a stone. He appealed to the pastor, who persuaded them to go out. The wicket was closed, and the pastor retreated to his own dwelling. The men continued to stand in front of the gate. They became first slowly, then rapidly, a crowd which packed the street. There arose the buzz of a universal talk, and then some man's voice shouted, "Don't heave bricks." And the bricks began to be heaved against the pretty windows of the hall. "Don't throw large bricks," came another shout, and large bricks began to fly, till not a bit of glass remained in the fifty feet front. There arose the usual noise of an excited mob, when a clear and commanding voice shouted, "Make way, make way!" The pastor, looking out, saw several officers in uniform and on horseback, and believed there was deliverance

at hand. He also observed a considerable number of soldiers.

'The great crowd crushed through the barred gate, and in a few seconds there was the "ping, ping" of breaking glass all over the church. In a few minutes every pane of glass in the two rows of windows, higher and lower, were in atoms. The cry of "fire" arose, And while the immense crowd were intent on the fate of the church, the pastor and his family clambered over a wall separating their house from that of a widow neighbour, also a Christian. Some of the Christians who dared not speak were looking on in the utmost distress for their beloved church. The compound was packed by a mob of all classes and ages. Between them and the crowd stood in array the soldiers under their officers. They stood to protect the couple of dozen youths who were rapidly making their preparations for the burning of the church. Seats were piled up under the tower, heaps of dried millet stalks were secured, and kerosene oil poured over the whole. In a few moments a great shout, such as Moukden has rarely heard, greeted the grand flame which leaped up from base to crown of that tower. A mass of flame, crowned by a dense pillar of smoke, arose, which was seen and struck awe twenty miles away.

'Such a bonfire Moukden never saw before. As by an electric shock, all the city seemed at the same moment to have realised that the great deed was done. The foreigner was defied at last. Every shop, store, and warehouse was emptied as by one consent, master and servants all rushing to see the sight. All classes were there. Ching Ch'ang was there in undress, enjoying the defeat of the foreigner. Many other officials, also in private clothes, were onlookers. The officers who

commanded the soldiers guarding the incendiaries were the only men in uniform. Rich and poor were there, men and women and children. The high east wall of the city overlooking the church was a mass of human heads. The wide space between this wall and the church was crowded by tens of thousands of spectators. As the flames mounted high, a tremendous shout of triumph ascended from this immense multitude. The faces of all, official and private, rich man and coolie, were lit up with a wild delight at the sight of the great burnt-offering. "There goes the last of the foreigner!" they joyfully sang out to each other. A very few, an insignificant fraction, wrung their hands, were very grave, and said, *sotto voce*, as if afraid to be heard, "This is the beginning of woe to China!" But the voice was heard by few, and heeded by fewer, in the great mass of joyous noise which roared in the air overhead. The whole city seemed to be there, and to be of one mind.

'The Boxers were apparently not bold enough to raise the defiant flame. But after the deed was done by youths of the Tsai Li sect, the real Boxers appeared on the scene, and at once the post of honour to which their magical power gave them claim was conceded. To the last, many people would not believe that any men would be bold enough to do the deed, despite the inhuman threats which were daily and all day roared in the street. As soon as the church was fully ablaze, the Boxers broke up into two firing parties. One went east nearly a mile to fire our dwelling-houses, dispensaries, and hospitals. The other went south and west about the same distance to the Roman Catholic cathedral.

'When the crowd broke up to follow these parties, or to retire to privacy, the pastor emerged from his

dangerous position. He urged the widow and his wife to go together to some friends in the country to the east. He went westward into the city. Passing through the city, he did not meet a single soul. Everybody seemed to be with the incendiaries.

'The Boxer party which had gone east went first to the splendid hospital and dispensary for women. There were in the large compound several halls for the prosecution of women's work by the four ladies who were enthusiastically and successfully carrying on the work. They had here also a commodious dwelling-house. The soldiers first went into every dwelling, to see there was no human being within. Giving their report that all the houses were empty, the incendiaries went forward to their work. The Tsai Li sect outnumbered the Boxers five times.

'While the Boxers and their allies were actively firing the extensive premises here, soldiers from a neighbouring barracks, together with the people from every region around, were busy as ants carrying away every article they could seize out of our houses prior to the application of the sacred fire. The Boxers themselves at this stage took nothing. Their work—their sole work—was "fire." One after the other, all our fine compounds were a mass of blazing splendour. The excellent men's hospital succeeded that for the women. Hundreds who had been cured there stood by, and with wonderful perversity enjoyed the luxury of the scene. All around, where a sight could be had, there stood masses of men, women, and children, many of them well-to-do neighbours with whom we had believed we were on friendly terms. And men and women clapped their hands and shouted their delight until the numerous houses became heaps of smouldering ruins. A few timid Christians were in

the crowd, dreading to be made known, yet fascinated at the judgment and filled with amazement at the spectacle of well-to-do people, labourers, and men and women, expressing their keen delight at the devastation.

'Expressing my surprise at this manifestation of undreamed-of hatred, I asked for some probable reason. We had always been very careful to study the etiquette, the manners, even the prejudices of our neighbours and townspeople. We had always endeavoured to be kind, and do all in our power to remove ill-will and suspicion, and to gain their good-will and respect. The reply was, that the joy at the dismissal for ever thus given to the foreigner was not because of anything we had actually done, but because they were now freed from the dread, ever hanging over their heads, that the foreigner was here to take possession of their land. Not hatred for the past, but fear for the future, made the retreat of the foreigner so acceptable. Of course, they believed that after this terrible exhibition no foreigner would ever again show face in Moukden.

'On the same day the premises of the Bible Society were destroyed, and two street chapels for public preaching to the general public were burned, and every brick carried off. Other chapels rented were gutted of all their contents; but as they belonged to non-Christians they were not burned. Next day the buildings belonging to the Irish Presbyterian Church in the west of the city were reduced to ashes.'

Thus the work of many weary years in Moukden, as well as in the other stations in the province, was wrecked almost in a day, and it looked to the heart-broken workers as if their life-work had been destroyed. This, with the amazing virulence of the persecution against

the Christians referred to elsewhere, seemed to give countenance to the belief that the day of mission work in Manchuria had passed, and that nothing remained but to acquiesce in the fact.

It is only necessary, perhaps, to add here that all the missionaries have returned to their stations throughout Manchuria; that compensation has been secured for the destruction of property in Moukden and elsewhere, and that the buildings are in process of reconstruction.

CHAPTER XVII

On the Brink of the Grave

The Wanderings and Final Escape of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. S. Green and Family and Miss J. F. Gregg, July to October 1900

Mr. and Mrs. Green and family, with Miss Gregg, of the China Inland Mission, were stationed at Huai-lu, in the province of Chih-li, near the border of the province of Shan-si, and a short distance from the entrance to the famous Ku Kuan mountain pass which leads up to T'ai-yuen-fu city. Mr. Green had returned to his station in March 1900, and from that time on the Boxer troubles in the province of Chih-li became more and more serious, terminating on July 3 in serious rioting and disorder. It was only after Mr. Green had spoken to and quieted the mob that threatened their lives and property, that they gradually dispersed.

On July 5 the tension in the city increased, and, by the advice of friendly natives, they decided to leave their house and go to a temple on a mountain near the city. This they did, and later on, under the guidance of friendly Chinese, took refuge first in a temple, then in a cave, and later on in a lonely farm among the hills.

From this point we take up the narrative in Mr. Green's words.[1]

'On Thursday morning, August 10, we suddenly found ourselves in the hands of a band of armed Boxers. Warning was given that several men were approaching, and we quickly hid ourselves in the cave, while the woman covered the entrance with household chattels. Escape was hopeless. We were walled in securely; the only exit was through the house, now being looted and searched. Looking up to our God, whose own peace garrisoned our hearts, we waited with bated breath to hear if the Boxers would discover the concealed doorway. The footsteps came nearer, the voices grew louder, there was a banging of utensils, then a shout of triumph!

'With one voice we lifted up our hearts, crying, "Thou art worthy." We thought of the dear children, whose piteous queries—"Will they kill us?" "Are they going to kill us now?"—pierced deeper than any Boxer's knife, and we told them that very soon we should be with Jesus, and I was led to go out and plead with these men for the lives of the ladies and little ones. Groping my way along the passage, I stooped and lifted the curtain which covered the hole, and was just creeping through when one of them fired at me. By the dull heavy thud on my head I knew I was wounded, and was conscious of falling through the entrance, then, rising to my feet, I seemed to spin round two or three times in the room, then I leaned against the wall for support. As I did so, I saw through the open door several Boxers run across the courtyard, and heard one shout, "All get outside and on the roof."

[1] A large part of the narrative in this chapter has been taken, with the requisite permission, from the little book published by Messrs. Morgan & Scott, for the China Inland Mission, entitled *In Deaths Oft*.

'Then I made my way back into the cave, and said to my wife, "They have shot me in the head, dearie; 'tis certain death for us, only a matter of time now. We are not worthy, but He is worthy."

'Fearing we might be armed, the Boxers did not venture into the dark, unknown passage, and now we heard them battering in the recently walled-up doorway of the cave. Then the battering ceased, and soon the farmer himself came through the passage. He told us they had robbed the place of everything movable worth taking away, and now threatened to set fire to the house unless he could persuade us to come out of the cave. They promised not to kill or injure us in any way, but would take us to the local magistrate, and let him do what he liked with us. This was so far removed from any known Boxer policy, that we were sure it was only a ruse of the farmer to save his property.

'To die in the cave or outside in the yard was all the same to us, and if the man's house could be saved, why should we prolong this terrible waiting? So we sent Mr. Kao to tell them that we would come out into the yard, and, after briefly committing each other to our faithful Creator, made our way through to the kitchen. Not a soul could be seen through the open doorway, but as I stepped on the threshold I saw a man standing on each side against the wall, with their huge ghastly swords uplifted. Stepping back for a moment to tell the ladies to be prepared, I walked out with one of the children in my arms, the ladies following with the other child.

'We were immediately seized, and those great knives brandished above our heads. Then the word was given, "Bring them round to the back"; and they dragged us

out of the court, round the buildings, and up an embankment leading on to the flat roofs of the north rooms. Here, without releasing us or removing the swords from our necks, they demanded to know what things we had and where they could find them. Seeing the distress of the children, they told us to tell them that they would not kill us. Having secured all that was left of our property, they proceeded to search our persons, even to the tearing off of my wife's wedding ring, keeper, and spectacles. The only thing Miss Gregg had with her was a small Bible, which she was led to slip into her pocket as we left the cave. It was examined by two or three of them; then, although divided in opinion, the leader handed it back and said she might keep it, adding, "If you read that, you can get to heaven."

'Thus our gracious God made provision for His children, and this little treasure, positively the only thing we now possessed, beyond the few clothes we were wearing, was an untold help, blessing, and constant comfort to us through the rest of our trials. "I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food." Once, on a later occasion, it was taken from us, but He prevented its destruction, and after six days' wanderings it was again restored.

'Much to our surprise, having secured all the booty, they led us off to the city as promised, and actually hired two men to carry the children, seeing how weak I was from loss of blood, and that our progress was too slow. Leaving the road leading to the nearest city gate, they took us along by the north wall towards the east suburb. When I overheard them say they were going to our own home, my heart failed me, as I felt sure it must be their intention to kill us there; once in their hands, no foreigner had ever been known to escape.

I knew, too, from the dialect, that these men came from the Pao-ting-fu district, and shuddered as I imagined they were probably part of the company who killed the missionaries there, including Mr. W. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall and their little girl. There was real sympathy on the part of many in the enormous crowds lining the streets as we passed along, and among them was the tear-stained face of our own serving-women, to whom Miss Gregg shouted as we passed, "We are not afraid ; God is with us."

'On arriving at the familiar doorway, the crowd was held back, and not allowed to enter, while we were taken up into the dining-room, and the door was immediately fastened. The uncertainty and suspense were terrible, but when they proceeded to examine and wipe their swords, I said to the ladies, "They are going to kill us now." Then word was given that all should repair to the back for worship (this plays an important part in the Boxer propaganda), and we were left alone in the room, with the doors securely fastened. Seeing an empty bedstead in the inner room, we passed through, and were very thankful to sit down after our three-mile walk in the hot sun. After a while the door opened and a man entered, the sight of whom filled my heart with hope ; he was one of the local policemen. After some commonplace talk, he managed to whisper in my ear, "Don't fear, there are several of us here on the alert, and the mandarin will be here directly." Could it be that they were really handing us over to the official, as they said?

'When the official arrived, we were formally handed over to him by the spokesman of the Boxer party, now dressed up with fan and gown, and using language which proved him to be an educated man. Without

much delay we were escorted outside, and a new procession formed. We were taken to the Yamen in the middle of the city. There the mandarin blamed me for not having sought him earlier, that he might have sent us away before this trial came upon us! When I tried to remind him that I had sought his protection, he immediately talked about something else. As this was before his staff, and he had his "face" to save, and as I knew how helpless he was, I did not press the matter.

'He said he would send us to Cheng-ting-fu on the morrow, hoping the bishop there would receive us, failing which we should be escorted from city to city up to Pao-ting-fu, and the Governor of the province would find some means to enable us to leave the country and return to our own land. He then gave orders that a lodging should be found for us within the Yamen precincts for safety, and we were accordingly led off to a small temple, professedly the only available place they had. The relief of finding ourselves really out of the hands of the Boxers, and the deep thankfulness in our hearts to God for this second deliverance from death, coupled with the hope of soon seeing our friends in Cheng-ting-fu, enabled us to look more lightly on the hardships of our surroundings.

'On examining my wounds, we found that it was a full charge of No. 1 shot that I had received, and, owing to my peculiar stooping position at the time, my head, face, shoulder, arms, and back had all taken their share. As blood, hair, and clothing were now firmly clotted, we decided to leave it so until we reached Cheng-ting-fu, where I could get proper surgical dressing and treatment. I suffered terribly that night, which we spent on some reed mats on the damp floor of the temple. The dear children slept, but the pain, stiffness, and dread of

the twenty-mile jolt in a cart the next day, were more than enough to keep me from sleep. How I longed for a soft pillow! but the only one I had was a couple of bricks. Every now and then the blood all seemed to flow to my head, and I was obliged to get my wife and Miss Gregg to help me up, and walk me up and down the place for some relief.

'We were out very soon after daylight, and had not been long in the yard when our helper, Mrs. Liu, arrived. She had tried the night before, but could not get to us, and had been waiting outside the Yamen since long before dawn, hoping for an opportunity to see us. She had been told by neighbours that we had been executed in the prison, and that we died singing hymns. Her reply was, "I do not fear; our God is with them." The interview was most touching: she took up the two children in her arms with a loving tenderness rarely seen in this people; and when leaving she embraced and kissed my wife and Miss Gregg, regardless of all onlookers. Her calm, strong faith in God, and loving, helpful words, with the recollection of others in our little flock, enabled us to share St. Paul's joy when glorying in his Corinthian converts. "I am filled with comfort, I am exceeding joyful in all our tribulation." Returning home, she sent us a thick, wadded Chinese coverlet to spread in our cart, with some fruit and cakes for the children.

'By about 7 a.m. we left the city; the country was looking beautiful, especially to us after our month's imprisonment. On arriving at the east gate of the city of Cheng-ting-fu, we saw a large crowd gathered, and several Yamen people about. The cart was stopped, and the official papers concerning us handed over by our escort. Then followed a long wait while the papers

were taken to the Yamen. It was early afternoon, and the fierce sun, with the great crowd swarming almost on the cart, made the heat unbearable; but there we sat, bathed in perspiration, travel-stained and dishevelled, gazed upon by a continually moving stream of curious people for two hours. It was during this trying time of waiting, when we expected every minute to be taken into the city and to the mission-house where we should see our friends, that the Lord gave to my wife this text, "Delivering thee from the people unto whom now I send thee"; and previously in the cave, as we sat momentarily expecting death, to Miss Gregg was given the promise, "A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." These two remarkable texts, seemingly so inappropriate at the time, were used of God through all our later experiences to keep us in the assurance that it was His purpose to save us, and over and over again He led us to remind Him of His own word.

'Finally, a man from the Yamen came to say we had better hurry up and order some food, as another cart was already waiting in the yard to take us on the next stage of our journey to Pao-ting-fu. In vain I pleaded that we had hoped to go to the Roman Catholic Mission; that it was certain death to send us to Pao-ting-fu, where the foreigners had already been killed, and that many places on the way were full of Boxers; also that it was inhuman to send a wounded man such as I was, with two ladies and the children, without a rest, to travel far into the night. He declared that I could rest as long as I liked at the next stage, which was only a village, but go on we must. The officials were afraid of the Boxers who accompanied us, they too being forbidden to enter the city. We ordered food and tried to take

some, knowing there would be no getting any more during the next stage. The mandarin at Huai-lu had given us five hundred cash for travelling expenses, and now they brought me one thousand from the official here for the same purpose. Even while getting food they came again and again to hasten us.

'The children slept most of the way, and Fuchingi, the next posting station, fifteen miles distant, was reached about midnight. Instead of being allowed the rest we were promised, we were transferred to another cart at once, and proceeded on our journey to Sinloh Hsien, the next stage of twenty-three miles, which we reached at daylight the following morning. Here the Boxers brought us some millet soup and a few bread cakes, and we begged a drink of hot water from some of the Yamen men. After sitting in the cart for about an hour and a half, we were once more transferred to a fresh cart and started for Tingchoo, the next twenty-mile stage. This was the place where the postman had been murdered, and all around the neighbourhood the Boxers had pillaged and burned the houses of the Roman Catholics, killing every man, woman, and child they could find. It seemed so improbable that we should be allowed to pass through the place alive, that our hearts were kept lifted up to God that we might be prepared for His will, whatever it might be; our desire was that He might be glorified in us, whether it were by life or by death.

'The cart was stopped in the street of the south suburb of the city while some of the Boxers paid a visit to a local branch of the fraternity, and of course a great crowd gathered. As we passed along, the streets were lined on either side, the great crowd following in the rear. Arriving at the Yamen about noon, we were

very glad of the quiet afforded by the little prison room into which we were taken, and we also received some kindness from the keeper. The keeper made us tea, and lent us his boy to go and buy a couple of cheap fans and a small piece of Chinese calico for a handkerchief, as we only had one left between us.

'About 3 p.m. word came that the cart was ready, and once more a start was made. Wang Tu Hsien, our next stop, was twenty-three miles distant, and the road was in a very bad condition. Heavy rain had fallen, and we were ploughing through mud and water up to the axle of the cart for a great part of the way. It must have been near midnight when we arrived at Wang Tu. Only those who have travelled by cart in North China will understand what this journey must have been to us, practically without a rest, day and night, for forty hours. God most certainly gave the strength and grace, or no ladies could have taken such a journey, to say nothing of the children, and I wounded as I was. A shake-down was made for us on the floor of the prison room: first a spread of straw, then a reed mat, over which we spread our coverlet. The official's headman and others with him were moved to pity to see little John, as soon as the bed was ready, get down from my knee, crawl along on to it, stretch himself out full length, and immediately fall asleep.

'On rising we were able to have a wash, the first since we left Huai-lu. Then the headman came along to say that a train of one carriage and engine was running daily the thirty miles to Pao-ting-fu, our last stage, and that arrangements had been made for us to go by it, as the roads were in such a bad condition. He also spoke encouragingly to us, and told us that the Emperor had issued orders for the protection of

THE MONGOLIAN MARTYRS.

C. J. SUBER. N. J. FRIDSTRÖM. D. W. STENBURG.
H. ANDERSON. C. ANDERSON. H. LUND.

[*See p.* 80.

missionaries. About 9 a.m. we left the Yamen for the station. Alas! there was a hitch somewhere, for as we came in sight the little train moved off. No one knew why. Hour after hour passed, until at last, about 5 p.m. word was given that we must go on by cart. This meant travelling all night, and thirty miles more of that awful jolting over bad roads. Again His grace was sought and given. The next thing to look forward to was a rest and some food while the animals were fed at a place ten miles on the way. Here we had a nice supper and the children got a little sleep. Then, leaving about midnight, we arrived at Pao-ting-fu, August 13, soon after daybreak, the city gates being still closed. As we waited there for the gate to be opened, it seemed to us that we understood as never before something of what our Lord must have felt as He went up to Jerusalem. Very soon we were able to enter, and were taken straight to the district Yamen. Alighting from the cart, almost before I was aware of what was happening, we were separated, the ladies and children being taken to the women's lock-up, and I was marched off to the men's common prison. I found myself in a filthy yard with some twenty prisoners in various stages of dirt and wretchedness. Spreading my coverlet on the damp ground, I lay down and cried, not for the ignominy heaped upon me, but the thought of being separated from my dear wife and children at this time was unbearable. Perhaps I had lain there about half an hour, when I heard a call for the "foreign man." Some one had been sent to fetch me back to the cart, which was still standing where we left it. I was rejoiced to find the ladies and children already there, and looking refreshed for the hair-combing they had been able to get, through the kindness of the female prison keeper.

'I soon learned that the district magistrate had refused to receive either us or the official papers concerning us, and intended to send us back at once to the place we came from. A fast-increasing and excited crowd was surging about the cart, and a number of the city Boxers appeared with their guns and great swords, and took up their position all around us. Not one of the Boxers or official escort who had brought us were to be seen. The heat became intense, and we sat like that for at least two hours. On first rejoining the cart, I had heard the spokesman of our Boxer party say, "There will be trouble here very shortly." To that man, under God, we undoubtedly owe our lives on this the third wonderful deliverance from death. He had gone to the mandarin and pleaded for us, showing him that we should certainly be killed as soon as we got out of the city, even if we were allowed to get that far. Ultimately the official had relented, and gave orders that we were to be received into the Yamen, and he would see what could be done with us. So it came to pass that, with some considerable shouting and hustling, a way was made through the crowd for several underlings, who again took us off to our respective prisons.

'I had only been there five minutes when I was again called out, and taken to have an interview with the mandarin himself. He spoke kindly, professed sympathy with us in our distress, declared that the Western Powers, including my own honourable nation, were to blame for the present state of things, having "rebelled" against the Government and taken Tien-tsin, but since we had come to Pao-ting-fu, they would devise some means for protecting us. I asked as a favour that we might all be together, no matter where it was, so he gave orders that a room in the women's

lock-up should be cleared for us, and I was taken off to join the ladies and children there. The joy of finding ourselves together again, and the reaction after the tension, were too much for my now weakened body, and I could only lie down and cry.

'The next day, Tuesday, August 14, about 10 a.m., one of the Yamen men came to say that arrangements had been made for us to be taken to Tien-tsin by boat, and that we were to start that day! Such a lot of running to and fro from one official to another had been going on all night about us, and everybody had been "troubling their hearts" and planning for us, with the result above mentioned.

'The mandarin sent me one thousand cash for travelling expenses; his son, who came to see us, moved to pity, sent another one thousand. We were advised to procure what we needed for the journey before starting, so that no risk should be run by stopping to buy on the way. By travelling day and night we should probably get there in forty-eight hours, with the strong current in our favour.

'At 3 p.m., two carts arrived to take us to the riverside, and we were officially sent off by the mandarin's headman and several secretaries. On arriving in my own country, I was told to be sure and tell our Emperor that the Governor of the province at some considerable trouble had sent us home! Twelve runners with gowns and dress hats went before the carts, while several Boxers with drawn swords also acted as escort. Arriving at the riverside, we were soon in the boat. Eight of the Boxers who brought us from Huai-lu then came on board, with four or five of the local men, and in a little while we were making good progress down stream.

'It seemed too good to be true that we should so soon be in Tien-tsin and our troubles at an end. Yet our God had worked so many miracles on our behalf that we knew He was able to do this thing also. Yet I am afraid there was some misgiving in our hearts when we saw that there was no official representative in our escort. Three miles out, the local men left the boat, and we went on far into the night, anchoring in mid-stream for about two hours to give the boatmen a rest, then on again long before daylight.

'Soon after sunrise we were passing a walled city, which I remembered was thirty miles from Pao-ting-fu. A little later, while in the act of eating our humble breakfast of dough cakes and apples, the boat stopped and was moored to the bank. Saying something which I did not quite understand, the spokesman and the leader went ashore together. My wife cried, "Oh, Charlie, something is wrong; do ask the other men what it is." I spoke to one of them, but he only wrung his hands and said, "This is terrible! terrible!"

'Then the two men returned, and the leader said, "It is all a lie about your being taken to Tien-tsin; it is impossible to get there. The river is held by Boxers at several points on the way down, and it would be certain death for ourselves as well as for you to attempt to get through. Our orders from the Governor were to bring you so far down the river, then kill you, and put you out of the way." As he spoke he pointed to his long ugly knife, which I had seen him sharpening since we left Pao-ting-fu. Then he went on to say, "We don't intend to commit such a sin; we have no quarrel with you, but you must leave the boat now, and make the best of it for yourselves." They advised us to go just over the bank, which was a public pathway, and hide in the tall

reeds until evening, then go west to the city we had just passed, and see what the mandarin there would do for us.

'Protest was useless; we were simply stunned, and as if in a dream. Gathering together our few belongings, the bedding, bundle of food, and the cloth containing our cash, part of which we left as too heavy to carry, we took the children in our arms and went ashore. Getting quickly over the embankment, we were soon out of sight among the reeds and thick undergrowth, without having been seen by any one. Making sure of being completely hidden from any one who might pass along, we spread out our bedding and sat down to think and pray. Both were difficult for a time, until we had somewhat got over the shock of this sudden turn in our affairs.

'Slowly we began to realise that for the fourth time our God had delivered us from a cruel death, touching even the hearts of these Boxers for us, and especially, I believe, for the two dear little children. All the way from Huai-lu we had maintained a quiet, respectful demeanour towards them, and they played with the children, often buying them fruit cakes. Many times during the days of our hiding in the temple and cave, and at the farmhouse, we had said how much easier it would be without the children; but in our later experiences the Lord had undoubtedly used the children to move the hearts of our enemies, giving us favour in their eyes; thus reproving us for murmuring about them.

'But for the little band of refugees hiding in the reeds what a day that was! Most of it spent in prayer. At every sound of footsteps on the bank we held our breath. Asking my wife what the Lord was saying to her, she replied, "I still have my text, 'Delivering thee

from the people . . . unto whom now I send thee.'" Miss Gregg's answer to the same question was, "I have been waiting all day for a little bird to bring us a letter!" We laughed at the time, but you will hear more of this "little bird" later on. What should we do? Knowing that we were in the very heart of the Boxer country, our position seemed so hopeless.

'We were terribly bitten by mosquitoes, and all day long the children were pleading for drink. We too were suffering much in the same way; but, apart from the risk of going to the river to fetch water, I had nothing to bring it in.

'When it was quite dark and everything seemed quiet, we all went to the riverside and quenched our thirst from a straw-hat drinking-cup. And now by the repeated lightning and gathering black clouds we knew a storm was approaching. Then came the fierce wind bending the reeds low to the ground, and very soon the rain began to fall. Covering the children as much as possible with the bedding and our straw hats, we sat through those miserable two hours; all were very soon wet to the skin and chilled to the bone. O Lord, was there ever a more helpless, hopeless, desolate band of Thy little ones? We made our way to the bank, where we could warm ourselves by walking up and down. We were all very lightly clad, having only the few thin garments we were wearing when surprised by the Boxers at the farm. Some course of action had to be now decided on. To the east about a quarter of a mile was a riverside hamlet, and half a mile to the west was the city. Which way should we go? Perhaps influenced by the advice of the Boxers, certainly guided by God, we decided to go west and make our way towards the city. About half-way there we came to a cottage, and,

seeing a light in the window. I said, "Let us ask them to help us." Making our way towards the back, we saw a youth crossing the yard carrying a light. Telling him who and what we were, we asked him if he could help us to get a boat. He was distressed at our pitiable condition, and talked of the wickedness and cruelty of the Boxers; then he said he would go off and see if he could persuade a friend of his to take us in his boat.

'Could it be that the Lord had guided us to the very one who was willing to help? We knew that He was able for this also, and had He not reminded us of the promise, "For six troubles I will be with thee, yea, in seven I will deliver thee"? So, encouraging each other in Him, we took shelter under a tree, as the rain had begun again, and waited the man's return. He was not long away; his friend was sleeping in the city that night, and the gates were closed, but he had called up another man who had a boat, and who would be along directly. Inviting us into the house, he got us water and offered us melons to eat. We were glad to put down the tired children, who soon fell asleep on the brick bed, while we ate one of the dry cakes we had with us.

'Suddenly we were startled by an unearthly sound in the yard outside; it seemed a combination of a hiss and a growl. With a slash of a drawn sword, the reed curtain at the door was dashed down, and we were again face to face with a crowd of fierce Boxers. "Betrayed!" was the first thought that flashed through one's mind. The next moment all was confusion. I was seized by the hair, dragged to the ground, and was conscious of blow after blow on different parts of my body, then of being trampled on by many feet, as others rushed over me to seize my wife and Miss Gregg. I

remember a pang as I heard the heart-rending shrieks of the children, and then a calm filled my soul, and I committed my spirit to God. Comparing notes since, we have each been able to testify that this was the calmest moment in our lives, so soon to be given up to Him; we never doubted for a moment that we should immediately be killed. With joy my wife accepted this fulfilment of the promised deliverance, that it should be into the Father's presence.

'We were dragged outside, and thrown in the mud, and bound hand and foot, the Boxers using their feet as much as their hands to get our arms and legs into the position they wanted, though we were quite passive. Then I suddenly missed the cries of the children, and was glad that the lambs had "gone before" and were spared more of these terrible sights. Miss Gregg was hauled by the hair into a kneeling position, and her head pressed down on to a stone table in the yard, used for burning incense, and one cried, "Who will strike?" But other voices overruling cried, "No, take them all to headquarters first." As we lay there bound in the mud, one and another struck us heavily again and again with the backs of swords or the handles of spears. Miss Gregg now lay close beside me, and as blow after blow fell upon her no sound escaped her lips, only a long, deep sigh.

'I could not see or hear my dear wife, who had been dragged some distance away. Word was now given to carry us off; the handles of two spears were put through my left arm, two men taking the ends on their shoulders, and I was taken off hanging between them by one arm, with hands tied to my feet behind me.

'It was only about a quarter of a mile to the temple building they used as headquarters. I should have

fainted with the excruciating pain, had it been much farther. On entering, my face struck heavily against a large earthenware water tank, and the next minute I was thrown down in the courtyard. Hearing the dear children cry, I knew that they had been brought off at once, and not killed, as I supposed. My wife and Miss Gregg were carried in a similar way, the former suspended by both hands and feet, the latter by one arm and one leg. Little John was tied hands and feet and carried, while Vera with hands tied behind was made to walk, having her feet bound when they got there.

'Now all had arrived, and there was much rejoicing and mutual congratulations that these "devils" had been captured. Presently a tall young man arrived, who by his authoritative voice I soon knew was recognised as a leader. He came and put a brick under my head for a pillow, and spoke encouragingly to me, telling me if I had anything to say, not to be afraid to say it. I requested that if they intended to kill us they would do it quickly, and not let us go through any unnecessary suffering. Being questioned as to who we were, I explained where we were from and how we came to be there, but they would not believe a word I said.

'I suppose it must have been a strange, unlikely story to them, as they were convinced we came from a neighbouring Catholic Mission against whom they had a special hate, two of their townsfolk having recently been killed in an attack on the Romanists there. Later on, they lifted me up and gave me a stool to sit on, that I might be better able to talk to them. In my new position I could see the ladies, and at my request my wife's head was moved out of a pool of dirty water, and Miss Gregg's hands were loosened and tied in front instead of at the back, a favour they would not grant

for myself until next day, though I suffered intensely because of the shot wound in my left arm.

'They could not pacify the children, who had been carried into the house, so at last they let them come out to their mother, and one after another they tottered with bare feet, their shoes having been taken from them, and, sitting down on the wet ground, buried their heads on their mother and sobbed themselves quiet. Just before daylight, we were carried through into the main temple building, where some reeds and a mat had been spread on the floor, upon which we were laid. A guard of five or six being left in charge, the remainder dispersed, understanding that our case was to be decided in the morning.

'Thus for the fifth time we find ourselves delivered from death, for although we could not say how our case would go eventually, the Lord had stayed their hand and prevented our being killed on the spot when captured. As we lay there, wet, muddy, bound, and aching, we appreciated the brief time of quiet that followed, which was spent in prayer and in encouraging each other in the Lord.

'Shortly after sunrise, the people began to arrive, and for the next three or four days there was one constant stream of curious people crowding into the temple to look at us, and I assure you that the being "looked at" was not the easiest of the many things He has enabled us to endure "for His sake." Soon some of the leaders appeared on the scene, and for over three hours I sat there, bound and propped up against the leg of the incense table, to undergo a severe cross-examination. Of course I told the truth, and nothing but the truth, and at last I think they were obliged to own themselves baffled, as one confessed that I had a

mouth full of Huai-lu dialect, another that he had seen a boat the previous morning answering the description given, while a third declared I could not be a Romanist priest, because I had two wives and children! Our cords were now removed and food was given to us, and we were told that they had decided to send two of their number to Pao-ting-fu, to obtain of the officials there confirmation of what I had said. One fact alone I had withheld from them, and that was the Governor's order to the Boxers to kill us. I simply told them that they had declared it was impossible to take us to Tien-tsin, as promised by the Governor, and had made us leave the boat. Feeling sure they would learn the truth at Pao-ting-fu, there seemed very little hope of our lives when the deputation returned.

'On the Saturday night I was brought round to their meeting-room, to hear the result of the deputation's visit to Pao-ting-fu, and found myself in a room full of respectable tradesmen and scholars. These were the civil members of the company of Boxers whose military people had captured us. I learned that the society had been formed here in self-defence, as only in this way could they be safe from the depredations of the numerous societies in the district; and that their city had no resident magistrate, but was governed by an adjacent larger city, with the help of the neighbouring tradesmen and gentry.

'The Governor of Pao-ting-fu had been very angry when he heard we had been let go alive, and that these people did not kill us as soon as they found us, and he had now given to them the same orders that he gave the others. The civil part of the society we were now held by being much stronger than the military, they had overruled any other wish there may have been,

and determined to protect us, and send us down to Tien-tsin when the way was clear. They had won over the rougher element by the promise that, as long as we were there, and they had to guard and protect us, the whole company, about forty, should be provided with food, and towards this expense all the tradesmen subscribed liberally.

'Truly it was "a wonder to many" that we had not been killed again and again, as we should have been had we fallen into the hands of any other society in that district. Only a quarter of a mile below where we left the boat, a native Roman Catholic had been killed the very day when we were hiding in the reeds, and we should certainly never have passed a place five miles farther down the river. And here we were, a little helpless company, allowed to escape by those who had the highest authority for killing us, while a whole city of gentry and tradesmen were turned to be our protectors and friends! Yes! Those who know not our God may well marvel at all He wrought on our behalf. No doubt their decision was largely influenced by their superstition; the fact that we had been spared by one band of Boxers made them afraid to injure us. One and all declared that it was because I had accumulated so much merit that Heaven itself had intervened on our behalf, and prevented man's will from being done upon us.

'About a week after our arrival we were able to have a wash, and a day or two later I was allowed to have a shave. Miss Gregg, having gained permission to go down to the river with an armed escort, contrived from time to time to wash out some of our garments, but of course, having no change, we were obliged to be minus that garment until it was dry again. The vermin were

a constant source of trouble to us; in fact, it was impossible to keep ourselves free from them. The daily and nightly discomforts, mentioned above, continued throughout our stay, with the addition of cold in the night during the last week or so.

'One day, early in the afternoon, when there were few people about, I was standing over the ladies and children as they slept, keeping away the flies with a fan, and looking rather gloomily, I am afraid, out through the open trellis-work of the door. Our guard were all having a nap, and one solitary sight-seer was peering through at the foreigners. Presently a little crumpled tuft of paper was dropped through on to the floor. I saw him throw it, but thinking it more an act of contempt than anything else, I took no notice of it. The man had moved off to the outer door, then stopped, and seeing I had not picked it up he came back, motioning to the floor where it lay, and again walked off. My curiosity was now aroused, and I took it up, opened it, and found within, in a good bold hand, "Don't be afraid for Chinese robbers, nearly all have been killed by both Chinese and foreign soldiers. Peking and Tien-tsin belong to Europeans. Now I will go to Tien-tsin and tell your armies to protect you. You may tear it into pieces when you have seen."

'Looking up, I motioned my thanks, and my unknown friend left hurriedly. The idiom was certainly that of an English-speaking Chinaman. I was so excited that I woke the ladies to show them. Miss Gregg at once claimed it as the "little bird" and letter she had looked for that day in the reeds. We were all elated, and for a time our hardships all seemed much easier to bear for this little gleam of hope which the Lord had sent us. If this friend really went to Tien-tsin and made

known our position to the British Consul, we felt sure something would be done for us; nor were we wrong, as the sequel will show.

'On Monday, September 3, a large company of Boxers visited the place, and we noticed that their attitude towards us was more unfriendly than usual. One thrust the muzzle of his gun into my wife's face, and said something to the effect that they were "going to begin business to-day." The place was packed with them for more than two hours, insomuch that they were almost treading upon us. The children were especially frightened, and I was kept in constant conversation the whole time. If any of our own guard were about, they usually politely asked them to move on when they had looked at us. We were greatly relieved when all had left again; but the following morning early we were conscious that something unusual was abroad. We had just been reading together Psalm cxlvi., and had laid hold of the seventh verse, "The Lord looseth the prisoners."

'We learned that the mandarin from the neighbouring town had come, but we could not gather if his visit was on our account. Soon after our morning meal, one of the headmen came to tell us that they were in great trouble; the large party of Boxers mentioned had threatened to come in a body to-day and carry us off. The whole town and neighbourhood were in an uproar about us, and some of the leading gentry were endeavouring to "talk over" the men who had come to make the threat. The second day we could hear a great deal of shouting and much excitement going on in the street, and at night, when all was quiet, we learned what a difficult matter it had been to keep off the attacking party of Boxers. The civil department held a monster meeting in the city, which was attended by some five

hundred tradesmen and gentry, and by good words, apologies, and promises, they had succeeded in preventing an attack on us. So busy had they all been, that not a soul had been near us since early morning, and they forgot to bring us our afternoon meal till very late. When the secretary with one or two others came at last, we had just passed nearer the point of despair than we had reached all through our trials. Sick, ill, tried, cold, hungry, and uncertain, the black pall of despair was settling down on my soul. As evening came on, with tears I implored my wife and Miss Gregg to pray for me, when suddenly there was quiet and music in my heart. I listened to catch the tune, then my lips tremblingly took up the strain, and sang—

"Praise the Saviour, ye who know Him.
Who can tell how much we owe Him?
Gladly let us render to Him
All we have and are."

'The ladies soon joined, and as the warm comfort of the Lord's own peace flowed again in our hearts, we did not try to keep back the tears that would come.

'There was quite a consternation when they suddenly remembered that, amidst all their troubles, they had forgotten us. Very soon three or four different kinds of cakes and food were brought along, and while we ate we learned something of what had happened. Later, I was invited across to the meeting-room, and was told that we were to leave that evening by boat for Pao-ting-fu. With many assurances they tried to set our hearts at rest, but to us it seemed like going to certain death again, until one gentleman, taking advantage of a moment we had alone, told me that the English Consul, having heard that we were

prisoners at Sinan, had sent to Pao-ting-fu, demanding protection and safe escort to Tien-tsin, and that a Special Commissioner had been sent from Pao-ting-fu to fetch us. He had come with the mandarin the previous day, but they, being just in the midst of their trouble, had refused to hand us over, having told the Boxers that we had left the previous day; but they promised to escort us to Aucheo, the neighbouring governing city, and hand us over to the Commissioner there.

'So the door of our prison was opened and prayer answered, but not to go east to Tien-tsin, as we hoped, but to return to Pao-ting-fu, as His perfect will saw good. We knew that, owing to the Boxer movement being so strong and widespread, the way to Tien-tsin was practically impassable for a foreigner, and so had the Lord led us to trust Him that we went forward, knowing all would be well. "When He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them."

'About midnight on Wednesday, September 5, we walked down to the riverside, where two boats were waiting. Ourselves and six or seven of the escort embarked on one, some of the gentry and the rest of the escort on the other. I almost carried my dear wife, who was too weak to walk. Food had been made for us before starting, and now we were sent off with many expressions of goodwill from the little throng who had come down with us.

'It was only six miles up stream to Aucheo, which we expected to reach easily by daybreak, but a heavy thunderstorm came on when about a mile out, and after anchoring till the rain ceased, they elected to return to Sinan, get some refreshments, and start again at daylight. Consequently, we arrived on

September 6, about 8 a.m., having met two boats with soldiers, who had been sent out to look for us, as we had not turned up as early as had been promised.

'At Pao-ting-fu the Commissioner now came on board again, and gave us five hundred cash and more cakes. He asked how the Consul at Tien-tsin knew we were at Sinan, and a few other questions, then, promising we should not be separated, told the escort to take us down to the district Yamen. We quite expected a cart would be provided. As it was nearly a mile away, I explained to the soldiers that I was afraid my wife could not walk so far, and they told me to carry her on my back, and they would help with the children and our few belongings. Although she was now exceedingly light, I was correspondingly weak, so she attempted the walk, and with Miss Gregg's help, and by going very slowly, was enabled to get there; the Lord giving the strength.

'What a changed aspect the city now wore! One could hardly recognise it as the same place. Soldiers were in evidence everywhere; many of the shops were closed; the streets, usually so thronged, seemed forsaken. We were told by our escort on the way up that there had been a panic when it was rumoured that foreign troops were coming to the city. Many of the tradesmen and people had fled, a lot of the disbanded soldiers had run wild and pillaged right and left, but the officials had nipped this in the bud, and executed a few dozen of them. Peace was now restored, and there were no Boxers left in the city. The last statement we afterwards found was very far from true.

'After arriving at the Yamen, there was about an hour's delay while our papers were examined and the

officials decided what should be done with us. At last the underlings came, and would have taken me off to the men's prison again alone, but, refusing to budge, I said that they could take me to the mandarin, and I would explain to him. At this they went away, returning shortly to say that we were all to go to the women's lock-up. What a palace it seemed after our quarters of the past three weeks! How thankfully we settled down, and for the time being desired nothing better! Very soon we were visited by one and another of the Yamen people, who were profuse in their congratulations upon our escape.

'Nor was it long before a marked change in their treatment of us was apparent. We rose now in the scale rapidly; extra bedding was brought for us (the cheapest available), and I was allowed to have a shave, the mandarin's own barber being sent for the purpose. New paper was put in the window to keep out the cold at night, while again and again the women in charge were enjoined to look well after us and take care that we lacked nothing.

'The next day, Saturday, September 8, was the 15th of the Chinese 8th moon, a great feast-day. The mandarin sent us a meal from his own kitchen, with a present of moon-cakes and foreign sweets for the children. We were told that we should have rooms in the mandarin's private quarters, but that, as there was no room there to spare, a suite of rooms was being prepared for us in another Yamen, and would be ready on the morrow. An official was appointed by the provincial judge, acting as Governor, to give us daily attention and provide us with everything we needed. He visited us on Saturday to learn what we wanted, then came on Sunday with a new rig-out for each of us. What

a relief to lay aside our dirty things, and put on some clean, sweet, although cheap, clothing once more!

'On Sunday our meals were sent again from the mandarin's kitchen, and about 8 p.m., two carts, with four soldiers and others, came to take us to the new quarters. Thus by rapid strides we were transformed from outcasts and prisoners into honoured guests. This change in treatment was no doubt occasioned by the receipt of a telegram from H. E. Li Hung Chang, who was waited upon in Shanghai on September 7 by the Hon. John Goodnow and Dr. John R. Hykes, Consul-General and Vice-Consul, U.S.A., at the request of Rev. J. W. Stevenson, China Inland Mission.

'On arriving at our new home, we found two fairly large rooms, simply furnished, and moderately clean (for Chinese); a cook, with orders to serve us up anything we might like to ask for, and the four soldiers to guard us day and night and attend to us just as we chose to use them. Here, too, we found two more new coverlets, and an additional suit for each one of us of rather warmer clothing.

'Mr. Cheng, the official appointed to look after us, visited us constantly to see to our comfort and enquire after our needs. I must not forget to mention the courtyard and small garden, where we could daily get fresh air and sunshine. Little John picked up perceptibly from the very first day here. My dear wife, too, although slowly and with repeated painful relapses, made progress to recovery, and in a fortnight was enabled to help and relieve Miss Gregg, who for five weeks had been mother to my bairns.

'During the first ten days, all of us, notably Miss Gregg and myself, suffered acutely from painful and severe diarrhœa, while my old complaint of neuralgia

continued to trouble me nightly. But, as time went on, good diet, clean surroundings, fresh air and rest, combined to put us all in a better state of health. We were able to buy "condensed milk" in the city, and this was an untold boon to all, especially the children. What a solemn thing it was to be living in that city where so many of God's people had laid down their lives for Him! and as we heard from the three Christians who were permitted to visit us the details and horrors of those days, was it strange that our hearts turned sick within us?

'About a week after our promotion I was given permission to telegraph to Shanghai news of our safety, at the provincial judge's expense, although I was somewhat restricted in what I should say. In six days a reply came, "Hallelujah! Have wired news home. Wait instructions from Tien-tsin or Peking." This, our first communication from the outside world for four months, was pinned upon the wall, that we might continually refresh ourselves by reading it.

'Towards the end of our third week here, I received a letter from the Consul at Tien-tsin, with a note added by Mr. Lowrie. This, too, filled our hearts with rejoicing, as we learned all that was being done for our safety by the authorities in Tien-tsin, and also by our praying friends there.

. . . . . .

'A very real break comes into our diary at this point through my dear husband's serious illness. He was unable to write, and so I was led to continue our testimony to the Lord's goodness and mercy. The long waiting time of between five and six weeks at Pao-ting-fu was a very real testing time. The Chinese officials were always promising to send us to the coast, and just

at the last moment some excuse was forthcoming. They evidently had some definite purpose in keeping us. What was it? The most probable reason was to make use of us in the event of foreign troops coming into the district, and we were confronted by the fear that in the end they might make a final thrust at the enemy by killing us. One day, as Miss Gregg and I were talking about these things and feeling cast down, Vera, who was playing beside us and apparently taking no notice, looked up and said, so quickly and with such confidence, "Auntie, the Lord looseth the prisoners" (our Sinan text); then she again resumed her play. As we accepted her rebuke, our faith was strengthened, and we could not but acknowledge that "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings the Lord has perfected praise."

'How little we realised then the path the Lord had for us to tread! For weeks our little darling had been suffering from dysenteric diarrhœa, sometimes better, sometimes worse, and yet through it all so full of life that it helped to quiet our fears in regard to her, and we kept hoping that the change to the coast would completely restore her. We were as careful as circumstances permitted in reference to her diet, and it was good to see how she helped us by her self-denial. Whilst we were still praising God for my gracious recovery, we were brought face to face with the fact that in her case the diarrhœa was giving place to dysentery. All thought and attention were now centred in our darling. The dysentery passed away, and we were filled with hope. On October 8, she seemed much better, even asking me to make her some toys, though the desire for them passed away almost as soon as expressed. In the afternoon she began to complain of pain again, and that night she grew rapidly worse, though the dysentery did

not return. The next day we were shocked to see the change in our darling, but we did not realise that the end was so near. On the evening of the 9th, as I had been up most part of the previous night, my husband kept the first watch. About 3 a.m., I rose to take my turn, and as I looked at my darling I saw that a change had come over her. She did not regain consciousness again, although she asked her father to lift her up and give her medicine; and on October 10, after nearly a fortnight's illness, she fell asleep. In the solemn hush of that hour, God drew very near, and bound up our broken hearts, as with faltering lips we said, "He is worthy." We did not sorrow as those who have no hope, for we know that those who sleep in Jesus God will bring with Him, and that it is only "Till He come." His purposes through her had been fulfilled. She was undoubtedly used of God to preserve our lives. Her bright loving ways touched the hearts of the people and led them to spare us. Yes, her work was done, and in a very real sense her life was laid down for Jesus' sake and for China.

'The next day the Chinese officials brought us a coffin, and our darling's body was taken to a temple near by, and remained there until further arrangements could be made. This seemed to be the final strain for my dear husband. He had caught cold a night or two before, when watching our darling, and now there was an utter collapse. He complained of much pain; to swallow solid food was an impossibility. Each day found him decidedly weaker, and again we resorted to prayer. We heard rumours of French troops approaching, which filled us with hope and thankfulness, but we could not understand why the officials left us so severely alone during these few days.

'After many false alarms, the first detachment reached Pao-ting-fu on October 13. This we heard from the soldiers who kept guard; no one else came near. How was it? On Sunday morning there was a sensation and a rush. The provincial magistrate was announced. Now, we thought, all is well. But he simply told us that the French were there on railway business, and would have nothing to do with us! Monday passed quietly away, my husband still getting worse. On Tuesday, October 16, we decided to write to the French colonel, and ask the favour of medical help.

'Just as a soldier was on the point of starting, our eyes were gladdened by the appearance of a captain in the doorway. The colonel had just heard from a French and English speaking Chinaman, whom the captain brought with him, that we were in the city, and at once sent us an invitation to go into the French camp, an invitation which we were not slow to accept. An ambulance was brought for Mr. Green, and under a strong escort of French soldiers we left the city. We received much kindness from the French colonel and all the officers during our stay there, the only disadvantage being our inability to speak French. Our conversations had to be carried on through the young Chinaman mentioned above, and this made a real difficulty in reference to Mr. Green. We learned from the French that when the officials were questioned as to why they had not mentioned the fact of our being in the city, they replied that they rather wanted to send us to the coast, but that we did not wish to go!

'The British troops from Peking were now drawing near, and almost as soon as they arrived, October 19, General Gaselee and several officers came to see us.

The general was most kind to us, and offered to send the doctor round at once to see what could be done for my dear husband. Imagine what the sight of English faces and the sound of English voices meant after all these months! They reminded us that we were now in the midst of friends. The time of our deliverance had come, and with grateful adoration, too deep for words, we praised God.

'On Saturday, October 20, we were handed over to General Gaselee, and taken to the Field Hospital, where Mr. Green had the best medical help, so valuable in his critical condition. My husband was found to be suffering from hill diarrhœa and a complete nervous breakdown. General Gaselee gave instructions that no expense was to be spared. Major Thompson was most kind and attentive, as were many others. On Monday, arrangements were made for us to leave for Tien-tsin on the following day, by boat. We brought dear Vera's coffin with us. Lieutenant Bingham and Dr. Major Thompson were in charge, and there was a strong escort. Mr. Green got on very nicely until Friday afternoon, when his head began to trouble him. That night he was almost unmanageable, and he had not regained consciousness when we reached Tien-tsin on Saturday, October 27.

'The doctor at the Gordon Hall, where we were first taken, told us that he was dangerously ill, and after further consultation it was decided that it was best to have him removed to our China Inland Mission Home. Here the difficulty of getting a trained nurse had to be faced, but again the Lord provided in His own wonderful way. Dr. Stevenson, a lady of the American Methodist Mission, offered her services, which were most gratefully accepted.

'Sunday was a day of much prayer and anxiety for my loved one, but on Monday morning he regained consciousness. Looking at that time into the future, we realised that, as it had been, so it must be step by step with God. We are as those who are "alive from the dead." How solemn! How heart-searching! We cannot understand why we have been spared when so many of God's dear children have been called to lay down their lives for Him. We can only say, "It is the Lord." A more helpless little band there could not have been, so that the glory is all His own. We have often turned to Acts xii., where we read that "Herod the king put forth his hands to afflict certain of the Church, and he killed James the brother of John with the sword; and when he saw that it pleased the Jews, he proceeded to seize Peter also, . . . intending after Easter to bring him forth to the people." But God had another purpose for Peter, and so we read, "Now I know of a truth that the Lord has sent forth His angel, and delivered me out of the hand of Herod, and from all the expectation of the people of the Jews." "His ways are not our ways; but as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are His ways higher than our ways," and our hearts are still. May "the God of all comfort" comfort the many sorrowing hearts of those who have lost dear ones, and cause them to see "the bright light in the clouds." He was and is glorified in our lives.

'*Thursday, November* 1.—Our little darling was laid to rest in the English cemetery here. How different it might have been and has been with others! Many of God's dear children gathered with us to commit her body to the ground, "Until the day dawn and the shadows flee away."'

CHAPTER XVIII

The Sufferings of the Native Christians

One day a Catholic priest was endeavouring to persuade a native to leave the Protestant Church and come over to the Catholic fold. He knew the earnestness of his man, and so suited his argument to him. 'The Protestants,' said the priest, 'have never had men who were brave enough to die for their faith, whereas the Catholics have a long roll of martyrs. That is proof enough that we are the true Church.' The statement was, of course, ridiculously untrue. The Protestant Church in China even then counted a goodly array of martyrs. True, the Catholic Church could point to more, because she had been centuries in China, and during that time suffered frequent proscription at the hands of the Chinese Government. But the Boxer massacres produced more Protestant martyrs than all the previous decades of the Protestant Church's history in China. The exact numbers will probably never be known. But we do know that in every corner whither the Boxers came many suffered unspeakable tortures, and many preferred death to apostasy. The record of their sufferings is on high. The human record presents but noble examples, from which we may learn more.

Chinese Christians had apparently been singled

out among the converts of all lands for especial suspicion as to the sincerity of their motives. Every critic, and indeed every Western Christian, knew the opprobrious epithet, 'Rice Christian.' Many thought that this was a term coined by the Chinese in derision of the converts. In reality it is but a smart term invented by some scoffer, who disbelieved in the sincerity of all Christians, white as well as yellow. A missionary was once asked, 'What sort of Christians do the Chinese make?' He replied, 'All sorts, just as at home.' None knew better than the missionaries that there were tares among the wheat. At the same time, the ever-present persecutions which were sure to be the lot of all who joined the new faith, acted as a deterrent to those whose motives were sordid, and the Chinese were ready to suffer for their faith. The shortest experience showed that they could, on occasion, rise to surprising heights of devotion to their Lord. Chinese missionaries were therefore not surprised that many died martyrs' deaths, putting aside offers of life. Their heathen persecutors, like the Roman officials of old, seemed, in many instances, anxious to make the 'path to denial as easy as possible.' 'Only a knock of your head here' (before the idol); 'only a little incense! No matter whether you mean it or not!' cried the executioners. But even feeble women and little children waxed strong to resist these specious pleadings, until their tormentors smote them as if under a painful necessity.

Sections of this book describe the sufferings of the foreigners over whom the waves of Boxerism broke, or who fled before the flood engulfed them. But the full force of the storm beat most fiercely on the devoted heads of the native Christians. Occasionally an

official helped the foreigner, but who of them lifted a little finger to shield their own subjects, the native Christians? The foreigner, though under a cloud, might regain his influence, and he was, perhaps, worth making a friend of. But the natives who had been so base as to follow him were traitors to their country, and not fit to live. Flight and concealment were equally difficult. True, they had local knowledge of hiding-places, but that was equally possessed by the sleuth-hounds who were on their track. And some, while trying to hide their foreign friends, were slain because they refused to divulge their whereabouts. China, too, is the most difficult country in the world to hide in. Here are no inaccessible forests, such as the fugitive slaves of the South in the United States used to hide in. Here are no moss-hags to receive the hard-pressed runner, as in Covenanting Scotland. Even the mountains of China are inhabited by people, who worm themselves in 'like worms in an apple-core.' Boxerism raged, too, over the great plains of Northern China, where you can hardly go a step without brushing up against a man, woman, or child. The fields have watchers of crops. Upon all the reticulations of paths, you cannot travel long without meeting pedestrians. Happily, the sorghum was full grown during the brunt of the troubles, and gave temporary cover to fugitives until hunger or thirst drove them into the open. Frequently the crying of their hungry little ones betrayed their hiding-places. Women especially fell an easy prey to the Boxers, because unable on account of their bound feet to go quickly in case of pursuit, and thus their pursuers fell upon them and slew them.

But the Chinese are very averse to wandering far

from their homes, even if these be in ashes. If they escaped once, back they would come again to the old scenes, perhaps in search of some one of their family, and so once more meet their enemies. When a native leaves his village, he goes among strangers, for his own countrymen perceive by his dialect, or brogue, that he is a stranger (and a stranger is an enemy in China still). When he fled from Shan-si into the next province, there also Boxerism raged. No wonder they were at their wits' end to know what course was best. How, then, did they stand through the storm? That is the question which at once leaps to the lips of the reader. We answer, at least as nobly as the Christians in Roman persecutions.

In those days there were the *traditores*, who surrendered the sacred books to the persecutors. That was the age of parchment and hard labour, which made books rare and expensive. Hence the persecutors hoped to check the spread of Christianity by burning the books. Similarly, the first Emperor of modern China sought to destroy Confucianism by burning the books and burying the scholars. But nowadays the printing press makes books cheap and plentiful. It would be hard to destroy all the Christian books in China, and even if destroyed, the West would supply a fresh stock. Hence no one thought of demanding books, and we had no *traditores* in China. We had *libellates*, who procured false certificates from the magistrates that they had abandoned Christianity and returned to the worship of idols. In many instances, magistrates, and even Boxers, were anxious that Christians should accept these documents. Satisfied with outward conformity, both sides knowing well that the Christians were Christians still, and that their so-called reversion to paganism was only make-

believe, till the storm would pass, and peaceful and happier days return to the land. China had its *theorificati*, who, weakened under fear or torture, bowed the knees to idols. But, thank God, many of these went out like Peter and wept bitterly, and being converted will yet strengthen their brethren.

And China has its confessors and martyrs. The former tortured and harried, 'not accepting deliverance'; the latter going up to Stephen the proto-martyr's Master. During those awful months, He was bidding welcome to a succession of faithful Chinese martyrs who joined the great company 'who came through great tribulation, and washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb.'

In many instances, say some, they were given no choice to confess or to recant, and hence they are not martyrs in the strict sense. But we will not deny to them the glorious name—any more than to those missionaries who died without being given the option of recanting, and to very few even the chance to confess. We call the little innocents whom Herod slew in Bethlehem the first martyrs for Christ. So also do these Chinese babes in Christ deserve the name.

Some of them, mad with fear, committed suicide. At first sight, we are ready to condemn them, for the Christian Church in all ages has refused to follow the Stoics, Epicureans, and others who held that suicide, *e.g.*, that of Cato, is sometimes justifiable and even commendable; but in extenuation we must remember that the Chinese have always commended suicide in certain cases. Thus, each time foreign troops have invaded China, their victorious march has been preceded by numerous suicides of men and women, who died by their own hand rather than fall into the hands of

foreigners. Recently, in the North, the same thing has taken place. Over a dozen Imperial decrees, containing long lists of these suicides, have been issued, commending their patriotism, and conferring honours upon them and their descendants. And shall we greatly wonder if Chinese, having only lately come out of heathenism, did the same, through fear of falling into the hands of Boxers, from whose horrible cruelty they as Chinese knew so well what to expect? But foreign example even in this is not wanting. Dr. Martin, in his book, *The Siege in Peking*, tells us of foreign ladies who desired their friends to shoot them in the worst event, rather than allow them to fall into the hands of the Chinese. And their friends consented. Tennyson celebrates the fight of Sir Richard Grenville on the little *Revenge* against the Spanish galleons, and tells us how, at the last, Sir Richard cried:

> 'Sink we the ship, Master Gunner, sink her, split her in twain.
> Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain!'

And the Boxers were more cruel than the Dons.

The accounts which follow make no pretence to completeness. As these accounts of heroic suffering are perused, the reader should bear in mind the multitudes who suffered at the same time the same things, and perhaps even worse tortures, and of whose heroic endurance no record remains.

The native Church in Manchuria is the largest in China, over ten thousand being communicants and as many inquirers. The Boxer craze swept through the whole field. There were three distinct periods of trial: 1. The 'Fining Time,' previous to the Imperial decree ordering the extermination of all foreigners. 2. The 'Killing Time,' reminding us of the Scotch Covenanting

times. 3. The 'Torturing Time,' with a view to extort money.

In the Sungari region in most cases the Christians fled, and lost all their property. Those caught were imprisoned and tortured; others were suspended with ropes from the roof-tree. At least one man was roasted with fire, and his son, on hearing of his father's sufferings, committed suicide.

In Hai Lung Cheng the persecution was most virulent. All chapels and private houses of Christians were destroyed. In the city, four men were put to death, testifying their allegiance to Christ. Chang, a blind preacher, was harassed a week, during which he spent most of the time praying and fasting. He was then led out to a temple and beheaded, praying and confessing Christ. At Shan-cheng-tzu forty-one were killed. Hsin-Min-tun suffered most of all. Forty-five died by murder or fright or suicide, and sixty per cent. of the houses were burned. In Kuang-Ning forty-six died. Two Bible-women died after faithfully witnessing for Christ. One was killed by the Boxers. The other was hunted from place to place, and at last the family which sheltered her was killed for doing so, after which she and her husband, no longer able to bear the strain, committed suicide. One woman, over eighty, thought the Boxers would respect her age, and so made no attempt at flight. They asked her if she believed in Buddha. She replied that she did not, and was at once cut down.

Dr. Ross writes of the native Christians in Manchuria: 'Over three hundred of our Christians were beheaded, some with the brutality which the Chinese can manifest. Among these were very few women. As far as I have heard, there was only one place where men, women, and

MR. AND MRS. OLSON.
E. ANDERSON. E. ERICKSON. MRS. ANDERSON.
MR. AND MRS. LUNDBERG.

MR. AND MRS. NIREN.
MR. AND MRS. BLOMBERG. MR. AND MRS. NYSTRÖM.
A. GUSTASSON. MRS. FORSBERG.
K. HALL.
MR. AND MRS. BINGMARK. MR. PALM. MR. FORSBERG.

[*See p.* 82.

children were without exception and without mercy beheaded. In most places the women and children were unmolested.

'The severity of the persecution depended on the character first of the headman, and, second, of the mandarin of the district. Except the character of the mandarin, I have been able to trace no intelligible reason for the great diversity in the severity of the persecution. The most uncompromising and deadly form of persecution was in the town of Sin-pin-pu. Here we had a congregation of three hundred members, a large proportion being merchants and comfortable farmers. The value of the loss of goods and property there was fully $100,000 Mex. (£10,000). Every man, woman, and child belonging to the Christian religion who was seized was mercilessly and often barbarously put to death. In this town, where there was no visible cause of any grudge against the Christians, beyond their connection with the foreigner, the persecution was more heartless that in any other part of Manchuria. I have seen the mandarin, and I can understand his attitude. He is a devoted Buddhist and an ignorant man. By his action he hoped to accumulate a stock of merit. All over the country we find diversity—not because of what the Christians were or had done, but because of the character, the knowledge, and the aims of the mandarin.'

The following narrative of the sufferings of some of the native Christians in Peking is from the pen of Miss G. Smith, of the London Missionary Society:—

'One of the most promising schoolgirls, the daughter of Shao Hsing-sheng of Yen San, who with his wife was murdered, was married to a young preacher, Chang. They first came to the Methodist Mission, but Mr. Chang evidently did not think the compound safe, so he

removed his wife to his adopted mother's house. He left her there for a short time, and during his absence the landlord turned her, her baby, and her old blind mother-in-law out of the house. As she slowly went along, guiding the steps of the poor blind mother, and wondering where she should go, she was seized by a Boxer, who fortunately was not armed and was alone. He took her by the sleeve of her loose dress and said, "Follow me." She was compelled therefore to leave the blind mother and follow his rapid footsteps. When they had gone some distance, he had a Boxer fit, throwing himself on the ground in a paroxysm of rage. He foamed for a short while, then rose and said, pointing a stiff finger at her, "You *erh mao tza*, I will kill you."

'Upon arriving at a place close to one of the city gates, she saw about fifty armed soldiers guarding the gate, and not far away there were corpses of about seven Christians who had been hacked to pieces near the spot. She thought, "This is one of the places where they kill the Christians. I am going to be killed. O Lord Jesus," she prayed, "give me courage to witness for Thee until the end." The Boxer who had brought her there said, "Are you a Christian?" She replied, "I am." "Of what Church?" "I am a Protestant." He then placed a stick of incense in her hand and said, "Burn this to the gods, and your life will be saved." She replied firmly, "Never." The crowd who had gathered around began to jeer and laugh, and said, "Kill her, kill her, and see if her body will rise again and go to Jesus Christ." She turned upon them and said, "My body cut in pieces will remain scattered on the ground as these others, but my spirit will escape you and rise to God." She heard the soldiers exclaim, "How bold she is! She is not a bit afraid to die."

'The Boxer then started off somewhere to fetch his wife. One of the soldiers then called out, "You hateful Christian! you ought to die. But what would your poor infant do? Quick, run for your life!" She tried to run, but her knees trembled so that she could hardly move. The soldiers urged her, and she managed to escape before the Boxer came back. She found a hiding-place, a filthy little corner of a lonely place, and half-kneeling, half-crouching, she passed the night. In the early morning she observed the light of a lantern flickering to and fro, as though the owner was searching for some one. She hardly dared breathe, but as the light drew nearer she saw with joy that it was her husband. He had been seeking her since noon the day before.

'They succeeded in getting a cart and leaving the city in safety. They went to a little country village, and there a friend bought their safety by paying a large sum of money to the villagers not to betray them. Mr. Chang was very much concerned about his old blind mother, left alone in the streets of Peking, so, after ten days, he decided to return to the city and look for her. He arrived here, was seized by the Boxers, and murdered with one of our dispensers. Their hearts were cut out and offered to the idol. The dispenser leaves a wife with four small children.

'Another of our married schoolgirls' lives was saved by her husband in a curious way. In a very unfrequented spot he built a little stone hut, leaning against a blank wall, and looking as much like a heap of ruins as possible. The hut was about six feet high and four feet square, without door or window, and when he had placed his wife and child inside, he bricked up the aperture by which they had entered, only leaving a

small hole large enough to pass a little food and water through. Here they remained for six weeks in the hottest part of the year, and they both suffered unspeakable misery. The husband, at the risk of his life, crept backwards and forwards with food and water, but the supply was always scanty, and sometimes he was unable to come for twenty-four hours together. The poor little baby lived to leave its close prison, but died soon afterwards, as the result of semi-starvation during so many days.

'An old Christian named Chiang, and a member of our Shih Pa Li Tien church, sixty-seven years of age, took refuge with us at the Methodist Mission. He was a great Bible student, and had always led a really consistent Christian life, and was therefore much respected by all. He was restless and unhappy at the Mission, as his youngest and favourite married daughter was still in the country, and he feared for her. At last he decided to leave his safe shelter and go and see how his daughter fared, and nothing we could say could turn him from his purpose. The first opportunity that occurred he slipped away, and this was the last of saintly Mr. Chiang. On the way to his country home, he was betrayed by a woman, who pointed him out as an *erh mao tzu*. They seized him, and told him that he must die. "Very well," he replied, "but first give me a little time to pray," and falling on his knees he began, "Father, forgive them," but his prayer was never completed. The cruel knives descended on the aged, kneeling figure, and he was hacked to pieces.

'Another of our country Christians, with his wife and children, took refuge in the city. Here he was betrayed by a friend, who handed him over to a party of Boxers. They examined him, and decided he was not a

Christian. Whether he recanted or not, we do not now know, but the Boxers treated him very kindly, and gave him a sort of protection ticket. He returned to his family, but his wife says she never saw any one so completely subdued by fear. He was ghastly white, and trembling all over. "There is no hope for us," he said in a low voice; "we shall all be taken and killed. Let us die now." He then produced opium, which he insisted on his wife and children eating, and then, swallowing a large dose himself, he lay down on the floor beside his youngest boy. His wife and eldest son fortunately failed to retain the opium, and, after remaining in a state of semi-unconsciousness for a day, recovered. But the husband and little one died.

'One of our Christian Endeavourers wandered about homeless and penniless for more than a month. He at last took refuge in a little cave in the Northern Hills, and, thoroughly weakened by famine, at last contemplated suicide, an alternative to slow starvation. As he crouched in his little shelter, an old man passed by, and, observing his miserable state, spoke kindly to him, and said, "You may share with me the only food I possess, a little millet." The poor Christian gratefully accepted a small bagful, and subsisted on it raw for a few days, when he heard that the foreign troops had come, and he joyfully hastened back to the city.

'A Christian named Wen, his wife and daughter, and another Christian and her baby, were seized by the Boxers and taken before Prince Chuang. The baby was an engaging little fellow, and won the hearts of some of the Boxers, so the mother's life was spared for his sake. A servant of a big official who was present at the trial swore that Mr. Wen was not a Christian, but a respectable carter whom his master knew very well.

His evidence was accepted, and Wen and his family were released. As they left Prince Chuang's abode, Mr. Wen was again seized by Boxers, but the rest of the party managed to escape, and took refuge in the country, where they found a safe hiding-place till the troops came to Peking. Mr. Wen's head was shaved by his captors, he was loaded with chains, and in this sad plight was led from village to village by his captors, who stated that he was an *erh mao tzu* they were taking to Peking, but that they lacked the necessary funds. While a collection was being taken, he was hooted and jeered at and tormented by the crowd of villagers who had collected round him. When a sufficient sum had been levied, the show moved on to the next village. When the news reached his captors that the allies had reached Peking, they took to their heels and ran away. Mr. Wen followed their example, but ran in an opposite direction, and he hardly ceased running until he reached the capital.

'One of our church members, a man named Tung, was asked by another Christian to flee with him to the Northern Hills. Tung replied, "The Lord is able to keep me safe here in the city, if it be His will that I should live, and I would rather remain in Peking." He did so, and a few days after he was caught by Boxers, who cut his throat in a brutal manner, and left him for dead by the side of the road. His mother and brother, who were heathen, found him, and carried him outside the Chien Men. Here they erected a mat shed, and gradually nursed him back to life. But before the wound in his throat had healed, the Boxers, like blood-hounds, were on his track once more. He implored his mother and brother to flee while there was time. He said, "You are heathen; why should you perish with

me?" As they refused to go, he decided to die himself, and thus leave the way clear for them to depart. They approved of his decision, and purchased three kinds of poison, all of which he took without any ill effects. The Boxers had by this time arrived at the little hut, so, with an imploring look at his mother to flee, he took a large knife and inflicted a fearful wound on the other side of his throat to where the Boxers had previously cut. They thus found him apparently bleeding to death. They carried him to Prince Chuang, where so many Christians were tried and condemned to death, but decided when he got there that he was as good as dead already, so he was just thrown out on a heap of stones by the roadside. He lay there insensible till midnight, when he came to himself, and found the new and old wounds in his throat had stopped bleeding. He found he had strength to crawl, and dragged himself to a little retreat he thought of outside the city gates. In a day or two, the allies entered Peking, and he was discovered by a European soldier. Tung pointed to his throat, and said "Boxer" in English. The soldier understood, and very kindly assisted him into the city, where his friends nursed him until completely well. He has lately been happily married to a very nice girl, who loves him all the more for what he has endured, in spite of two hideous scars which stand out in livid ugliness on his throat.'

Li Pai was a shepherd on the hillsides near the city of Shao Yang, Shan-si, where Mr. and Mrs. Pigott laboured. He became one of the first-fruits of Shao Yang Mission. After helping the missionaries as well as he could, he was finally sent away, and, after many adventures, reached the coast. His story was taken

down by Dr. Edwards, of the Shao Yang Mission, who was in Peking at the time. Only parts of it illustrative of the sufferings of natives are given :—

'After Mr. Pigott had sent him away, much against his will, the faithful man still kept following at a distance to see how the missionaries would fare. As it would not be safe for him to go into the city, he hid himself in an empty shed outside the city gate. Only at night did he venture forth to listen to the conversation of passers-by, in order to learn, if possible, what had become of the party. His hiding-place was close to the road, and once he heard a great noise of shouting and trampling, and thought the Boxers were upon him. But it passed by, and he afterwards learned that it was a mob, hurrying seven fellow-Christians to a horrible death. Fearing detection if he stayed too long in the shed, he stole forth one dark night, and went about a mile and a half to the house of an old friend, a heathen, who was terribly scared when he opened the door and saw the face of a Christian. At first he would not let him in, being afraid lest Li Pai was seeking shelter, and might involve him in a common ruin. However, Li Pai assured him he was not going to stay, and begged him to find out the whereabouts of the missionaries, and tell him. "You will find me at such and such a place," said Li Pai, and departed.

'The poor fellow was so anxious for news that he had revealed his hiding-place to a doubtful friend. On reflection he perceived the folly of this course, and at once left the shed, and hid himself in the tall sorghum, where, unseen himself, he might get a stealthy peep at passers-by. To his surprise, he beheld his friend passing, and revealed himself to him. The friend gave him three cakes, which he devoured with thankfulness. For some

days he had had nothing but a little grass and unripe wheat, which he plucked in the fields. From the friend he learned the road the Pigott party were to be taken to the capital, and as soon as it was dark he travelled to a point beside the road, where he hid himself, to see them pass by. He was rewarded by seeing the party pass under escort, and heavily ironed. Of course he did not dare show himself, but he followed them, getting glimpses and news of them at different points right up to T'ai-yuen-fu.

'A distant relative secreted him for a time, by partitioning off a small space in his granary with straw, within which Li Pai lay, until he finally learned of the death of the missionaries at the Governor's Yamen. With a heavy heart he again took to the road back to Shao Yang. For two days he wandered aimlessly about, not knowing where to go or what to do. Then he thought he would go to Hsin Chou, where the Baptists had a station, but a friendly muleteer recognised him on the road, and turned him back, saying that all the missionaries had been murdered. Then he found a secluded village in the mountains where he got work in the fields, but, fearing discovery, he moved on, at last returning to Shao Yang, where he slept in a disused brick-kiln, and learned of the method of securing a certificate of protection by recanting. One recreant convert was employed in the Yamen as recorder of the names of those who recanted.

'At last Li Pai thought of a friend whose home was near Shun Te-fu, in Chihli, and he set off to find him. As he had been all through this region selling Christian books, he was in great danger of being recognised, and he therefore went very slowly and cautiously, begging his way in the smallest hamlets, as he had no money to

buy food. After twenty days' painful travel, he reached Shun Te-fu, very thin and weak. Four times during that dangerous journey had he been in mortal peril. Here are his own words:

'"Had it not been for God's mercy, I should not be here to tell the story. The first time I was in danger was on August 7. When passing through a large village, I was recognised by one man as a Christian. He immediately pounced upon me, bound my hands, and told the villagers I was an *er-mao-tsi* (secondary rebel). He took me to the village temple, and beat the big bell to call all the villagers together. He told them I was a Christian, and ought to be killed. But no one took his side, and some said that whether I was a Christian or not was nothing to them. 'Very well,' he said, 'if nothing to you, I will myself take him to Shao Yang and hand him over to the magistrate.' With that he led me outside the village, but suddenly turned round, threw down the rope, and said to me, 'Go.' I think he was chagrined because no one else sided with him.

'"That same afternoon I was passing through a village, and stooped down to drink from a well. Some people saw me, and rushed towards me, accusing me of putting poison in the water. Again I was bound, and they took me to the village temple, and discussed what should be done with me. Some said, 'Bury him alive'; others said, 'No, let us take him to the nearest official.' At last an old man came along, and said, 'We don't want to kill anybody here; and if you take the man to the Yamen, you will have to spend money. Bring him to my house, and we will make him drink water from that well every day, and then we shall know if he has put poison in it.' To this they agreed, and he took me to his house, where I stayed till the 11th. During this

time he treated me very well. He was a talkative old man, and I had many opportunities of explaining to him why the Christians were hated, and in this way I was able to preach to him. When he let me go on the 11th, he gave me a few small loaves to help me on my journey.

'"Two days later, August 13, I was again in great jeopardy, for in the morning I was recognised in a village where I had been some time before selling books. I was again bound, and the crowd which gathered on the street discussed how they should kill me. One said, 'We have no sword.' Others said, 'We have our sickles.' 'That will do,' they said, and they were leading me outside the village, when, to my surprise, they one by one dropped behind, until only the man who had the rope which was round my neck was left. Looking around and finding himself alone with me, he threw down the rope and ran back as fast as he could, while I was allowed to go on in peace.

'"But my troubles for that day were not over. I remembered that in the neighbourhood lived a man whom I had once employed as a shepherd. If I could find him, I thought he would be willing to aid me. I found him that afternoon, but, to my dismay, directly he saw me he called out to his fellow-villagers, 'The *er-mao-tsi* has come.' He then told them that I had led many foreigners into Shan-si, who had killed many Chinese. They bound my hands behind me, and after a time tied me up by my thumbs to a beam, and kept me there all that night, while they discussed if they should kill me. In the morning, another old man again pleaded my cause, and suggested they should let me go. To this they agreed, if I would write a paper guaranteeing that none in the village should die because of my

visit. I said that, as I could not guarantee my own life, much less could I guarantee theirs. They then said I must leave them my name and the name of my village. At once I agreed to this, and they then let me go."

'Li Pai found his friend, whose house was a haven of rest, as the Boxers were not so bad there as in Shan-si. Having regained his strength, he again started for Shan-si, passing mission stations in ruins and the place where his brother had been murdered. He seemed drawn back to that awful province by a sort of longing which he could not resist. He visited T'ai-yuen-fu, and at last came again to Shao Yang. There he learned that Mr. Pigott's faithful helper had been arrested by the Boxers, and put through a mock trial. A circle was made on the floor, and the figure of a cross within it. The helper was then commanded to spit upon it. On his declining, he was ordered away to execution. Here he also learned particulars of the murder of many native Christians, and of others who were only inquirers, or had been in the employ of the missionaries. He then left for Pao-ting-fu, where he met foreign friends, and his troubles were over.'

The following are some of the experiences of native converts connected with the Methodist Mission :—

Chang An, a steward, was taken by the Boxers, who demanded that he should recant and worship the idols. He replied, 'I will not; you can do as you please with me, but I will not deny the Lord.' He died under the sword.

Tou Tang, a faithful, intelligent Christian, had poor eyesight. When his friends urged him to make his escape, he said, 'I cannot flee; I shall be taken.' The

Boxers gave him an opportunity to recant and save his life. He firmly refused, and early in the morning they took him out and slew him.

Mrs. Yang, a pale, delicate, timid woman, with her two little girls, was taken by the Boxers, then released. She fled to relatives in the mountains, and was taken again. They tried to make her recant and worship the idols in the temple to which they took her. An attempt also was made to compel her to marry one of their number, and thus save her life. To all these demands she opposed a firm denial, and she and her daughters were cut down with swords.

Liu Ming-chin, a chapel-keeper, was bound to a pillar in the temple of Yu Huang. He kept preaching to his persecutors, as he was bound, realising that the Word of God was not bound. One of the Boxers in a rage cried, 'You still preach, do you?' and slit his mouth from ear to ear.

A Bible-woman, named Wu, was taken to the same temple and bound to a pillar. She was beaten across the breasts, but never uttered a cry. Then a bunch of lighted incense was held to her face till all the flesh was burned off. Then her feet and hands were cut off. Finally she was carried out of the temple, hacked to pieces, and burned.

A schoolboy, named Wang Chih-shen, was taken. He could have saved his life by worshipping some tablets. The village elders even begged him to do it, saying that then they could secure his release. But he refused, saying, 'I can't do it. To say nothing of disobeying God, I could never look my teacher and schoolmaster in the face if I did it.' So he died.

In the Tsun Hua region, one hundred and seventy-eight perished for their faith. Many of these were

tortured, as only heathen Chinese know how to torture. They now wear the martyr's crown.

In the Kaiping region, forty-five Christians were murdered. A father who had seen his son, seventeen years old, beaten to death for not recanting, refused to recant. Beaten and bruised, he was appealed to three times,— 'Will you recant now?' 'No, no, no, not if you kill me!' Then he was thrown into prison, as an obdurate fellow not fit to live. He was rescued long after by Russian troops. Burning alive, beating to death, dismemberment, disembowelling, drowning, snipping to pieces under a straw-cutter, throwing from a precipice, saturating with oil and then burning, burying alive,— such were some of the cruel tortures through which our brethren and sisters entered into the glory of heaven.

Dr. E. H. Edwards, one of the first party of missionaries to revisit Shan-si after the troubles, has gathered up the story of the native martyrs in Shan-si, and has carefully sifted the narrative, so as to obtain the truth. His list, however, cannot be exhaustive, and contains only a few of the faithful servants of Christ who walked the doleful way with Him during those awful days.

'While there were isolated cases of persecution by the Boxers as early as April, the storm did not break with full violence till the end of June. On the 25th of that month a proclamation was posted up at the telegraph office in T'ai-yuen-fu, which purported to be an Imperial decree. The substance of it was thatat Tuka war had begun, the Boxers having destroyed two foreign warships. It stated that, as a result, the Emperor was extremely pleased; and further, "now even children were able to use the sword and protect the country, and did not ask the Government for money or rations." The

Boxers would therefore burn all Christian places of worship, and kill all Christians.

'On July 9 came the massacre at T'ai-yuen-fu, by the orders and under the eyes of Yü Hsien himself. On the day of the great massacre, all Chinese who were found in the house with the missionaries, no matter for what purpose, were killed; and there happened to be five with the Protestants, and the same number with the Roman Catholics. Within the next few days four Protestants and about forty Roman Catholics were killed in the city. That a larger number did not suffer, is probably due to the fact that some of the officials did what they could to restrain the malice of the Governor, inducing him to allow a proclamation to be issued granting protection to the converts if they would recant.

'In other places throughout the province, it was, however, very different; the people, being in abject terror, and carried away with a frenzy, implicitly believed the absurd stories assiduously spread about by the Boxers. The old fable of foreigners and Christians cutting out and scattering the figure of a man in paper, which in a few days came to life and then had the power of doing much harm, was believed. It was said that men, more especially beggars, were hired by the Christians to poison the village wells, and make a mark with some red substance on the doors of the houses—the inhabitants of houses so marked being sure to get ill and perhaps die. So great was the terror spread by these reports, that numberless persons were killed who had no connection with Christianity. In consequence of the drought existing at that time, many people were wandering about picking up a precarious living, and not a few of them were accused of being in the pay of foreigners for bad purposes, and killed at sight. It was extremely danger-

ous even for respectable foot-travellers to go about singly, especially if they happened to stop near a village well to drink. They might be immediately seized and their belongings searched, to see if they had anything in the shape of medicine with which they could poison the water.

'It is but little wonder that the Christians had to bear the full fury of the storm; and that so many weathered it and have safely reached "port," is a matter for great thankfulness; while it is scarcely to be wondered at that, in the present condition of the Church in China (especially in Shan-si, where it is still in its infancy), so many were wrecked, and recanted in some form or other. But though wrecked for a time, we believe that they are still possible of "salvage."

'In the Hsin-chou district of Shan-si the persecution began soon after the flight of the missionaries for their lives on June 29. Several of the Christians accompanied them, among whom was Ho Tsuen-kwei. He was an old man of sixty, and at one time had been part proprietor of a dyeing business. On his conversion he had relinquished his share in this, and accepted a comparatively small salary to act as helper to the Rev. J. Turner. He remained with the missionaries in their hiding-place until about July 13, when he was sent by them to ascertain how matters were east of Hsin-chou, and to see if it were possible to get to the coast that way.

"On nearing Hsin-chou, he called at the village where his sister lived, and was there arrested by the local Boxers —just a few lads in their teens. By them he was taken to the town and handed over to the local official, Li Tsuen-kwang, who at once put him in handcuffs. The next day this official examined Ho, and tried to find

out from him where the missionaries were hiding; but he refused to tell. This made the magistrate very angry, and he ordered him to be beaten with the bamboo. He still refused to say where the foreigners had gone, and while being beaten the underlings of the Yamen and bystanders ridiculed him, saying, "Doesn't it hurt?" "You'll soon be in heaven." He was beaten with over one thousand strokes, and then, when nearly insensible, was thrown into prison, still wearing his handcuffs; and in addition his feet were put in wooden stocks. Another Christian happened to be in prison at the time, and attended to his few wants, but he was only able to take a little water, and on the fourth day death happily put an end to his sufferings. He was the first martyr—as he had been one of the first converts—in Hsin-chou.

'Ans-hsu-ken, aged fifty, and Chang-ling-wang, aged sixteen, also retreated with the missionaries to their hiding-place. The latter was not a church member, but had acted for some time as a servant to Miss Renault. These two were advised to return home, as the provisions of the party were diminishing, and there was little or no prospect of their being replenished. They started on their journey, but had not gone far before being arrested and examined by Boxers. It was soon found out who they were, and they were both condemned to death. The elder man pleaded for the life of his young companion, and begged that he might be allowed to return. But the lad stoutly refused to leave his friend, and they were both hacked to death and their remains burned.

'Si-er-mao, aged thirty-two, lived only ten li from Hsin-chou, and was well known in the neighbourhood as a Christian, as he was always preaching to his heathen neighbours. He was therefore one of the marked men, and

on July 13 was arrested and bound by the Boxers of his own and the neighbouring villages, and taken to a temple, where he was ordered to kneel and kowtow (knock head) to the leader. This he refused to do, saying he was a child of God, and would not kneel to devils. This made the Boxer chief very angry, and he ordered his followers to beat him with sticks. At once he was knocked down, and beaten while on the ground, but still he refused to kneel. His hands and feet were then tied together behind him, a pole passed through, and slung in this way he was carried to the boundary of two villages, and there hacked to death with swords. Having heard Si often speak of the doctrine of the resurrection, and fearing lest there might be some truth in it, and that he might come to life and do them harm, they cut across the soles of his feet before burying him in a ditch that was near at hand.

'On the same day, Chang-lao, aged forty-seven, and Si-wa-yu, aged sixty-eight, were arrested and taken to the village temple, tried, and condemned to death unless they would recant. This they refused to do, and they were then taken to the spot where Si-er-mao had been murdered, and were again urged to leave the Church. They still declined to do this, and were immediately cut down and killed. As a favour, their relatives were allowed to take away the remains for burial, but they were not interred in the family graveyard.

'A few days after, Chang-lao's mother, aged seventy, and daughter, aged eleven, found it necessary, in consequence of the threats of the Boxers, to leave their home and seek refuge with friends in a village near by. But no one would take them in, as they were connected with Christians. At a loss to know what to do, they were returning to their own village when they were met by a

band of Boxers, who arrested and took them to their chief in Hsin-chou to ask for instructions as to their fate. The answer soon came, "Kill them where arrested," and they were accordingly taken back and murdered near their own village.

'Cheo-chi-cheng, aged thirty, was employed in a boot shop in Hsin-chou. The same day that the missionaries fled, he took his wife and child to his mother-in-law's village for safety. Not long after, he was arrested there by the local Boxers, and beaten till he was insensible. They then searched his clothes, and, finding that he had on his person a copy of the New Testament, decided to burn him. For this purpose they made every family in the village contribute a bundle of millet stalks, with which the fire was made, and he was thrown on and burned to death.

'Wang Cheng-pang, aged fifty, was well known as a Christian, so, when the trouble broke out, he had to flee with his wife and family. He took them to a waste place in the open country, and then, thinking they would be safer if he were not there, left them with the intention of going to a distance. But before he had gone very far he was recognised by some men of a neighbouring village who were watching their crops, and they immediately set upon him with stones, and beat him till he was insensible. Finding that he was not dead, they then knocked out his brains with their reaping-hooks. No other member of his family was injured, as they all managed in one way or another to escape.

'When the missionaries fled on June 9, they rested at noon at the house of a Christian named Chang-Chih-kweh, aged fifty-three, who welcomed them warmly, and did all he could for them. A few days after, when they were settled in their cave, he went to visit them, but was

arrested on his way by the villagers of Chia-chwang, who long before the Boxer outbreak had been the bitter opponents of their Christian neighbours, because they would not subscribe towards the local theatricals or the upkeep of the temples. That same day the Boxers from Hsin-chou arrived at the village on their way to seek the hiding-place of the foreigners, and demanded that Chang should be their guide. But he stoutly refused to show them the way, even though he was threatened with death. His persistent refusal so angered them that they set upon him with swords and sticks, and he was slowly done to death.

'One of the saddest, and yet perhaps brightest, cases is that of Chao-hsi-mao, aged thirty, his mother, aged fifty-seven, sister, aged thirty-six, and wife, only nineteen years old. Being a prominent and well-known Christian, he was advised by his friends to leave his own village and flee. This he refused to do, and in July all four members were arrested by the Boxers, and their house and all their belongings burned. They were then bound, and taken on a cart to the Boxer chief at Hsin-chou to ask for instructions. He said, "I don't want to see them; take them back and kill them where arrested." While on their way back, they all joined in singing the hymn, "He leadeth me." Arrived at a vacant spot outside their own village, they were taken down from the cart, and the man was first beheaded with the huge knife generally used for cutting straw. Still the women would not recant, and the old mother said, "You have killed my son; you can now kill me," and she too was beheaded. The other two were still steadfast, and the sister said, "My brother and mother are dead; kill me too." After her death, there was only the young wife left, and she said, "You have killed my husband, mother, and sister-in-law; what have

I to live for? Take my life as well." Thus all four sealed their testimony with their blood.

'In addition to the foregoing fifteen, one other was killed by falling over a precipice while fleeing from the Boxers, so that Hsin-chou has now the honour of possessing a martyr-roll of sixteen "valiant saints."

'The next station north of Hsin-chou is Kwo-hsien, but here only one man, Chang-kwei, aged twenty-nine, was killed, so far as known. Though only an inquirer, he was evidently well known as a Christian, and was sought for by the Boxers. He managed to escape from his own village, but was caught in a neighbouring one, and at once killed.

'Forty li north of Kwo-hsien is Tai-chou, and the number of Christians killed there would have been much greater, had it not been for the energetic action of the Men-shang (attendant) of the local official. Among those who suffered was the mother of Chen-Chih-tao, aged fifty. When the Boxers rose, the whole family had to scatter, but the mother, not being able to go far, was the first one to be found, and she was discovered in a neighbouring temple where she was hiding. At once the Boxers set upon her with swords, and hacked her to death. Soon after, Chen-Chih-tao, his father and brother, were found and taken to the same temple. To prevent their running away, the soles of their feet were burned with hot irons, and then they were taken in a cart to Tai-chou, where they were to be tried by the Boxer chief.

'The Men-shang having heard of what was taking place, waited till they were passing the Yamen, and then rushed out with Yamen runners, rescued the three men, and kept them in the Yamen till the trouble had blown over. In this way this man saved the lives of

more than ten Christians, himself undertaking the responsibility, as his chief appears to have been a man without any stamina. In all the accounts received, nothing is more evident than that the local officials could protect the Christians when they wished ; and that when they presented a bold front to the Boxers, these braggarts and cowards were easily overawed.

'In the case of Wang-shih, aged fifty, who was only an inquirer, the Men-shang was unable to interfere, as the father of his accuser was a well-to-do man with some local influence. As early as July 3, Wang-shih was attacked in his own house, and one of his hands severely injured. He was taken to the official, and accused of injuring his neighbours. The official asked what evidence they had to produce, and one man at once spoke up and said, "My illness has been caused by him, and unless he is killed I cannot get better." The magistrate then asked Wang-shih by what methods he injured people and made them sick, but he did not make any reply. He was then ordered to be beaten several hundred blows with the bamboo, and after being beaten was being led away to prison to await further evidence, when the Boxers suddenly rushed upon him, and, dragging him away from the Yamen runners, took him outside the city to kill him. Arrived outside the east gate, he was first set upon by the would-be sick man, who thrust him through with a sword. The whole crowd of Boxers then attacked him, and he was cut to pieces.

'The terror in which even the people connected with Christians lived during the time the Boxer power was at its height, is illustrated by the case of Cheng-feng-hsi, aged forty-seven. He was part proprietor of a shop in the city of Tai-chou, and, fearing lest he should be arrested,

he attempted to escape, climbing over a wall. Unfortunately, he fell and broke his leg, and was carried back by his assistants to the shop. His partners, fearing it should be known that they had a Christian there, urged him to poison himself by taking opium. This at first he firmly refused to do, saying, "If you don't want me here, hand me over to the magistrate, or even to the Boxers themselves." But they were too much afraid to adopt either of these plans, and finally either poisoned him or else compelled him to commit suicide by taking opium.

'In a village not far from the city lived Tso-hung and his family. On the outbreak of the persecution they all had to flee, and scattered in various directions. His wife, mother aged ninety, and daughter aged ten, hid in an old graveyard, but were found by the Boxers, who were going to kill them, when some friend rushed to the city and informed the Men-shang. Without waiting for his horse, he immediately went out with his attendants on foot, rescued the three women, and arrested the Boxer leader. Unfortunately, the little girl had been so injured by the harsh treatment she received at the hands of the Boxers, that she died soon after, raising the martyr-roll of Tai-chou to four.

'Fan-si-hsien is a small town one hundred and thirty li to the north-west of Tai-chou, and the events which happened there afford further evidence of the influence of local officials, and their power either to protect the Christians or to leave them to the mercy of the Boxers. Missionary work has only been carried on in this town some four or five years—a missionary perhaps visiting it once a year. There were already quite a number of inquirers, who, though not baptized, were recognised by their neighbours as Chris-

tians. A small house had been rented as a chapel, and an evangelist placed in charge. On Sunday, July 1, a number met for worship as usual, notwithstanding the drilling of the Boxers and the many wild rumours. The evangelist, Chao-yung-yao, had previously been advised to leave and go to his home, but he said he had been appointed to that station and would not desert his post. As things became more threatening, he even sent in a petition to the magistrate, saying that, if the Christians were in fault, he was to blame, as he had taught them the doctrine. He asked, therefore, that he might be punished in some way to appease the anger of the people, and allow the others to go unmolested.

'To this petition the official gave no heed, and the Boxers evidently knew they had a free hand, for the storm burst suddenly on the little band on Sunday, July 1, after their service. The mob first attacked the chapel, breaking both the doors and windows, and then set the place on fire. They then sought and caught the evangelist, dragged him to the main street, and there beat him until he was unconscious. Regaining consciousness, he attempted to rise, and was partially kneeling when one cried out, "See, he is praying even now. Drag him to the fire." Immediately some of the bystanders caught hold of him and pulled him towards the burning chapel; but he said, "You need not drag me; I will go myself." He quietly walked to the chapel and entered the burning building, and almost immediately the roof fell in; death must have been instantaneous.

'But the mob was not satisfied, and sought everywhere for the Christians. Kao Chung-tang, aged forty-four, was caught on the street, beaten till nearly dead, and then thrown on the smouldering ruins of the chapel.

He was still conscious, and after a time begged the bystanders to give him some water. "Do you want it hot or cold?" asked one man. "See, I will give you some lukewarm," and then offered him some wine to drink. "Others," said he, "would not even give you that." Among all the crowd there was not one that took pity on him, and the poor fellow lingered on till the next day.

'Hsu-yen, aged thirty-six, and Li-chung, aged thirty-two, were both at the service on that fateful Sunday, and when the riot began fled outside the city, but were caught, bound and beaten, brought back to the city, and thrown on to the burning ruins, where they perished.

'Not content with what had been done in the city, the Boxers then turned their attention to the villages. The home of Liu-tsi-hen was one of the first to be attacked, and the house was destroyed. All the members of the family escaped for the time being, the wife going to her mother's home in a village near at hand. The Boxers of that village, hearing of her arrival, immediately sought her, and she had to flee a second time, and hid in a field of wheat. There she was found and caught, and it is said she was stripped of all her clothing, and bound and taken to the city, her captors beating her as they went along. Arrived at the city, she was thrown on to the smouldering ruins of the chapel, where she was left by her tormentors, who soon afterwards scattered. Finding herself free, she managed to creep out of the ruins, and had passed the city gate and was making her way home, when she was caught again by the Boxers, brought back, and a second time thrown on to the ruins. This time they did not leave her, and as by night-time she was not dead, they took a cord and

strangled her. Notwithstanding all her sufferings, it is said she remained steadfast to the end.

'In another village, the house of Kao-lien-teng, aged fifty, was attacked and burned. He himself was at once arrested and taken to the city, where he was tried by the Boxers. He was asked, "Why did you enter the Church?" "Because it was good." "Why, then, do you injure people?" "I do harm to no one," he replied. "Well, if you will leave this foreign sect and worship Buddha, we will not harm you." To this he made no reply, and they cried out, "This man is not willing to repent; throw him into the fire." He was then dragged to the chapel, and thrown on to the smouldering ruins and perished. His wife fled, and managed to reach her sister's home, but was there arrested and brought to the city. She was taken to the Yamen, but the official would have nothing to do with the case, and she too was burned to death in the same place as her husband. The eldest son, aged twenty-two, was arrested while fleeing, and taken to his village and burned in the ruins of his own house. His wife, aged nineteen, fled and hid in a cave, but was found and immediately stabbed, and then buried before she was really dead. His second son, aged fourteen, fled from village to village, pursued by the Boxers, and was eventually taken in and protected by an uncle. He was so much frightened, however, that he was never himself again, gradually wasted away, and died in April 1901. Thus, of this family of seven, five have laid down their lives for the truth, and the two remaining are a girl of seven and a boy of four.

'But this does not complete the tale of those who lost their lives on that dreadful day, July 1. Two brothers, Yao-Ch'i-heo, aged fifty, and Yao-Ch'i-wang, aged forty-four, were at the Christian service in the city,

but managed to escape to their own village. They were immediately arrested by the local Boxers, their house set on fire, and the elder of the two was burned in his own home. The younger was taken to the temple of the god of war in the city to be tried before a Boxer tribunal. It was at first decided that, if he would provide fifty swords for the "cause," he would be allowed to go free; but thereupon two Boxers kneeled before the chief, and begged that he might be at once killed, "because he had done much mischief." Their request was granted, and he was handed over to their tender mercies. As he was being led along, he said, "This is the happiest day of my life." This angered his persecutors all the more, and as soon as they reached the outside of the west gate they set upon him with their swords and killed him.

'On that same day, Kao-Chung-tang's elder brother, Kao-Ye-chung, aged fifty-two, their mother, aged seventy, and a boy of fifteen, escaped, and reached the outside of the city before they were arrested. They were taken to a Boxer chief at the village of Li-chia-chwang, and he was asked what was to be done to them. "Set fire to the house of the Christian Kao-lien-teng, and burn them in it"; and these orders were instantly carried out to the letter.

'Perhaps the most sadly interesting case was that of Wang-hsin, aged thirty-three. He was a native of Fan-si, and was well known in the city as having formerly been a gambler, opium-smoker, and, in fact, a regular "black-leg." The genuineness of his conversion was manifested by a complete change of life, and though not baptized, he was entrusted by the missionaries with a few books to sell, and thus became equally well known in all the surrounding districts as a Christian. Early in

July, he was arrested in the village where he happened to be, searched to see if he had any poison on him, and all his books burned. Not content with this, his persecutors set upon him with swords, wounding him seriously. They then bound him, took him to the city, and held a kind of trial in front of the military Yamen. Many of the people said to him, "We know you were formerly a bad character, but have now reformed; only leave the foreign sect, and you will not be killed." He replied, "I have already left the foreign sect" (apparently referring to Buddhism), "and now follow the heavenly doctrine, reverence the Supreme Ruler (Shang-ti), believe in Jesus, and worship the True God. How can you say I belong to a foreign sect?" It is said that he spoke quite a long time to his persecutors, but the Boxer leader said, "This man has evidently been poisoned by the foreigners; what is this he is talking about? If we do not kill him, he will certainly do mischief." He was immediately taken outside the west gate of the city, and there killed in a most barbarous manner.

'One of the most pathetic cases was those of the sisters-in-law, wives of two brothers, Soen-cheng and Soen-hsiu, who with two children were burned to death in their own house. Their homes were attacked on July 2, and all had to flee, but the two women being near the time of their confinement were not able to go far. The wife of the elder brother was caught in a neighbouring village, taken to the temple, bound to a tree, and then beaten. The next day she was taken back to the temple of her own village,—her own home being all in ruins,—and there gave birth to a child, which was immediately killed by the inhuman monsters. A mock trial was held, and she was asked, "What

poison have you about you with which to do mischief?" She bravely replied, "We have left the false and turned to the true; the evil for the good. How have we done any mischief?" The leader of the Boxers yelled out, "She is not telling the truth, and will not leave the foreign sect. She ought to be burned!" At once the part of her own home which was not quite burned was rekindled, and she and a little boy of six, who had accompanied her all this time, were driven into the flames at the point of the sword.

'The wife of the younger brother was also caught, taken back to her own village, and tried by the same tribunal. "Have you scattered abroad paper men to injure the people of your village?" she was asked. She replied, "It is you who kill, burn houses, and do mischief, not we." This made the Boxer leader very angry, and he said, "This woman ought to be burned to death," and she and her little boy of five were both driven into the flames like her sister-in law.

'One other woman, who died from injuries received while fleeing from her persecutors, raises the martyr-roll of the infant Church at Fan-si to twenty-two.

'The accounts of these massacres have been given both in writing and verbally, and there is every reason to believe they are correct. The stories are unvarnished, and given as far as possible in the words of the narrators. That there were not more killed is probably due to the fact that, soon after July 9, a proclamation was issued, notifying the Christians that if they left the Church they should be protected. A great number availed themselves of this offer, and, having obtained the certificates of protection, returned to their homes, to find them pillaged and burned. But the Boxers having tasted blood, it was difficult to restrain them, so

on August 25 another proclamation was issued, saying that the authority to kill was not with the people or even the high officials, and after that date if any were killed without cause, the murderers would be summarily executed.'

CHAPTER XIX

The Story of Mr. Fei Chi Hao

Mr. Fei Chi Hao was the first to bring from the province of Shan-si authentic information regarding the awful massacres of the year 1900 in that province.

Mr. Fei was a young man of twenty-four years of age, and a graduate of the American Board Mission College in T'ung Chou, near Peking, where he learned amongst other things to speak English. When his college course was completed, he went to T'ai Ku in Shan-si, and spent a year and a half in teaching one of the Mission schools there. Subsequently he went to Fen Chou Fu, and was associated with the missionaries of the American Board working in that city, principally as assistant to Mr. Price in the boys' school there. He was with the missionaries during all the hazardous time preceding and almost up to the time of their death, and it was only after urgent representations that he was persuaded at last to fly for his life and bring the news, which was, alas! subsequently only too fully confirmed.

The story of his flight is thus told by Mrs. A. H. Smith:—

'As Mr. Fei was riding along in the back of the cart along with the missionaries from Fen Chou Fu, he noticed a Chinese soldier eyeing him intently. He inquired where Fei's home was, and on learning that it

was T'ung Chou, he remarked, "Just ride this horse and you will soon get there," meaning that he would ride to certain death, and then his soul would revert to his ancestral home, but Fei did not take it in. Later he said, "Such a pity for one so young as you to be bewitched and follow foreigners." Another man wanted Mr. Fei's boots, but when he objected a third said, "Never mind taking them from him; they will be ours in a little while any way." Later, a fourth said plainly, "Escape for your life! We are about to kill the foreigners!" About a mile ahead was a village where twenty soldiers were waiting to kill them all.

'At this place he took his last look at the kind faces and left. No words were possible in the presence of the guard, but he thinks they saw him go. When he had gone a short distance the soldiers stopped him, and wanted his money. He protested he had only enough for his journey, but gave them his watch. One took his boots and gave him instead a wretched old pair of shoes, much worn and far too small. He went on farther, but they still pursued him; one seized his queue and one held an arm, while they took his silver, all but one ounce, left at his pleading. About a mile from the village he heard shots fired. The day was very hot, and he suffered from violent bleeding at the nose, but at dark he arrived at Ping Yao Hsien, whither he went because the foreigners were to have been sent there, and he had a faint hope they were still living. His clothes had been taken from him, and he wore only a small jacket. When he thought it over, it was a sorry outlook: he had lost his foreign friends. His relatives in Shan-si he supposed to be dead. His immediate family were in T'ung Chou, hundreds of miles away. He had no clothes, no bedding, and almost no money.

LI PAI. FEI CHI HAO.

WANG HSI YO. WANG MING. NICH T'UNGNGAN.

WANG PAO T'AI. J. P. BRUCE. WUCHIEN CH'ENG.

[*See pp.* 359 *and* 383.

'On the second day he decided to return to Fen Chou Fu, to learn with certainty the fate of his friends, and get a little money for his journey. A cart was going; he changed his one ounce of silver and paid the man four hundred cash. When they had made half the journey they stopped at an inn, that the animals might rest. Here he learned details more than enough. Mr. Fei was sorely perplexed and troubled, and thought of leaving the cart and running away. Finally, he prayed earnestly for guidance, and God showed him he was to go back to Fen Chou Fu at all costs. He arrived there at 8 p.m., crept cautiously by a back street to the house of a church member, who was startled enough at his appearance. Here he learned more details. He must move on. It was a dangerous place for a Christian. Mr. Fei's host, for ten years in service of foreigners as a courier, must fly himself. At daylight they left the city, hoping no one would recognise Mr. Fei. They were startled by one man's observing to him, "I am glad you got away. They killed the foreigners; you get quickly into some little village and hide." Going out two miles he found a poor Christian, who went to a relative and pawned an ornament, raising fifteen hundred cash, which he gave him, with an old garment and his dinner, and then hurried him away. He left them cold with fright over the fearful news he brought.

'After two days he arrived at T'ai Ku. A teacher, Kung, told him the details. He was not a Christian, but had a nephew in the T'ung Chou College. He said to Mr. Fei, "You have known missionaries for many years in T'ung Chou and here. Tell me, if they have done nothing outrageous, why all on a sudden does every one wish to exterminate them? They must have done

some evil." To this Mr. Fei replied, "I have known them well and long, and they have done no wrong. You must not judge things as they appear now. Wait till later on."

'This man's nephew had two letters in his hands written by the foreigners. He was in hiding. Early in the troubles at T'ai Ku, Mr. Kung had written a letter to the Church urging them to fly to the hills. Mr. Clapp and all the rest had horses saddled ready to go, but teacher Liu had said, "I will not fly. Outside everywhere there are Boxers, and God can take care of us as well in one place as another. I shall stay and die here." So they all gave up. Teacher Kung said to Mr. Fei, "Don't be bewitched any longer. Leave the foreigners, come back and worship your own gods, for you can see for yourself, after what has happened, that it is they that have the real power."

'Mr. Fei was too dismayed and heartsick to talk to him more, but implored help to leave. Mr. Kung was well off; had four or five servants. He, his mother and wife, smoked several hundred taels' worth of opium a year. He gave Mr. Fei fifteen hundred cash and an old garment. Later that day he arrived at Yu Tzu Hsien, and heard that a month or more earlier the Boxers had killed over a hundred church members there.

'At Sou Yang Hsien he passed the foreign house and chapel. Dumb, silent, dreary, and desolate, they stood, windowless, doorless, and a donkey was tied within God's house. The missionaries had gone to Tai-yuan-fu.

'Mr. Fei could not understand the wonderful strength that came to him on this journey; such as he had never known before. On the difficult mountain road he was able to do over thirty miles a day, and even then it took

him five days. It was very hot in the day, but very cold at night. He could not lie down at night, as he had no bedding and his legs grew cold, so he sat all night drawn up in a shivering heap. Not one familiar face did he see. People at the inns would not keep a suspicious-looking tramp who had not an ounce of baggage. He felt, on looking back on it, that a thousand taels would be no inducement to travel over that road again in such a manner.

'When he got to Huai Lu Hsien, Governor Yü Hsien and two thousand soldiers were there. He hoped much to see some China Inland missionaries there, but found that the Governor had arrested the Green family and Miss Gregg and sent them to Cheng Ting Fu. Every day as he passed between Huai Lu Hsien and Pao Ting Fu, he met countless hordes of Tung Fu Hsiang's troops and other soldiers, escaping after their defeat. They marched along, looting all the way, but poor Fei in his absolute destitution had nothing to fear. He had nowhere to sleep or to buy food, as the soldiers had seized all the inns.

'At Cheng Ting Fu the soldiers kept all the gates closely barred, for fear of the looting, marauding hordes from without. He waited an hour, then, there being no soldiers about, the thirty civilians were allowed to enter, and the gates were at once closed again. He went to the large Catholic cathedral, and found there a bishop, three priests, five foreign sisters, five railroad people, and others; in all nineteen foreigners. The Catholics furnished him clothing and food, and were exceedingly kind. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Griffith and baby and Mr. Brown of the C.I.M. They spent two or three hours in earnest, wistful talk, they sympathising with him. They told him they had been in hiding twenty

days; a crowd of a hundred people had mobbed them; their clothing had been taken, and all their money except five ounces of silver. They had had fearful hardships in travelling. They had walked ten miles in the middle of the night. Mrs. Griffith had been ill. Her husband supported her as well as he could, and Mr. Brown carried the baby. An official had sent them away on carts to another district. The official at that place was kind, and gave them money and clothes. They were finally sent to Cheng Ting Fu, and the official asked the Roman Catholic bishop to receive and care for them. These troubles brought Protestant and Catholic together, there and elsewhere, as nothing ever has before in all these years in China.

'The official would not let Boxers into the city, but they knew their danger was not past. They longed to give Mr. Fei letters, but did not venture, as five couriers had been killed near there. They wished a message to be sent to an English official of their state and danger. Later, Mr. Fei was able to comply with this request. The bishop gave Mr. Fei one thousand cash. Mr. Brown wished that Mr. Fei might tarry longer, but duty pressed, so they shook hands and parted. That day, besides his visit to them, he travelled over thirty miles, and his feet were made very painful with blisters.

'At Ting Chou, fifty miles from Pao Ting Fu, he found the railway still running; if he had had some money, he could have rested his tired feet. It was a long train; many baggage cars were being used to transport Chinese soldiers and horses to Ting Chou. Two thousand men were said to have come on that train. He trudged ten miles more, then boarded the cars and offered a sum for a ride; was curtly informed that there were no tickets and the cars were run for the army, and

so was put off. He and the other evicted civilians each crept stealthily into a different baggage car and lay down. No one noticed them till within a few miles of Pao Ting Fu, where the train stopped for some trifling repairs. There a track-tender saw them, demanded money, reviled and beat them. Fei fled, leaving the others in the man's clutches.

'Arrived at Pao Ting Fu, he entered by the west gate and left by the south. The city was all in a hot racket, swarming with defeated troops from Peking. He hired one-third of a t'sang, or compartment, in a boat for eight hundred cash. They were so crowded that it was difficult to turn over at night, but that had at least the advantage of making them a little warmer. In Pao Ting Fu he went to a shop to change his remaining ounce of silver, and asked the news. "The foreigners were all killed and their houses burned." "Where are you from?" "Shan-si." "How about the foreigners there?" "They are all killed and their houses burned." "It was the will of Heaven," said the man complacently. "The will of Heaven," echoed Fei, but with how different a meaning!

'The boat was loaded with defeated soldiers and two Boxers. Whenever the boat stopped where there were Boxers, these two got off, introduced themselves, drank tea, were well treated and given a card introducing them to the next Boxer camp. Very like living over the mouth of the pit was that journey. They gambled, reviled, quarrelled, and fought. In his compartment was a soldier, better than the rest, and an old man hunting for his soldier son. Fei hardly left his retreat all the way, as he did not wish to talk to any one. He saw many boats loaded with Boxers, with their swords and gay sashes. Once a great horde of them came close to him as the

two boats stopped, but God filled his heart with a great peace. The rain poured down day after day. It leaked through the boards and wetted them. He lay on stalks, which cut into him unmercifully.

'One day it was very cold, and they could not go on, and the ennui and long suspense were unendurable. He stretched himself out wearily, and, before he thought what he was doing, said aloud in English, "Oh dear, dear!" He quaked with apprehension, but no one had heard him. Boats dared not go below Tu Liu. There he hired a little boat for two hundred cash, the very last money he had, as there were two days they could not travel, and, alas! he had to eat whether it rained or not. The last day he had nothing to eat. He longed to snatch something as others were eating, but controlled himself and refrained.

'He arrived at Tien-tsin just before the gates closed, just fifteen days from Fen Chou Fu. He saw French soldiers, Russians, Sikhs, Japanese, and at last an American, who took him to his captain. He was a kind man, and made him sit down to tell his story. He showed the officer his bit of blue cloth,[1] and told his sad tale. The thoughtful officer ordered rice and bread, and he had a full meal at last. Four soldiers then took him to three officials in the Yamen outside the city, where the weary soul was kept standing two hours answering questions. At eleven o'clock, wearied out and longing to go to bed, he was taken down Tzu Chu Liu, three miles farther, with a soldier. At twelve o'clock at night he faced a British officer there, who humanely dismissed him to bed. It was well for him that he had walked the three miles, for kind Mr. Dickinson was the host of this

[1] A piece of cloth given him by Mr. Price, with the words written in blood, 'What this man says *is true*.'

official. He made such a bed of nice clean blankets and wraps that Mr. Fei felt as if he was in heaven. Next day Mr. Tenny and Dr. Porter and Mrs. Smith of the *Tien-tsin Times* had a long interview, and wrote down what he said, but made him sit and treated him as a friend. As he was ragged and forlorn and without stockings, he ventured to ask his kind host for a little help, hoping for a dollar or two. What were his surprise and joy to be given twenty dollars! The English Consul questioned him for an hour. An English official wished him to go to Wei-Hai-Wei with him as interpreter; he would receive $30.00 a month and his food and clothes; but duty still stood at the helm of his barque. He must not do aught else until he had learned the fate of his family at T'ung Chou. He went up to see his Chinese friends at the American Board Mission. When they saw him, ragged, dirty, stockingless, and with long hair, his schoolmates and friends were much moved, some of them to tears. He tarried and rested six or seven days, then thought he would seek his old teacher, Mr. Tewksbury, and ask his advice, after attending to his family affairs.

'He was sent to T'ung Chou on a boat with a military official, and they were seven or eight days on the journey, as the water was high owing to the heavy rains of the season. Mr. Fei felt sure the official was not a Christian, for he drank much, smoked much, kicked his Hindu servant and the boatman, and talked in a yell. Every day at noon he took some soldiers, left the boat, and went off to villages to loot whatever they pleased. Among these things were three donkeys, one mule, three carts, some sheep, and a hundred chickens. At one place they found a rich old man. Every one else had fled. They demanded money. He

said he had none. They found many swords and some red cloth, and charged him with being a Boxer. He denied, but they shot him and took all his things. The officer was very imperious to Mr. Fei, calling "John" in tones of thunder whenever he wanted him. One dark night he made him go a mile through the mud and overtake another boat to get a plate.

'On nearing T'ung Chou, Mr. Fei left the boat and eagerly sought his village home. He found a desolate heap of ruins, and the whole village deserted. A man going out of the back gate heard him, and began to run. His heart told him it must be his brother. He called his name, and the man at once turned back, and the two, long parted, wept together a long time. His brother was in great fear. Once a Hindu had come and impressed him to work, dragging him off by the queue at a time when he chanced to have no upper garment on. He was forced to pull a boat, a kind of work he had never done before. It was hard work, and the board for tracking cut his chest cruelly. They would not allow him to come on the boat to sleep nor warm himself by the fire, and although he had enough to eat he was paid nothing for his work.

'Mr. Fei also went to his elder brother's house. The brother was not at home; he had become a Boxer. All the family had fled in abject terror of the frightful Hindu soldiery, who impressed the men and outraged the women, old and young indiscriminately. Five women were killed because they made some resistance. "It was China's recompense," he said sadly, thinking of what the Boxers had done to foreigners.

'His sister-in-law was still there, because she was a paralytic, and could not fly. In July the Chinese soldiers had killed one man and looted everybody.

Every one ran away, her husband among the rest. She had no one to give her anything to eat or drink, so she crept to the river bank to end her griefs there. A Chinese soldier exhorted her not to die, and she thought better of it, and toilfully went back home again. After three or four days her husband came back. She had cried until she could with difficulty see, and he hardly recognised her. He tried to comfort her. He and his son brought her something to eat in the daytime, but for a month they went to a place of safety four miles away for the night. Again and again during her agonising suspense she saw the dreadful foreign soldiers come into the yard, but the house was little and dark and looked deserted, and they went away, never discovering her. She heard the foreign bugles and shots fired.

'She was a thrifty, shrewd housekeeper once, and managed well for her husband, but had been very ungrateful and undutiful to her kind mother-in-law, and the neighbours saw in her suffering the will of Heaven. She said, "If my father and mother-in-law had lived, I would not have been left alone to suffer so." She seemed much moved at Mr. Fei's appearance. He told them about the sister in Shan-si, and they told him that his wife's maternal grandfather and grandmother, Christians, were killed by the Boxers.

'Mrs. Fei had been a dull girl, and would not "learn the doctrine" at all when he married her. She was a great burden on his heart. After he got to Shan-si, after earnest prayer, even from that great distance he succeeded in getting her into the Bridgman School, where her mind was awakened and she had her feet unbound. He saw her with the others that night, but, true to Chinese etiquette, did not say a word to her.

How glad the poor woman must have been even to see him! The grandfather and mother who brought her up had been killed by the Boxers; the kind mother-in-law was gone, and she was left to the care of a termagant sister-in-law.

'Before the death of Mr. Fei's father and mother, the village bully, a Mr. Li, who was friendly with the Feis, promised the son to forewarn him if the Boxers came to kill the old folks, so that they might outwit the Boxers by suicide, and so have a decent burial from friends. The Boxers were very strict about not allowing burial to their victims. Where his wife's grandmother was killed in a lonely spot outside the village, a daughter besought leave to bury her, but was sternly refused, they not even allowing her to wrap her in a mat. There were many carrion crows about, and so by and by there was nothing but bones left, and these the dogs dragged away until not one was left.

'On June 19, the bully, Mr. Li, sent word that the Boxers would be there early next morning, and the old folks must think of some way to die. Was there ever so perplexed and sorrowful a family council in all the eighteen provinces as that which sat down to determine how grandma and grandpa should end their lives? The second brother wanted to fly with them. The elder brother and uncle said it was no use; they were hemmed in everywhere by Boxers. The uncle wanted to buy some opium for them to take, but grandma knew that was a hard death, and would not go out of life by that door. One suggested that they hang themselves, but the thoughtful housemother said, "No, that would make the room where we did it for ever unendurable to the rest of you; we will not do that." She suggested that they drown themselves in

a pit. In this last sad family council there were two sons, three sons' wives, four granddaughters, and two grandsons. Mrs. Fei loved them, and thought also tenderly of the absent boy in Shan-si, whom she supposed was dead. They could, perhaps, live, for few of them were Christians. She thought of the helpless ones. Mr. Fei's little wife, whom she supposed she was leaving a widow, must have a son. One of the other brothers must give her one. The second son she charged to be kind to his paralysed wife. The wife, remember, had been unfilial and ungrateful to her.

'The family sat in tears. They could not bear the parting, but it had to come. The night was wearing away, and the Boxers came betimes on their errands. The uncle, the eldest son, the bully Mr. Li, the headman or constable, and ten neighbours escorted them. The broken-hearted father at once ended the life that had grown so hopeless. The eldest son was so moved at the sight, he wept and would have followed his father, but the neighbours firmly held him back; he was not a Christian, he need not die. His mother sat thinking wistfully of her children, especially of her "little Benjamin" in Shan-si, so dear to her mother heart. She sang hymn after hymn. At last the uncle became impatient, fearing the Boxers might come and find her, and he pushed her in. Later, the neighbours fished out their dead bodies and covered them with a mat.

'On the bully's warning, the second brother, who was a Christian, and his son, and Mr. Fei's young wife, hid in a hole a day and a night, with nothing to eat. At daylight the dreaded Boxers came. The eldest brother and the neighbours knocked their heads on the ground to them, and told them the father and

mother were truly dead. Then the brother burned incense and worshipped the Boxers. They wished to burn the houses, but the neighbours begged off, lest their houses should also catch fire, and helped the Boxers to pull it down instead. Then all the timbers, doors, and windows were hauled to the Boxers' altar. They either used such things or disposed of them as they pleased. The uncle, eldest brother, and the neighbours who were his parents' warm friends, kow-towed once more, and begged for burial for the old folks. The request was granted. The uncle borrowed two coffins, and, promising to pay later, buried them at once. But the Boxers would not permit a tear or a sound of mourning, or a particle of mourning attire. The family were to maintain a cheerful demeanour, as if to show that the deaths were just and deserved. Sympathising neighbours wept in secret.

'While the family told this story, all four of them cried bitterly, but Fei's sister-in-law stopped them, saying, "If the Boxers hear you, they will come back and kill us yet." It was dangerous to tarry there, as the foreign soldiers continually came to this village and impressed men to work. The second brother must take them to the village four miles away. Mr. Fei pitied his poor sister-in-law, dirty and ragged, with bare feet, and begged that she might go with his wife. The others said, "No ; folks would not stand it to have six folks come." She cried and begged, and Mr. Fei entreated and carried the day. They carried her in a basket part of the way, and then on their backs. The elder brother was very much emaciated with grief for his father and mother, and lame from a bruise.

'Arrived at their relatives', they were afraid to talk or cry, though their hearts were so full. The air was

still murky with danger. He met his aunt after his two years' absence with a brief word and a silent obeisance. One niece, at sight of him and at thought of the desolate home he had found, wailed out, but her father stormed at her and she became quiet.

'The little five-year-old child of the paralytic woman, who now saw her mother for the first time in a month, cried bitterly. At the time that the foreign troops came and the family fled, this child and two other little girls, also Mr. Fei's nieces, got lost and fled by themselves ten miles, but were finally found by their friends. As there were nearly one thousand Boxers only two miles from this village, Fei and his second brother hurried on that same day to T'ung Chou. He went on to Peking in company with an official, to be safe on the road. He and his brother were ordered to take in charge a donkey and four sheep. Alas for our poor college boy! Shepherding was new work to him. The sheep scampered in various directions; he had to haul them along. In racing after them he got very wet, and whenever the sheep would not go the Sikhs beat Fei with their guns, until he actually cried with vexation and weariness. He asked God to help him, and went and besought the official to interfere. He at once put the sheep on a waggon, and gave Mr. Fei the more docile donkey to manage. It seemed to him and his brother that day, that although they had escaped the Boxers they were to die of four sheep and a Sikh.

'As he came in the Ha Ta gate of Peking, he espied his old friend and instructor, Mr. Tewksbury, with Mr. Smith. After he had taken the donkey home he returned to them, and to his friends the Church members, who wept over him. At last he had arrived in a haven of peace, surrounded by those who knew and loved his

lost ones. His wife was rescued and brought there. After the passing of this fierce storm, the white dove of peace spreads her wings over his life once more, but sometimes such a great tidal wave of sorrow for his father and mother, and of intense longing for them, sweeps over him, that, as he says, "If I were not Jesus' disciple, I should end my life. But I have a great hope. As I look back I see how marvellously God preserved me. It is like a flight of terraces. He led me up higher and higher, out of that awful month-long night into the light of to-day."

'God did not so wonderfully save him for naught. May this preserved life accomplish His will! "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."'

CHAPTER XX

The Story of a Recantation

'And when he thought thereon, he wept.'

The Rev. J. P. Bruce, B.A., of the Baptist Mission, Shantung, has recorded the following incident:—

'While in Japan, in the summer of 1900, we heard of the persecution that had come like a tornado upon our native Church. And as we thought of that Church bereft of those on whom they had been wont to depend perhaps all too much, we began to ask ourselves the question, which doubtless arose in the hearts of many of our sympathisers at home, "How will the native Christians stand?"

'We could not but fear for many, but our hearts were equally assured concerning some, that Christ was dearer to them than life; and we said to one another, Whatever others may do, we can be sure that the two pastors—Wang Pao-t'ai and Wang Ming—will stand true. They were men whose manifest spirituality had given us great joy. It may be imagined, then, with what incredulity we received the news that Wang Ming and Wang Pao-t'ai had, in the name of the whole Ching-chou Fu Church, publicly recanted! And yet subsequent letters repeated the story, with the further information that all the four pastors had taken this step, until it seemed as if there was no further room for doubt.

Gradually our incredulity gave way to sorrow and perplexity. "How can this be?" was the question. As soon as I was able, I returned to Chefoo.

'When I reached Chefoo, I found that the story was confirmed so far as the shell was concerned, but the kernel of it was still to be discovered. The mystery—for mystery it could not but be—still needed explanation. A letter had been written from Chefoo to the pastors about the matter, referring to the report that they had led the whole Church in a public recantation. To this a reply had been received, saying that no one in the area concerned had recanted except four, and the four were the undersigned, *i.e.* the pastors themselves; "the sin was ours, and ours alone," said they.

'In order to be clearer, it may perhaps be better to explain one or two points in connection with the constitution of our Chinese Church in Ching-chou Fu. The total membership is about one thousand six hundred; this number being mostly composed of small groups scattered over ninety stations in various villages and towns within a radius of about fifteen or twenty miles from Ching-chou Fu. These stations are grouped into six pastoral districts, under the spiritual oversight of four native pastors and two elders, with a missionary (myself) exercising general supervision of the whole.

'I felt that I could not believe anything, still less utter a word of reproof, on the strength of any reports that reached us, or even letters from the pastors themselves. I wrote a private letter to them, telling them how almost impossible it was to believe even what they themselves had written; that I, who had known them these ten years, could not question their love to their Lord, nor their willingness to die for Him, and begged them not for one moment to doubt my love for them,

whatever might have occurred. I told them I felt sure there must be some cause for their action which I did not yet know, and finally asked them to come to Chefoo as soon as possible, that we might see one another and talk it all over face to face.

'They came immediately. Wang Pao-t'ai's mother was aged and very ill; another of the pastors, Wu Chien-ch'eng, had but recently lost his mother; but on receipt of my letter they felt they could not refuse to come to see me, and so I was able to hear the story from their own lips.

'It was as follows:—Shortly after the missionaries left, the edict to exterminate all "foreigners" and Christians was received by the officials in Ching-chou Fu, and a proclamation to the same effect was posted up in the city. Pastor Wang Ming, on receiving news of this from a school teacher who had been into the city, left his village home, to ascertain for himself the exact state of affairs. At a neighbouring village he received the intelligence that another proclamation had been issued, that, if Christians recanted and found sureties, they would be unmolested. He also received letters, saying that warrants were on the point of being issued for the arrest of those who refused to recant. Thereupon Wang Ming went into the city with the object of making what arrangements he could for the help of those who might be arrested, to see that they were provided with food, and counselled as to their action. Subsequently, he learned that it was the intention of the official to arrest one man from each station, and force him to recant on behalf of all the Christians in his Church.

'When he reached the city, it was strongly urged upon him that the pastors should petition the officials to allow the Christians to come in of their own accord and

voluntarily recant, instead of under arrest. This would prevent the families being involved in suffering. This, Wang Ming could not agree to. From another quarter he received a message. It was from one of the heathen gentry, who for many years had been friendly to us, and who now wrote offering his services, and suggesting that the pastors, on behalf of the whole Church, should burn incense to one of the idols; the officials in consideration thereof to stay all proceedings against the Christians. This also Wang Ming hastened to decline, politely but emphatically. The next day, an official in the magistrate's Yamen volunteered his good offices, and, after various proposals, said if the pastors would sign a document undertaking "no longer to practise the foreign religion," no action would be taken against the Christians.

'By this time, Pastor Wu, with General Deacon Wang Hsi-yo and some Christian teachers, were in the city, and they consulted together as to what was to be done. Pastor Wang Pao-t'ai (who was first reported to us as being one of the active participators) was at home ill, but sent a letter saying he would agree to whatever the others decided to do. Pastor Nieh had been driven out of his home in the neighbouring county of Lin-chih by the persecution of the magistrate there, and was gone away into hiding among the hills. The responsibility of decision therefore rested with the two pastors—Wang Ming and Wu Chien-ch'eng—with the General Deacon and the Christian teachers who were in the city.

'Here, then, were the facts of the situation: the proclamation ordering the extermination of "foreigners" and all connected with them; the second proclamation that Christians were to be forced to recant; warrants already written to arrest one from every station, opening the

door to indiscriminate looting and murder. Many heathen, eager for the opportunity of plundering with impunity, were hurrying in from the country to buy the warrants from the police; the home of one Christian had been already looted and two women servants killed; another Christian had been wounded so severely that he was not expected to live. Worst of all was the possibility, only too sadly real, that some of the Christians here as elsewhere, unable to withstand the fierce ordeal, would recant.

'Two things ought to be said here in justice to our brethren. First, the whole point of the demand to recant was that they were giving up a foreign religion. This is shown by the fact that in the proclamations announcing the recantation, the expression used was that they had returned to their position as Chinese subjects. Now, our brethren do not recognise the faith they profess as "foreign," but as from God, for all peoples. This was one element in the subtlety of their temptation. The other thing that ought to be remembered is, that there was a way of escape open to the pastors personally. Only one member (the leader) was to be called in from each station, and in no case would this member be the pastor. They are pastors of districts, not leaders of stations, and in any case they had sufficient warning to escape into a district where they would have been safe. But they felt that they could not free themselves from the responsibility; that at all costs they must stand by their people—stand between them and the danger that threatened them.

'Here, then, was the alternative: on the one hand, to take on themselves the disgrace of outward and nominal recantation; on the other, to look upon the sufferings and death or recantation of many of their people. Was

it not better, they asked, that four men should go through the *form* of recanting, and prevent this sin, this suffering and loss of life? For the pastors were made to understand that it was simply a form, a legal fiction, not affecting in the least the religion of their hearts or of their homes, and even thus it was only to be a temporary expedient, that the magistrate might have a pretext for giving his protection to the Christians. They were not to engage in any idolatrous rite; they were not to appear before the officials and make any public apostasy, but simply to sign the document with the one sentence, "No longer to practise the foreign religion." "So far from recanting," it was urged upon them, "you are preventing recanting."

'Their decision may be best given in the words of Pastor Wu Chien-ch'eng: "When I thought of these people," he said, his emotion being so great that the tears were running down his face, "in most cases with children and aged parents dependent upon them, and thought of all that was involved for them if I refused to sign the paper, well, I couldn't help it. I decided to take on myself the shame and the sin."

'I have told the story as nearly as possible as they told it to me, and have tried to reproduce the situation as they saw it at the time. Who could listen to such a narrative—so sad and painful, and yet not without much that was noble—without sympathy and tears? One could not look into their faces without pain. Instead of the usual bright, affectionate, and frank expression, they seemed to be almost cowed, and yet with a half-wistful, half-challenging look, as if to say, "Were we not right to do wrong for such a cause?" But with the pain there was one thought that gave comfort. Though our brethren had failed in the hour of trial, they had taken

this step not to save themselves, but for the sake of others.

'And better than all else, they had not ceased to love their Master, even though they had outwardly denied Him. If only they could realise how much they had wounded Him, there would not be wanting such penitence as should turn this failure into rich blessing, For it was not possible to be blind to the fact that, whatever the officials might say about legal fiction, and however our brethren might try to explain the matter to themselves, they had publicly, and in the name of the Church, made a formal renunciation of their religion. And this, whatever the circumstances, and whatever the noble motive, was dishonour to their Lord. To shut one's eyes to this, and not to mention it, was to be unreal, and inevitably to do injury to the very men we longed to help. I felt, therefore, that I dare not do other than frankly and faithfully, though as tenderly and lovingly as I could, point out to them their sin, and where it seemed to me they had erred.

'Here let me say a word or two as to the point of view from which I acted. As pastors, elected and supported by the Church, they are responsible to the Church. The question of what the Church would do was one for the further consideration of the Church itself. But the affectionate intercourse of years made me anxious to counsel them from the point of view of their own heart-relationship to their Lord, as I would wish some brother in Christ to counsel me in like circumstances. Our brethren had a load on their hearts, a sense of disgrace, an agony of doubt as to their action. What did they need, that the load might be lifted, and peace and joy fill the heart once more? So far as I have learned from the Word of God and the experience

of my own heart, there was only one way: let them realise their sin as sin, not exaggerating it, yet not minimising it. Let them with real sorrow confess it to God, and the consciousness of His forgiveness and love would fill them with peace and joy, such as whatever they might suffer at the hands of others could not lessen. If they were conscious of being right with God, it would matter little to them what others thought, said, or did. This was my one desire. As for their responsibility to the Church, I knew that, once they were brought into a right relationship with God in the matter, they would find it easy enough to do anything their consciences dictated in that direction. But the first and foremost necessity was that, in the secret of their own hearts, they should realise what they had done, not as bringing disgrace on the Church, not as something that their teachers the missionaries condemned, but as sin against their Lord. "Against Thee, Thee only, have I sinned."

'But this would come about, not by any arguments of mine, but by the gracious influence of the Divine Spirit and the teaching of God's Word. So I determined that all our talk should be with the Scriptures before us, and at our Master's feet. Day by day we met for prayer and Bible study. The passages chosen were not such as the story of Peter's denial. I rather desired to draw their minds away from that aspect of it for a time, and, avoiding ready-made expressions, such as recanting, denial of Christ, get below the surface to the heart of what was involved in their action—call it by whatever name you like—and to realise something of the purposes of God in what seemed to them so dark and inscrutable. So we studied such passages as the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, Romans the eighth chapter, and those parts of

Revelation which present, in a panorama of visions, the sufferings and victory of God's Church.

'It was not long before they began to realise that God had His purpose, a purpose of infinite love, in the sufferings of His people, hard as it was to understand and harrowing to look upon; and that there were times when, if God spared them physical suffering, it would be to rob them of spiritual blessing. We talked of the persecutions of past ages, and what they had done for the Church; of how the story of those martyred ones in Shan-si would go down from generation to generation; would become a household word in Christian homes, and enter into the bone and marrow of Christian character, as the story of Ridley and Latimer had done in England. As they came to realise this element in God's purposes, they began to see what their conduct involved. When we were reading the eighth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans, Wang Ming said he now saw that, when they tried to save the people by recantation, they had lost sight of the fact that persecution, and even death, could not separate them from Christ's love.

'Of course there were other aspects of their conduct which we talked of freely, but this seemed to take hold of them most forcibly. They saw clearly that their recantation implied want of faith in Christ's love of His people, as well as in His power to save them, as though there were no other way in which He could protect His flock than for these His servants to publicly dishonour Him, or that if He did not deliver His people it meant that He had forsaken them, and that His love had failed them. There was now no avoidance of the word "recant" or "deny." Again and again in prayer, with voices broken with emotion, they made confession of their sin to their Heavenly Father.

'Later, when speaking of what they could do to counteract the ill effects of their conduct, they said that one thing they could and would do: they would, in every station, confess the sin of what they had done as against their brethren as well as against their Lord.

'It was a matter of deep thankfulness to see the manifest working of God's Holy Spirit in them, both in their penitent grief and in their growing joy of forgiveness. But there was one thing on my mind which I hesitated for some days to speak of. I felt that, whatever the Church might ultimately decide to do, it would be for the pastors' own peace of mind to resign their position, and so put themselves right with their brethren. I had hoped that they themselves would think of this, but the time had nearly come for them to return, and they had said nothing. I felt sure, from their whole demeanour, that it was not because they shrank from such a step,—that it must be because, inexperienced in some things which are familiar to us in the West, it had not occurred to them. I could not bear the thought of anything remaining between us that was not frankly stated. I therefore told them what I felt, a morning or two before they left, explaining that I spoke not as having authority, but simply as a friend, and as I would wish a friend to speak to me; nor was it, I told them, from the point of view of the Church, but from their own point of view, and because I desired there should be nothing to hinder their perfect peace.

'To my surprise, instead of a shadow of pain overclouding their faces, those of Wang Pao-t'ai and Wu Chien-ch'eng immediately lighted up, with evident eagerness to speak. And then they told me that for days they had felt in the same way as I, but had hesitated to speak, not feeling sure what was the right thing to do.

Wang Ming then took a letter from his pocket and handed it to me, saying that, like the others, he had several days before felt that, though I had not said any word of condemnation, he felt self-condemned, and that the fault was one that, in the highest interests of the Church in other parts of China, as well as in Ching-chou Fu, ought not to be passed over. Fearing that to say this personally would give me pain, he had written it in a letter. The decided manner in which he spoke made me ask the question, Did they mean that, from that time, they would cease to act as pastors, no matter what the Church might decide? They replied, No; in the present state of things, they must continue to act until the troubles had passed. To leave the Church without leaders at such a crisis, and when the Church was in such need, would be evidence rather of hardness than of genuine penitence. But they wished me to understand that they gave in their resignations now, and asked that, when the proper time came, these resignations should be brought before the Church. The subject was indeed painful, but we were all happy in the thought that we had been led by the Spirit to the same conclusion. Whether the Church would accept their resignation it was not for me to say; it was, however, helpful to remember that our Lord restored Peter to office within forty days. At any rate, we may thank God fervently for the grace that enabled our brethren to face sacrifice in the reality of their repentance.

'When the morning came for their departure, their faces were very different from those we had looked upon when they came. Going back to humble themselves before their flocks, by confession and by resignation, there was yet an air of triumph about them that

made our own hearts glad. And we magnified the grace of God in them.'

The foregoing narrative would lose some of its interest and point if the sequel were not given. The events already detailed occurred in the summer and autumn of 1900. The pastors and deacon returned to their homes and work, and during the succeeding winter remained loyally at their posts. It was not till the following spring that two of the missionaries were able to return to Ching-chou Fu and begin the work of reconstruction. Mr. Bruce as soon as possible called the stewards of the Church together, and the subject of recantation and the action of the pastors was the first and most pressing subject for consideration. Pastor Wang Ming handed in his resignation, and in a touching letter took upon himself the whole blame for what had occurred. The others also formally resigned, and the Church was and felt itself to be bereaved. Then ensued a most extraordinary scene. No one who has had any intimate dealings with the Chinese people will accuse them of sentimentalism, or any evidence of emotionalism; but on this occasion strong men sobbed like children, and could scarcely speak for tears. They with one consent declined to receive any of the resignations, and said that, although the pastors had done wrong, yet it was intended for good, and they themselves many of them had been equally guilty before God. They besought their pastors not to leave them in their then weak and helpless state, and finally prevailed upon them to withdraw their resignations. This was done in the Church council, composed of about fifty of the more prominent members of the Church.

Subsequently, a meeting was held of representatives of each of the stations, numbering in all over a hundred.

After a faithful and earnest address from Mr. Bruce, on 'If we confess our sins,' he said that, at the request of the pastors, there was an opportunity allowed them to say a few words. In broken accents and voices trembling with emotion, each of the pastors humbly confessed the sin of which he had been guilty, and asked the forgiveness of the Church, as they had asked and believed they had received the forgiveness of their Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.

A similar scene of uncontrollable emotion then ensued, affecting even the foreigners present, and others, in broken accents, in the presence of all, confessed their sins and asked forgiveness. It was an occasion never to be forgotten by all present, and left the impression that such a breaking up of the hard crust of the Chinese phlegmatic temperament was one to be deeply and devoutly thankful for, even amid so much that was so sorrowful and heartrending. It was indeed, as the apostle says, a godly sorrow not to be repented of.

After some months of waiting, and patient and earnest labour in settling matters generally, a public thanksgiving service was held, which was attended by about three hundred men and about sixty women, many of whom had come long distances to be present, and thankofferings were given to the amount of 150 Mexican dollars (£15 sterling) to a fund to be applied to chapel building in convenient centres throughout the district.

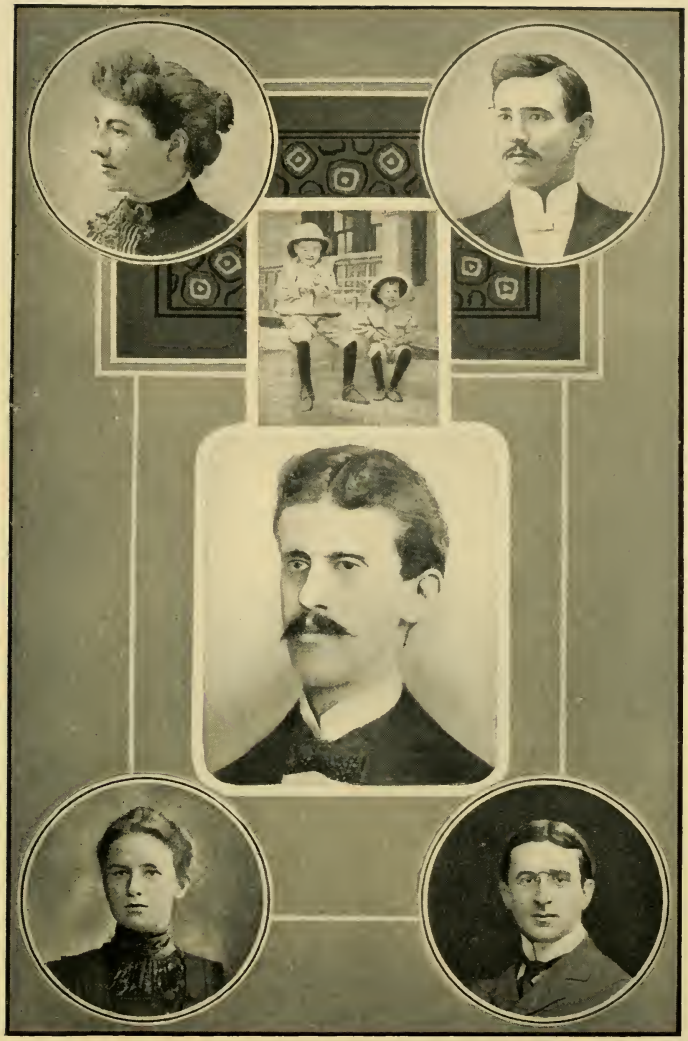
CHAPTER XXI

What manner of Men were These?

In this chapter are brought together brief biographical details of many of those who so nobly laid their lives upon the altar of martyrdom in the year 1900 for the evangelisation of China. The martyrs came from lands far sundered; their race, birth, education, home surroundings and influences differed widely; the one thing that linked them into a compact brotherhood was their personal love for and consecration to the service of Jesus Christ, and their willingness for His sake to lay down their lives in the effort to bring to the millions of China the glad tidings of the Gospel. These men and women, enthusiastic while alive in a common service for humanity, triumphant in the face of death in its cruellest forms, upheld by trust in Christ Jesus, constitute one of the strongest and one of the noblest testimonies to that catholicity of the Church of Christ, composed of those who, however they may differ among themselves in non-essentials, are all united by a living faith to Jesus Christ, their great Head and Captain, and dominated by His own spirit of self-sacrifice in the service of man.

THE PAO-TING-FU MARTYRS

Dr. George Yardley Taylor was born at Taylorville, Bucks County, Pa., May 18, 1862, became



THE PAO TING FU MARTYRS.

MRS. SIMCOX. PAUL SIMCOX. F. E. SIMCOX.
FRANCIS SIMCOX.
MRS. HODGE. G. T. TAYLOR. C. V. R. HODGE.

a communicant in the Presbyterian Church, Burlington, N.J., in 1883, and was educated at the Van Rensselear Seminary in the same city, and later at Princetown University. In 1885 he took the degree of M.D. at the University of Pennsylvania. He was commissioned as a medical missionary of the Presbyterian Church in 1887. He gave twelve years of faithful service in China, first in the An Ting Hospital in the city of Peking, and afterwards at Pao-ting-fu, where the work was inaugurated and the hospital buildings erected through his personal exertions, and where he laboured alone with singular devotion in the medical department of the mission until the arrival of his friend, Dr. Hodge, in the spring of 1899. Dr. Taylor attained to unusual proficiency in the Chinese language, and to great skill as a surgeon and physician. He was never married.

Mrs. Amelia P. Lowrie, one of his fellow-workers in Pao-ting-fu, writes of him:

'As a physician he was reverenced and confided in. His unwearied attention to the poorest so attracted two men who at different times were patients in the hospital, that they became inquirers, and finally professed their faith in Jesus, and have stood firm in the face of many persecutions and trials. One mandarin, a Hanlin, had a paralysed hand. For a year he came every day for electricity treatment. He loved and admired Dr. Taylor, and to give expression to his feelings sent him a tablet on which four characters were inscribed, meaning, "Love others as yourself." Only eternity will disclose the thousand ways in which Dr. Taylor did kindnesses which cost him the crucifixion of self. In a more pronounced way than many another man he suffered in his daily contact with the Chinese. His high ideal of truthfulness and his exquisite neatness were over and over again shocked.

'Dr. Taylor's musical ability brought cheer into our homes; almost every hymn in the new hymnal is associated with him; we sang it through from cover to

cover, taking sometimes a dozen hymns in one evening. This was his rest and recreation after a hard day's work. Hymn 640, "Crossing the Bar," was a favourite. The last time I heard Dr. Taylor sing this hymn Mr. Norman was our guest; now they have both met their Pilot face to face. This highly cultivated musical talent and acute sensitive ear were wholly laid on the altar of consecration, for it was pain to Dr. Taylor to listen to the Chinese singing, and yet he always led the singing at our meetings.

'Every day of his life expressed some new phase of self-denial. He lived not to please himself, but to please Him who bought him with His own precious blood; and now he has heard the welcome, "Well done, enter into the joy of thy Lord."'

Dr. Cortlandt Van Rensselear Hodge was born in the city of Burlington, New Jersey, on July 1, 1872, while the congregation to which his father ministered as pastor were holding a monthly prayer-meeting for foreign missions. He became a communicant in the Burlington Church at an early age, and received his education at the Van Rensselear Seminary, in his native city, and at Princetown University. He graduated in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania in 1897, and became resident physician in the Presbyterian hospital, serving a full term in 1897–1898. He was soon afterwards commissioned by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions to be the associate of Dr. Taylor as medical missionary at Pao-ting-fu. After a year of service in this field, he was appointed by the Board to take charge of the medical work in the city of Peking in the month of April 1900; but before he had moved to that city the uprising of the Boxers occurred, and at the hands of these fanatics he and his wife lost their lives.

Mrs. C. R. Hodge, *née* **Sinclair,** was born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, December 15, 1874. She was educated in

Philadelphia, and at Bryn Mawr College. She was married to Dr. Hodge in February 1899, and sailed with him for China, under appointment of the Board of Foreign Missions, in March of the same year. She arrived in Pao-ting-fu in the month of May, and there addressed herself with such assiduity and success to the study of the language, that she was able in a comparatively short time to make a beginning in missionary work. On May 19, 1900, she accompanied her husband to Peking upon reception of the news of their appointment to that station, and assisted him in making the necessary arrangements to occupy it in the following fall. After a visit of a few days she returned with him to Pao-ting-fu, and was with him when the mission station was attacked by the mob of Boxers, and together they received the crown of martyrdom.

Dr. Kettler thus writes of Dr. and Mrs. Hodge:

'We are reminded that the time-element enters not into God's estimate of service, only, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

'I am sure it will be said, and truthfully, by those competent to speak, that they were exemplars to the young of all that is pure and noble in youthful aspiration; and these early martyrdoms will not fail to admonish the youth of China and of all other nations of the exceeding glory and honour of lives devoted to the redemption of a lost and sinful world.'

Dr. Kettler also speaks of Rev. Frank Edson Simcox, Mrs. Simcox, and their three children, as follows:—

'**Rev. F. E. Simcox** was born in Bullion, Venango County, Pa., April 30, 1867. His father was a man of thrift, integrity, and refinement. His mother was a consecrated Christian woman, who died in 1884; but her influence did not die. The son could not forget his mother's tender solicitude and his mother's prayers. In the autumn of 1884 he entered the preparatory department of Grove City College, and graduated in June 1890,

in the same class with his future wife, the companion and partner of his missionary life and labours.

'In the winter of 1884–85 a revival occurred in the college, in which some seventy students professed faith in Christ. Young Simcox was among the number. There are those who remember the young lad with the pale resolute face standing up in the presence of a large student body in the college chapel and saying, "I promised my mother on her deathbed that I would meet her in heaven, and by the grace of God I intend to do so." He immediately united with the Presbyterian Church of Grove City, where he remained as a member till his ordination as a missionary. With unswerving loyalty to his mother's God he identified himself with the Christian work of his college, exerting an influence on the college life which helped many a young man to a better and nobler career.

'Mr. Simcox graduated from the Western Theological Seminary in May 1893, was married on June 7, and in September 1893 he and his wife sailed for China. Mr. Simcox was ceasless in activity, going from village to village teaching the Word, and daily exemplifying the power and grace of God in his own heart. He was faithful and fearless, and even when surrounded by hooting and threatening mobs he daily risked his life to give instruction and comfort to native Christians. Mr. Simcox had preached the Sunday before his death on "We are pilgrims on the earth," and the natives remarked on its appropriateness. He said in his discourse that he hoped to be a good shepherd and not desert his sheep, perhaps not realising that within a week his word would be fulfilled.'

Mrs. F. E. Simcox, *née* **M. Gilson,** the wife of the Rev. F. E. Simcox, was born in February 1863, at London, Pa. Her education was received at the public school at London, and at Grove Street College, from which she graduated in 1890. Like her husband, Mrs. Simcox was led to Christ while in college, united with her home

church, and became an active Christian worker in both church and college. During the three years that Mr. Simcox was student at the Theological Seminary, Miss Gilson was a teacher in the High School at Greenville, Pa. She was then twenty-two years of age, in the prime of young womanhood, in a marked degree beautiful in person, gentle and engaging in manner, cultured in her tastes, sprightly in conversation, apparently unconscious of power, yet winning all hearts without effort or design. Of her Mrs. Amelia P. Lowrie writes:

'Five years ago I became acquainted with Mrs. Simcox, who has been my nearest neighbour ever since. I have learned to love, admire, and honour her; she was so faithful to every known duty. In addition to attention to home affairs and a most constant care of her children, she commenced a Girls' Boarding School two winters ago for the daughters of the Christians, they paying towards their support. Mrs. Simcox never spared herself in this work. Although not a robust woman, she never failed to conduct worship every morning with her school, and once a week examined the scholars. This was not all. They were always on her heart, and everything she could do to contribute to their welfare and promote their improvement she cheerfully did. I can well believe that many a tear has fallen, if these young people know that on earth they will never again see the face of Mrs. Simcox. With the utmost sorrow do I realise that not only have we lost a friend, but China has lost a benefactor.'

Paul Simcox, aged five; Francis Simcox, aged two; and baby Margaret went up in the fiery chariot with their parents into the kingdom of God.

Rev. H. T. Pitkin was born in Philadelphia on October 28, 1869. He graduated from Yale College in 1892, and Union Theological Seminary in 1896. He married Miss Letitia E. Thomas, of Troy, Ohio, October 6, 1896, and sailed for China in November of the same

year. Mrs. Pitkin and her child had returned to the United States before the outbreak.

The Rev. Charles E. Mills, the pastor of the church in Cleveland, Ohio, which had Mr. Pitkin as its representative on the foreign field, writes:

'Of the glorious company of gifted young men who have followed the Banner of the Cross in foreign lands, and have given up their lives for their Master, Horace Tracy Pitkin was a fine representative. Born of a good family, possessed of ample means, educated in our finest schools, winsome in personal appearance, gracious in bearing, versatile, self-reliant, forceful, and profoundly earnest, he was counted by all who knew him a singularly attractive and promising man.

'From that day on Round Top at Northfield, when while a student at Yale he chose as his life-purpose the cause of missions, he gave himself to it with utter self-abandonment. It was the greatest of his college enthusiasms, and the all-absorbing thought of his seminary course; leading him to go through the country as Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, eagerly and effectively urging upon the young people of our churches the claims of foreign missions.

'In his service abroad he was a forerunner of the "Forward Movement," for by his own suggestion, Pilgrim Church, Cleveland, adopted him as their representative, and for the three years of his residence in China counted the relation a rich privilege. He has been a real spiritual leader, sharing with the Church his enthusiasms and difficulties, and leading it on into the life of the native helpers and the ardent desire to reach the people in their great need. His deep earnestness led him to be characteristically sanguine, to make little of obstacles, and to long intensely for the day when, having mastered the intricacies of the Chinese language, his tongue should be loosed to speak to those about him the truth as it is in Jesus.

'When the clouds began to gather, and when, her health failing, his wife was obliged to return to America,

with their little child, for a protracted rest, and he was left alone amid untold perils, he put away the thought of personal danger, and filled his letter with cheer for those who were troubled for his safety.

'Now that he is gone, laying down his life in defence of two helpless women, his fellow-workers, facing on their behalf the Chinese mob, and falling at their onset as a knight of the Cross, those who best knew him can but say amid their tears, "His death was like his life—fine, fearless, faithful." If there must be martyrs, never was one more fitly chosen. Brave, buoyant, wholly consecrated, he, like the greatest of missionaries, held not his life of any account as dear unto himself in comparison with accomplishing his course and ministry which he received from the Lord Jesus.'

Mary S. Morrill grew up in a quiet home at Deering, Me., where she was born March 24, 1864. She fitted herself to become a teacher at the Normal School, and afterwards taught several years in the Portland public schools. Her decision to become a foreign missionary dates from her schooldays; her inclination for China grew out of interested faithful work in the Chinese Sunday school of the Second Parish Church in Portland. In those quiet days of unobtrusive service, even her dearest friends would hardly have dared prophesy that modest, shrinking Mary Morrill would develop the marked abilities which characterised her missionary career of ten years.

In the spring of 1889 she entered upon her chosen life-work at Pao-ting-fu with a glad enthusiasm, which enabled her to overcome all obstacles with a devotion which was to the last unsparing of herself. It was much for a young lady to take charge of the Pao-ting-fu Girls' Boarding School; to instruct women in station classes, and fill every available hour with touring in and out of the city; and not strange that the fervent spirit should spend the body overmuch, so that a return to this country became necessary in 1897. During the

season of recuperation she displayed great power in missionary addresses, of which the well-selected material, pithy, pathetic, often humorous, was vivified with spiritual earnestness. Her habits of work were systematic and thorough; her instincts tender and sympathetic. God's Word was her daily study, and prayer the breath of her life. Possessed with burning love for souls, how could Mary Morrill be other than God's chosen servant for the salvation of China's women and children!

Annie Allender Gould was born at Bethel, Me., on November 18, 1867. She graduated 'valedictorian of her class' from Mount Holyoke, Portland. At twenty-four years of age, during her closing year in Mount Holyoke College, Miss Gould applied to the American Board to be appointed as one of its missionaries. In that application she said: 'For years every appeal for workers in the foreign field has been like a direct call to me. While painfully conscious of my own lack of fitness, the desire has never ceased, and even when I felt myself the most unfit, it has called me in to closer consecration and preparation.' When asked in regard to trials and hardships in the work, her reply was the simple one of faith, 'I believe that God orders the events of my life.'

A letter from a friend, speaking of her membership in the Young Ladies' Mission Band of Portland, reveals her character: 'She was one of the youngest members, one of its officers, a mere girl; and yet none were more interested, faithful, and able. I remember her prayers, simple and direct, always offered when others shirked. She told me it was not easy; but "it is my duty, and when I see a thing to be done I do it."'

In this spirit of loyalty to Christ she went forth from college to China in 1893. She entered into the work with all her heart in association with her Portland friend, Miss Morrill. Together they toiled for China's women and children till the Master called, in the dread summons of the mad mob who knew not what they did, when they destroyed those whose only mission was love

and whose only ministry was help. Honest, single-hearted, devoted, trained from childhood in the atmosphere of Christian missions, she had served her course, and left with others an undying testimony in blood for the saving of the great Empire with its millions of needy souls.

Rev. William Cooper was Assistant-Deputy-Director, China Inland Mission, Shanghai. Prior to his sailing for China as a missionary, Mr. William Cooper was Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., Gourock, Scotland. He received his call to missionary service through reading a copy of a sermon by Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, on the text Isaiah vi. 8, entitled 'The Divine Call for Missionaries.' In that appeal Mr. Spurgeon said, 'I should not wonder if a hundred young men rise up in answer to this call, and go forth to heathen lands to spread the Gospel.' Mr. Cooper was the second person to respond to that appeal.

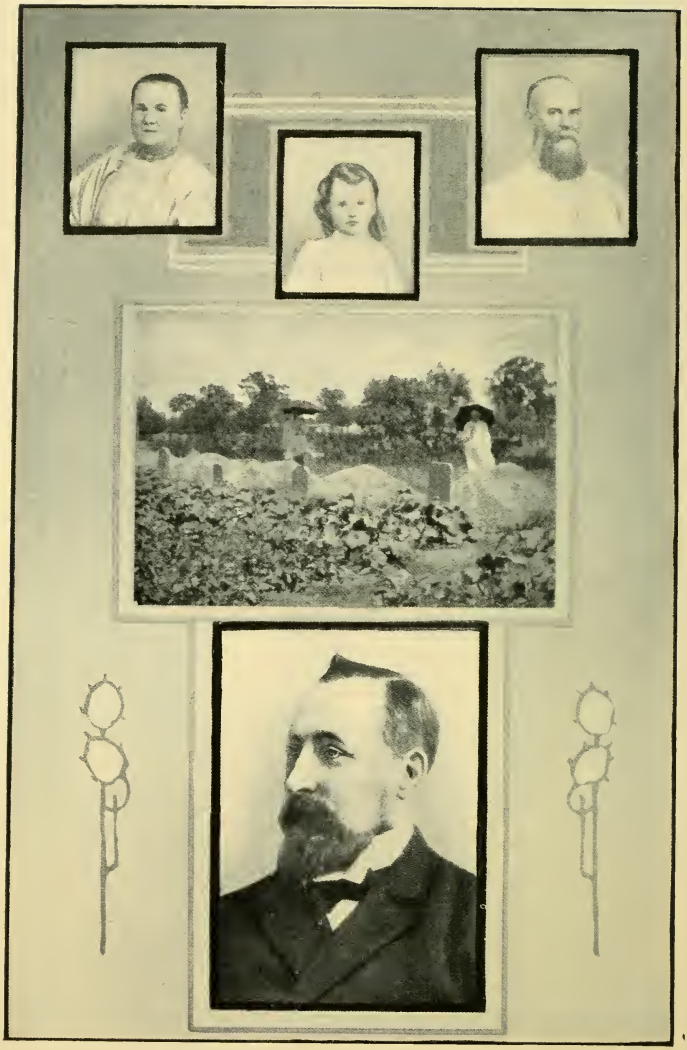
Mr. Cooper reached Shanghai in January 9, 1881, and went immediately to Gan-king (the headquarters of the China Inland Mission in the province of Gan-hui, where probationers are sent to study Chinese). There he made rapid progress in the Chinese language, and in due course took part in regular itinerant work as well as preaching in the city. In 1882 he was stricken down with typhoid fever, from which he did not recover for a month. This long and serious illness permanently impaired his hearing. In 1884 he was appointed to Wu-ch'ang in Hupeh province, where he remained about a year. With this exception, his work, up to his first furlough, which occurred in 1887, lay in the province of Gan-hui. During the furlough referred to, he married, and returned to China with his wife and child in November 1893. On his return he was appointed superintendent of the work of the mission in the province of Gan-hui, and was stationed once more at Gan-king. In July 1894 he was invited by the council of the mission in Shanghai to assist Mr. Stevenson

in the important and increasingly difficult work at the headquarters of the mission in China. In 1898 he once more went to England on furlough, and it was only in the autumn of 1899 that he returned to his work in China again.

Mr. Walter B. Sloan, of the Mission Headquarters in London, thus writes of Mr. Cooper: 'For those who knew our beloved brother, William Cooper, no words will seem adequate to express the quiet, strong influence of his beautiful life; and we fear it will be difficult to convey to others any satisfactory impression of his real worth. The outward history of his life, as seen from the ordinary standpoint, could not be called eventful or brilliant. His name was not widely known beyond the limits of his mission and that of a circle of attached friends who held him in high esteem. One of these friends writes that he was "one of the very few blameless lives that I have ever come in contact with." And we know that this testimony would be confirmed by all those who were Mr. Cooper's co-workers in the mission.

'Quiet strength, gentle patience, frank faithfulness, and tender sympathy: these seem to stand out as leading features in a life for which many of us shall never cease to thank God. Had the choice been offered him as to how his life should end, we believe nothing would have accorded more thoroughly with his own heart's desire than to be permitted to lay down his life on behalf of the people of China, whom he loved so deeply.'

Benjamin Bagnall went to China in 1873. His earlier years of missionary work were spent in connection with the American Bible Society, and also later with the American Methodist Mission at Kiu-kiang. He married Miss Emily Kingsbury in 1886, having previously joined the China Inland Mission. After his marriage he went with his wife to Ping-yang-fu, in the province of Shan-si. For several years he was superintendent of the mission in this province. His first and



PAO TING FU MARTYRS.

MRS. BAGNALL. GLADYS BAGNALL. B. BAGNALL.

GRAVES OF THE MISSIONARIES.

WILLIAM COOPER.

only furlough was taken in December 1891, after nineteen years of missionary work.

Mrs. Bagnall had been twelve years in China without a furlough. They only spent nine months in England, returning to China in the autumn of 1892. On returning to China they went back to Shan-si, but did not remain in that province long. In 1894 they removed to Pao-ting-fu, in order to take up the work of the forwarding and other business of the mission in that place, this being the farthest point reached by the railway from Tien-tsin, the head of the river navigation, and so convenient as a forwarding centre for the work of the mission.

One who knew Mr. Bagnall for twenty-four years writes of him thus: 'He laboured with all his powers in most difficult and self-denying positions of trust for the glory of God and the good of his brethren and sisters in Christ. He was a very humble-minded man, having a full measure of that rare grace—esteeming others better than himself. He was very considerate in all his dealings with the Chinese, having a deep sympathy with the poor among the people and with the weak Christians.'

Mrs. Bagnall went to China in 1880. She belonged to Walthamstow, and was for many years a member and worker in connection with the Wood Street Chapel there. The following appreciation of her is written by one who knew her well:—

'After five years' residence in China, our sister, Mrs. Bagnall, wrote: "My life has been a very happy one since I came to this land—indeed, the last five years have been the happiest I have ever spent." Happy! that just expressed her. There was always a smile, always a welcome for every one. No hour seemed inconvenient—nothing too much trouble—whether for Chinese or foreigner. Wherever she went it was "The Glad Tidings" she preached, not only by her voice, but by her smiling face and winning manner, while her intense sympathy won the confidence and love of the poor women who came to her for help. And yet withal

one could often see how greatly she suffered from natural anxiety and loneliness while her husband was away visiting the distant stations, frequently being absent many weeks at a time.

'Mr. and Mrs. Bagnall were engaged in Pao-ting-fu in the work of overseeing and arranging for the arrival and departure of the various missionary parties of their mission, coming from or going to Tien-tsin; entertaining them in their home, and then helping them forward on their journey. Genial, kindly, hospitable souls! It were hard indeed to find two more eminently fitted for such a position, and now to what honour God has raised them! Even to be reckoned among "the noble army of martyrs," to whom belong that joy unspeakable, "that eternal weight of glory"—only to be realised by those who suffer for His name.'

THE T'AI-YUEN-FU MARTYRS

Thomas Wellesley Pigott, B.A., was born on August 6, 1847, and consequently at the time of his death was nearly fifty-three years of age. He was the eldest of the six children of William Wellesley Pole Pigott by his marriage with Lucy French, niece of the first Lord Ashtown. He was born at Leixlep, near Dublin, on the richly wooded bank of the beautiful Liffey. While yet a little boy, he helped his father in his daily labour of presenting Christ to the poorest of the people who gathered at his door to receive his charity and to hear the message of salvation. When a lad of fifteen years of age, in the great revival which took place in the midland and southern counties of Ireland in 1862, he was brought to decision for Christ by a remarkable answer to his own boyish prayer.

He passed uneventfully his school and college career, and finally graduated with his B.A. degree from Trinity College, Dublin. In 1879 he arrived in China in connection with the China Inland Mission, and during his first two years of life there travelled a good deal, especially

in Manchuria, where on one occasion he almost perished with cold. In 1881 he settled in T'ai-yuen-fu (the provincial capital of Shan-si), where he devoted himself to the study of the Chinese language, and actively engaged in evangelistic work.

In 1883, Mr. Pigott married Miss Jessie Kemp, of Rochdale, England, who had come to T'ai-yuen-fu as a missionary, also in connection with the China Inland Mission. Mr. and Mrs. Pigott, being possessed of private means, were enabled to give largely towards the erection of the handsome Schofield Memorial Hospital which adorned the city, but which was the first building to be destroyed by fire by the mob on June 27, 1900.

In 1891, after a furlough in the home land, Mr. Pigott finally decided to settle in Shao-yang, and work independently, forming a separate organisation, called the North China, or, as it came to be called, the Shao-yang Mission, and he collected a number of devoted workers, who laboured both in T'ai-yuen-fu and in Shao-yang in connection with him.

In 1898, Mr. and Mrs. Pigott visited England for the last time, as it proved, and on their return to China were able to erect suitable premises for the work in Shao-yang, which had been felt to be greatly needed and were found most convenient. They brought with them from England Mr. Robinson and Miss Duval, not only to educate their son Wellesley, but also to establish an educational centre for the children of other missionaries. It was owing to this fact that the two daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Atwater of Fen-cheu-fu happened to be with them at the time of the outbreak, and shared with them the horror and the glory of the martyr's crown.

Mr. George F. French thus writes of Mr. Pigott:

'If ever a man lived who was utterly in earnest, it was Thomas Wellesley Pigott. Whenever he returned to this country from his chosen field of labour, his flowing speech, in private and public, was always and only of China and her people, whom he loved so much. It was impossible to remain indifferent or unsympathetic

in the presence of such zeal. It wounded his spirit, it grieved him as something unaccountable, inexplicable, that others should not feel the interest, the sorrow and the joy with which he was filled. And this was no mere sentiment. It was such a reality, that to spend his time, his strength, his mental and physical abilities, and his money freely and wholly in the cause of China, was to him the most natural, and for him the only reasonable and possible way to live.'

Rev. Arthur Sowerby, of the English Baptist Mission, stationed at T'ai-yuen-fu, writes as a fellow-labourer of Mr. Pigott thus:

'Twenty years ago, Mr. Pigott stood on the threshold of his work in China. I recall the first time I met him. I had then been only a few days in China, and I remember his hearty hand-shake and genial greeting, and the pleasant chat which followed in the sitting-room of the C.I.M. premises at Chefoo. A few weeks later a party of us were journeying towards T'ai-yuen-fu, and we were pressed by circumstances to travel quickly. Mr. Pigott might have joined our party and enjoyed some pleasant companionship, but it was characteristic of him to prefer loneliness, and to lengthen his journey, although the weather was bitterly cold, in order that he might do some evangelistic work along the road. An intense zeal for the salvation of men was always a marked feature in his character.'

Mrs. T. W. Pigott was born in London on August 8, 1851. Before her birth her mother dedicated her first-born to the mission field, but, being a girl, she dismissed the thought from her mind. Jessie was a thoughtful, intelligent child, and very early became the subject of Divine grace. Loyalty to Christ was the dominant note of her life, and personal inclinations were never allowed to turn her from the path of sacrifice. She had a buoyant, intrepid nature, which enabled her to carry out her work, no matter what hindrances stood in the way.

Early in life her thoughts were turned to foreign missionary work, and she received encouragement, especially from her grandmother, in these aspirations. She began working amongst the children in the Sunday school, and along with her sister held a children's service on Sunday evenings for those not attending worship elsewhere, when as many as two hundred children would often be present.

In 1877 she sailed for India with the late Rev. James Smith of Delhi. She was a born linguist, and made rapid progress in learning both Hindi and Urdu. Her health, however, failed, and it was nearly two years before she fully recovered strength again, and the doctors forbade her return to India, except to a part where she would have to learn a new language. In company with her sister Florence, now Mrs. E. H. Edwards, she sailed for China in 1882, and on July 16, 1883, she was married to Mr. Pigott in Peking.

She became interested in medical work, and was able to operate for cataract and other surgical cases with considerable success. In 1885 she returned to England with Mr. Pigott, and in 1887, while still in the home country, their only child, William Wellesley, was born. In 1888 they returned to China, and after some months in T'ai-yuen they opened stations at Huai Lu and Shun-teh-fu, and also at Pao-ting-fu and Lu-ngan-fu, and finally in 1892 settled at Shao-yang, where they were the pioneer missionaries.[1]

William Wellesley Pigott was born on August 24, 1887. Though born in England, yet, as he came as a baby to China, he always looked upon China as home, and much preferred it to any other. As a child, his jolly laughing baby face, with curly golden hair and blue eyes, made him a favourite everywhere. When still quite a child, his father and mother on a journey were

[1] For fuller details of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Pigott and their fellow-workers at Shao-yang, see *Steadfast unto Death*, by C. A. Pigott, R.T.S., 1903.

surrounded by a crowd of Chinese students returning from an examination. The cries of 'Foreign devil' were raised, and it was felt to be a moment of peril. Seeing this, Wellesley was told to bow, and the child unhesitatingly obeyed with his frank baby smile, clasping his little hands and bending low, as a well-taught Chinese boy would do. The crowd was surprised and pleased, and became quite friendly, and after a little time the party was allowed to proceed unmolested.

From childhood his parents noticed a love for the things of God, and, what is unusual in a child, his deep sense of sin. As he grew up his growth in grace was most marked. When in England, Wellesley stood watching his uncle (a captain in the Yeomanry) mount his charger. 'I shall be a soldier some day,' he said. 'Yes, and wear a uniform like your uncle,' remarked some one standing by. 'No; I mean a soldier of Jesus Christ,' explained the boy. It was remarkable how he seems to have had the subject of martyrdom in his thoughts. To one friend he said, 'We can't be martyrs in England, but my father and mother and I might be in China.' During the last five months of his life he had a class of five Chinese boys in the Sunday school, for which his mother helped him to prepare.

John Robinson was born at Doncaster on September 1, 1875. His father and two grandfathers were clergymen of the Established Church. He was studious as a youth, and finally took his B.A. degree in the London University in 1896. From an early age he strongly desired to be a missionary, and though naturally of a reticent and retiring disposition, his conduct showed that his religious experience was deep and real. By a brief holiday visit to Cliff College in Derbyshire, under the care of Dr. Grattan Guinness, his spiritual life was quickened, and he more earnestly desired to be used in Christian service. He became a member of the Blackheath Y.M.C.A., and finally its secretary. His views on the subject of believers' baptism underwent a change, and

he united with the Baptist Church worshipping in Lee, near London, and was baptized by the Rev. F. G. French.

In 1898, Mr. Robinson accepted Mr. Pigott's offer to go to China as tutor to his son, and to undertake the education of the children of other missionaries. All difficulties having been removed, he sailed for China in January 1899, and on the voyage out began his duties as tutor, and studied the Chinese language with a native teacher. He entered on his work with zeal and earnestness, and enjoyed the opportunities of visiting the missionaries in T'ai-yuen-fu, and seeing something of their work. He made such progress in the language as to be able to preach, and even while on his way to martyrdom assisted Mr. Pigott in this way. His last letter contained the words, 'May we and the people be helped to trust'— The sentence was never finished.

Mary Duval had long desired to be a worker in the foreign mission field, and offered to go to India in connection with the Church Missionary Society; but as she was forty-two years of age when the offer was made, that door was closed to her. She was disappointed but not discouraged, and God honoured her by calling her to live and die for Him in China.

She left England for China in 1899, having accepted Mrs. Pigott's offer to help in the work at Shao-yang, especially in the education of the children of missionaries. Writing on shipboard, she quoted, 'God holds the key of all unknown, and I am glad.' And this seemed to be the dominant note of all her short period of service.

Her sister writes: 'In the midst of our grief, not only for the terrible loss we have sustained, but also for the awful suffering she was called upon to go through, we can be but glad that God gave her the desire of her heart. We can rejoice in her present joy, and that she was counted worthy to suffer for Him.'

Edith A. Coombs was born in Edinburgh in 1862. She had a remarkably happy childhood, and

seemed 'sanctified from her birth.' At the age of ten she entered the primary school of Neuchatel, Switzerland, and although on entering her knowledge of French was slight, she gained a prize in her first year. When about nineteen years of age she entered Somerville Hall, Oxford, where she remained for four years, graduating in Literature. She applied for the post of teacher to the High School at Edgbaston, Birmingham, and although she had no previous experience in teaching, her testimonials were so excellent that she was unanimously chosen to fill the vacant position. She remained in the school for six years, and one of her colleagues testifies that during that time 'I never once saw her otherwise than bright, sweet, helpful.' Those who worked with her in China could all bear the same testimony.

Dr. Dale's ministry was helpful in deepening the flame of her missionary zeal, and although the home ties were strong, the desire to make known the light and liberty of the Gospel was stronger still, and so in 1899 she found herself working in T'ai-yuen-fu in connection with the Shao-yang Mission. In her letters to her home folks, difficulties and trials were only hinted at, and few could have guessed the loneliness she sometimes felt. The winter after her arrival she took full charge of the mission girls' school, and as soon as possible organised a branch of the Christian Endeavour Society amongst her pupils. Her great delight was to gather the elder girls for an hour of prayer and quiet chat about the work.

Miss Coombs lost her life in the act of trying to save a little Chinese child from the cruel mob. In this she followed the Good Shepherd, who laid down His life for the sheep.

Dr. Arnold E. Lovitt was born in London, February 4, 1869. He was naturally of a studious turn of mind, and finally chose the career of a medical missionary. Having finished his course at the London Hospital, and

taken the necessary qualification, he was for a time in charge of the Mildmay Hospital in Bethnal Green. He was a Baptist, a member of the church worshipping in the East London Tabernacle, then under the pastoral care of Rev. Archibald J. Brown. It was from this church he was formally dedicated to the service of God in China.

Dr. Lovitt left England in the autumn of 1897 to join the Shao-yang Mission, having previously married Miss Grant, who had formerly been engaged in work as a trained nurse in the London Hospital. After arrival in T'ai-yuen-fu, Dr. and Mrs. Lovitt not only applied themselves diligently to the study of the Chinese language, but were always eager to help in the work of the Schofield Memorial Hospital, then under the charge of Dr. E. H. Edwards. Owing to failure in health, Dr. Edwards was obliged to leave for England sooner than he had intended. Dr. Lovitt was thus left in charge of the medical work after only eighteen months' residence in China. Both Dr. and Mrs. Lovitt, though fully realising the responsibility resting upon them, gave themselves to the work with all earnestness, diligence, and ability; and carried it on most efficiently. They were undoubtedly true and loyal workers for Christ, and had the honour of not only working but suffering to the death for His name's sake.

In a letter from T'ai-yuen-fu, dated June 28, 1900, Dr. Lovitt expresses what was the feeling throughout this noble army of martyrs: 'We would like our dear home ones to know that we are being marvellously sustained by the Lord. He is precious to each one of us. The children seem to have no fear. We cannot but hope for deliverance (hope dies hard), and our God is well able to do all things—even to save us from the most impossible surroundings when hope is gone. Our trust is in Him entirely and alone; we are at the same time seeking to do all that is in our power to do, and asking guidance at every step. There is not much time. We are ready.'

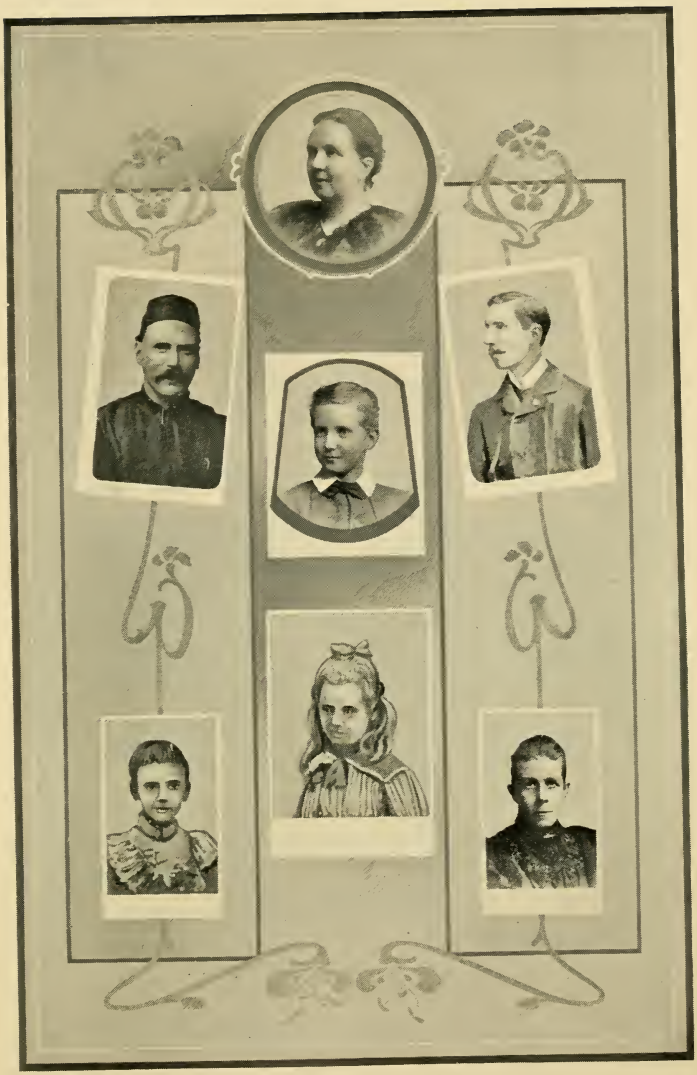
The wife of Dr. Edwards, who knew Mrs. Lovitt well, thus writes of her:

'My first remembrance of Mrs. Lovitt dates back to her arrival in T'ai-yuen-fu as a young bride full of happy hopes, and eager to begin her work among the Chinese women. The daughter of a devoted missionary, she had spoken their language as a child; it was therefore easier to her than to many, and the ways of the Far East were familiar to her. There was no foreboding in the hearts of the young couple as they began their missionary life, and their cup of happiness was full when they were given a beautiful baby boy, the pet of English and Chinese alike of our little community.

'As a young mother, Mrs. Lovitt had to solve the problem—a problem that has to be solved more or less ably by all missionary wives and mothers—of teaching her heathen sisters without neglecting the home duties. How difficult this is to a weary mother, who passionately longs to tell her heathen neighbours that wonderful ever new story of Bethlehem and Calvary, and yet is hampered and tied with her God-given home duties, only those who have been on the mission field can realise. Nobly and faithfully did Mrs. Lovitt strive to fulfil the many and varied duties that pressed upon her as a missionary's wife; very cheerfully and bravely did she work day by day, as she sought to show the natives what a Christian home can be.

'I have happy memories of afternoons spent visiting with Mrs. Lovitt in the homes of old patients. Memory recalls her so vividly, seated in her Chinese dress on a k'ang (brick bed) in one of these homes, a group of Chinese women clustered round her, her face bright and eager as she tells of the loving One so mighty to save.

'Other scenes come before me as I write. I see her in her own little sitting-room seated at study with her teacher. She is poring over those difficult Chinese hieroglyphics; the Chinese Gospel of Luke lies open



T'AI YUEN FU MARTYRS.

T. W. PIGOTT.	MRS. PIGOTT.	J. ROBINSON.
	W. PIGOTT.	
M. ATWATER.	B. ATWATER.	M. DUVAL.

on the table; and while the teacher reads the sacred words in his monotonous sing-song, her baby boy sits on her lap drumming with his tiny fingers on her cheek, or dashing his bricks on the crooked characters the tired mother is trying so hard to master. It is hard work, this hot summer afternoon, struggling to learn these uncouth sounds amidst all the baby din and clatter, but is it not because she wants to tell of Jesus, and the time is short? To-morrow, when she tells her class of heathen women the wonderful story of the Prodigal Son, perhaps some heart will melt and long for the forgiveness of the Father, and how well she will be repaid for weary hours of study!

'Again I see her, this time in the dispensary, washing the filthy sores of a degraded woman. Other patients, old and young, stand waiting round eager for the kind word and skilful help that will soon be theirs too. Not one will go away without hearing of Jesus; not one will leave without having seen something of the Christ reflected in the little waiting-room.

'The time of service was short, as we measure time who are so short-sighted ourselves, but the words they spoke and the lives they lived are still remembered. The seed they sowed is not ploughed up by the enemy, but is lying in good soil, to spring up unto a great harvest when God's time comes.'

George W. Stokes was born in Dover in 1863. He found Christ in the Salem Baptist Church of that place in 1881. He was a printer, and an excellent workman. He found time also to be a diligent Christian worker both in the Sunday school and as a village preacher; besides taking an active part in establishing and conducting a ragged school in one of the roughest neighbourhoods in Dover. His desire for work in the foreign mission field was after a time gratified, and preparatory to going abroad he had a course of study in the Training Home under the care of Dr. H. Grattan Guinness in London.

Mr. Stokes arrived in China in 1892 as a member of the China Inland Mission, and by diligent application obtained a good knowledge of the Chinese language, and was earnest in his work as a preacher, first of all in the vicinity of Shun-teh-fu in Chih-li, and subsequently in T'ai-yuen-fu in Shan-si. Mr. Stokes was twice married; his first wife died before he left England; his second wife was Miss Margaret T. Whitaker, who was then engaged as a nurse in Dr. Edwards' hospital in T'ai-yuen-fu.

Mr. Stokes left the China Inland Mission on his marriage with Miss Whitaker in 1897, and joined the Shao-yang Mission, working in connection with that mission in and around T'ai-yuen-fu city till his death. Mrs. Stokes had from her early youth been an active Christian worker, and when Mr. Moody came to London was always busy in the 'inquiry room.' She arrived in China in 1892, and worked as a nurse for five years; and after her marriage with Mr. Stokes worked amongst the women in T'ai-yuen-fu city and surrounding villages. Mrs. Stokes had gained a good knowledge of Chinese, and was a most earnest worker.

Mr. and Mrs. James Simpson left England for China, December 15, 1887. They both belonged to Aberdeen, and had been zealous workers in connection with the Melville Free Church there, also the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. in that city, and had won a good report for their untiring and unselfish services.

On April 20, 1900, within three months of the end, Mrs. Simpson wrote to her husband's sister: 'You will see how dark our way is, but He is light. He has gone before, and in Him is no darkness at all. He has put us in His furnace, and His desire is that we should show forth His praise. You speak of our return to Scotland seven years hence; ah! well, it may be there is no return for us; we may return by way of heaven; our times are in His hands. As I grow older I feel God's ways are

best. Once I believed it because He said it; now I believe it because I have proved it.'

Alexander Hoddle was the fourth son of the late Mr. William Hoddle, of the Bank of England, where he himself was subsequently employed for a short time. Leaving this position, he went to Canada, where he remained ten years. While there his thoughts were directed by some Quaker friends to the spiritual needs of others, and on returning to England he became secretary for the Y.M.C.A. in Newcastle-on-Tyne. While engaged in this work he was specially interested in sailors, and amongst these the Chinese attracted his attention.

After hearing Mr. Pigott plead the cause of China, he joined the China Inland Mission in August 1887, and worked in Huai-luh and Pao-ting-fu and the villages of Chih-li. Afterwards as an independent worker he threw himself with energy into the work in T'ai-yuen, taking charge of the book-shop, teaching, preaching, and doing much evangelistic work in private conversation. At one time he partly supported himself by teaching English to Chinese students, but declined an invitation to Tien-tsin to teach English, as he said, 'God, as far as I can see, wants me to remain in T'ai-yuen for the present at least.' He was a faithful and earnest man, and highly esteemed.

Dr. W. Millar-Wilson in his native town of Airdrie was greatly loved, and held in high esteem by his fellow-townsmen. He was a man of strong intellectual capacity, which he proved by becoming gold medallist of the local academy (as was also Mrs. Wilson). He had the brightest prospects, from a commercial point of view, but chose rather 'to suffer affliction with the people of God,' and to devote his life to the labours and trials of a medical missionary.

Converted to God in his early teens, he entered almost immediately into Christian work in connection

with the Airdrie Evangelistic Association, of which he soon became the most honoured and best loved worker. When, ten years later, he went out to China to begin his missionary career, his fellow-workers in the home land felt that they had indeed given of their best to the cause. Dr. Wilson went to China originally in connection with the Shao-yang Mission.

Dr. Edwards writes: 'I first met Dr. Wilson in Vancouver, on my way back to my field of labour in 1891. We crossed the Pacific together, and from Shanghai went on to Tien-tsin. Thence I had the pleasure of accompanying both Dr. and Mrs. Wilson to T'ai-yuen-fu, where for some time they were our guests. The discomforts of travel, which to new-comers are generally considered trying, they regarded very lightly.

'Both set to work at the language with a will, and were soon quite at home with the people of the country. In 1892, while I was superintending the building of new premises, and attending to the hospital and the general work of the station, Dr. Wilson kindly came to my help, and took over the whole charge of the hospital and dispensary. Meanwhile, he had been looking about with Mr. Pigott for a place to found another station, and finally fixed on Shao-yang as their field of labour. He worked there with Mr. Pigott for two or three years, but eventually joined the China Inland Mission, and was stationed at P'ing-yang-fu in the south of Shan-si.

'From there, just before the troubles broke out, Mrs. Wilson went up to T'ai-yuen-fu with her baby, who was sick, and on the way called at Ho-chau, and travelled from there with Miss Clarke and Miss Stevens. On arrival in T'ai-yuen-fu, they all were received into Mr. Farthing's house. Not long after his wife left him, Dr. Wilson developed symptoms of dysentery, which gradually grew worse, and about June 19 he set out to go to his wife in T'ai-yuen-fu.

'Dr. and Mrs. Wilson had intended returning to Scotland early in the spring of that year (1900), but a threatened famine caused them to change their plans.

The doctor said he could not leave when trial was thus facing his people. He stayed, and brought up large supplies of grain to meet the coming distress, and a local fund was instituted, to which he contributed a very considerable amount, for the same purpose; and when he was compelled by force of circumstances to leave, it was a comfort to him to think that he could serve Shan-si better by his presence in Britain. But for this delay they with their child would have been safely out of the country before the storm of trouble broke which was to fall upon them so disastrously.

'Only a short time before leaving P'ing-yang, the native Christians, in view of Dr. Wilson's home-going, presented him with a large red satin banner, on which was inscribed in gilt letters, "God's faithful servant."'

One who knew them well thus writes: 'With Dr. Wilson's kind and genial spirit, and Mrs. Wilson's generous hospitality, P'ing-yang-fu became a centre where all comers felt welcome.' Native conferences and conferences for missionaries were held there, and to many it was like a touch of home to stay with them.

One of his last acts as a medical missionary was to travel twenty miles, through a disturbed district, that he might do all that he could to save the life of Elder Li, who had been severely wounded by a sword-cut from one of the Boxers.

It should be mentioned that Dr. Wilson, although connected with the China Inland Mission, was entirely at his own charges, and did not draw on mission funds for his support.

Jane Stevens, of Ho-chau, Shan-si. For five years prior to Miss Stevens' departure for China, she worked as a nurse in connection with the Mildmay Nursing Home, London, and while there her truly Christlike character was a real help and blessing to many of the patients under her care.

Miss Stevens went to China in September 1885 in connection with the China Inland Mission. Finding

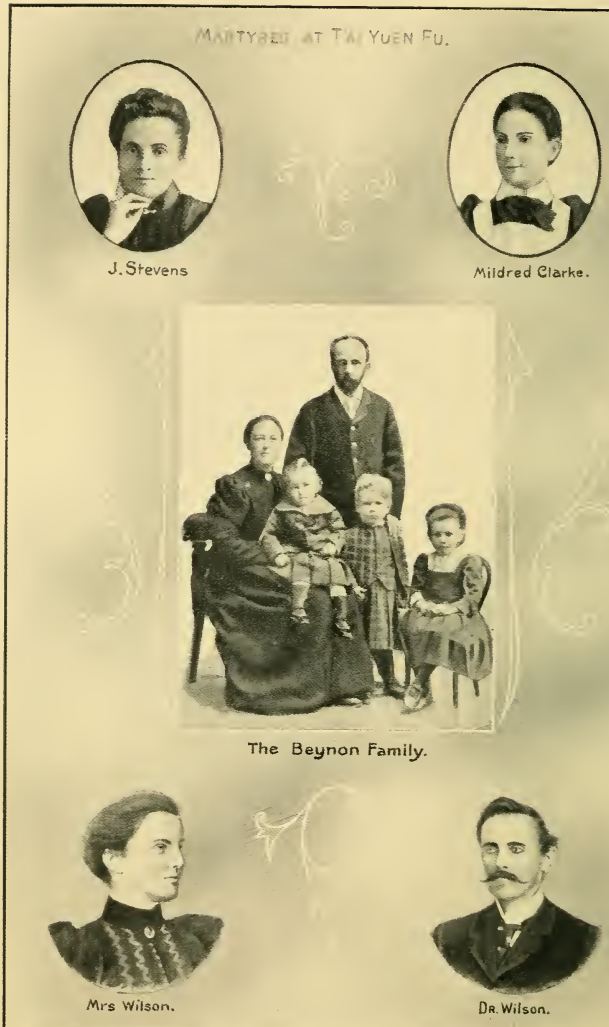
that the climate of Southern China did not agree with her health, she was transferred to North China, and worked for some time in T'ai-yuen-fu. After her first furlough, however, she was transferred to Ho-chau, which is another station of the China Inland Mission five days' journey south of T'ai-yuen-fu. From there she had come with Miss Clarke, in company with Mrs. Millar-Wilson and child, to T'ai-yuen-fu, early in June, before the outbreak of the Boxer troubles. Miss Stevens' abilities as a trained nurse were much in request, and many recall her patient ministrations with gratitude.

The acquisition of the Chinese language proved a real obstacle, but by steady perseverance she gained such a knowledge of it as surprised those who knew her initial difficulties. When on furlough, she was asked by a friend 'if she did not think some position in England would suit her better than mission work in China.' To this she replied, 'I don't feel I have yet finished the work God has for me in China. I must go back. Perhaps—who knows?—I may be among those who will be allowed to give their lives for the people.'

Mildred Eleanor Clarke. In the summer of 1890, her father (Colonel A. R. Clarke) writes, she gave herself in entire consecration to the Lord. Not long after, while away from home, on hearing an address from Mrs. Ahok, a Chinese lady, and from Rev. J. Heywood Horsburgh, of the C.M.S. Mission in China, she felt that she had received a distinct call for foreign missionary service.

At a missionary meeting of the Y.W.C.A. in Redhill, England, she was led to express her resolve to the missionary secretary of the Association. A few months before, it had been suggested that the Redhill branch of the Y.W.C.A. should endeavour to support its own missionary, and Miss Clarke was chosen as their representative on that mission field.

She sailed for China in October 1893 in connection with the China Inland Mission, and finally arrived in



T'AI YUEN FU MARTYRS.

T'ai-yuen-fu in April 1894. After remaining there some two or three years, she was removed to Hsiao-I, and finally to Ho-chau, where she and her beloved companion, Miss Stevens, worked together. They went together to T'ai-yuen-fu in June 1900. An entry in her journal on arrival in T'ai-yuen-fu in 1894 is especially interesting:

'At last we have reached our destination. . . . Pray that God may be sanctified in my life, and in the lives of all His children here; then the heathen shall know that He is God. I long to live a poured-out life unto Him among these Chinese, and to enter into the fellowship of His sufferings for souls, who poured out His life unto death for us.'

Rev. W. T. Beynon was born in Haverfordwest in 1860, and after some business experience entered Harley House, London, where he stayed for three years. In 1885 he joined the staff of the China Inland Mission, working among the Mongols in North China, from Kwei-hua as a centre. He subsequently joined the A.B.C.F.M., and was stationed at Kalgan. The appointment was, however, soon given up.

In December 1895 he was appointed by the British and Foreign Bible Society one of their sub-agents in China. He sailed with his wife and family for Shanghai in February 1896, and from the time of his arrival in China had charge of the work of the Society in Shan-si, one of the most difficult fields for Christian work of any kind in that country.

Here was little to encourage and much to depress; but Mr. Beynon's faith never yielded, and he succeeded in raising Bible work to a high level of efficiency, and placing it on a sound basis. His devoted labours and personal worth were recognised by all the Christian missionaries in the province.

A missionary writing from T'ai-yuen-fu said: 'Mr. Beynon is so busy, and does and helps so much. He is just everybody's spiritual helper; so many of the

brethren have borne testimony to that. His presence in T'ai-yuen-fu is a godsend indeed.' The report of his work for 1899 ends with words which read now like a pathetic prophecy: 'We pray that in this coming year the God of all grace will give us all grace to be faithful.'

Mrs. Beynon, *née* **Emily Taylor,** came to China in 1885 in connection with the C.I.M. She was an excellent helpmate to her husband, entering into his plans and work with great interest, and was a devoted mother to their three children.

Rev. George Bryant Farthing was born on December 19, 1859, at Blackheath. The family moved to Scarborough shortly after his birth. From his early childhood he showed an aptitude for learning. At fourteen years of age he entered a printing and bookselling business in Scarborough, where he remained about five years, and subsequently he spent two or three years in connection with the same business in Maidstone and in Dorset. In early youth he was converted, and joined the Albemarle Church in Scarborough. After his conversion he immediately began to seek to win others to Christ, and took up preaching in a small village called Burniston, which was a station of the Albemarle Church. He preached in mission halls and elsewhere with acceptance and success, and was a teacher and subsequently secretary of the Sunday school. By and by the call came to serve the Lord in China. With this object in view he entered Rawdon College in 1881. When he had completed his course of five years in college, he sailed for China on September 12, 1886, and was stationed in T'ai-yuen-fu, where, with the exception of furlough in England, he remained for fourteen years.

He was a faithful and earnest worker, and was blessed in seeing the work of God prosper in his hands. He did good work in connection with an Opium Refuge which he started, and which owed all its success to him. He also constantly preached in the hall connected with

the book-shop situated in one of the main streets of the city, and was active in itineration in the surrounding district, and in many other ways his gentle spirit found rest in service and in sacrifice. Even in hours of recreation his chief pleasure was talking over mission work.

When the troubles began to threaten ominously, he wrote to his colleague, Mr. Dixon, at Hsin-chou, 'If the worst comes to the worst, I am ready to die.' All through the fearful days of trial and suspense which culminated so tragically, he seems to have been the leader around whom all naturally gathered, and on the fatal 9th of July 1900 he had the honour of being the first to receive the martyr's crown. As he himself once expressed it, 'His work was done, the shadow on the dial showed the hour, and the workman was called away to his rest.'

Mrs. G. B. Farthing, *née* **Catherine Pope Wright,** was the eldest daughter of Thomas Wright, a deacon in South Parade Baptist Church, Leeds. Miss Wright was born February 16, 1864, joined the Church of which her father was a deacon in 1881, and took an active share in the work at North Street Baptist Church, the branch church of Meanwood Road. She married Mr. Farthing in Shanghai on April 23, 1889, and shared with her husband the toils and perils of life in China. She returned with her husband to England on furlough, where she remained for some years with her children.

She returned with her family and a governess in February 1900, only a few months before the Boxer outbreak. She is described by one who knew her as 'one of the kindliest of women.'

Three children—Ruth, aged ten, Guy, aged eight, and Elisabeth, three years of age—shared the fate of their parents.

Rev. Silvester Frank Whitehouse was born in Birmingham on August 14, 1867. From his earliest years

his mother had dedicated him to the Lord for the work of foreign missions. Later in life, when in business, he gave his leisure time to preparation for the foreign mission field. In 1888 he went to China as private secretary to Mr. Hudson Taylor, but after four years' service he was obliged to return to England, on account of private affairs which required his presence.

While in England, he pursued his studies under Dr. Grattan Guinness, and on receiving an appointment from the National Bible Society of Scotland, he returned to China. After three and a half years of almost incessant travel in China on behalf of the Bible Society, his health gave way, and he was obliged to resign his post and return again to England. For two and a half years he studied in the Pastors' College under Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and also did student-pastor work in the East of London.

In July 1899 he was accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society of London as one of their staff, going out as the representative and supported by the Baptist Church at Upper Tooting, London.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitehouse, on the last voyage out to China, had the heartfelt grief of losing their only child, Harold, a boy of five years of age. He was buried at Singapore. Little did they think, however, that he was only taken away from the evil to come.

Mr. Whitehouse, writing from T'ai-yuen-fu, April 20, 1900, says: 'We greatly need special prayer on our behalf, for as I write there is unwonted disturbance connected with the preliminary examinations which are now proceeding, and with the arrival to-day of the new Governor of Shan-si.' This letter reached England just about the time of the martyrdom, and the prayers offered were answered in the strange calm and peace in which all met their death, and which extorted the admiration and astonishment of the spectators.

Mrs. Whitehouse, *née* **Legerton,** was formerly a member of the C.I.M., and married Mr. Whitehouse in

China. She was a teacher in the mission school in Chefoo.

Ellen Mary Stewart was born on May 11, 1871. She was converted to God when a girl by a dream while at school. After her school days she was engaged as teacher in Kindergarten work. Her desire for missionary work abroad was of long standing, but home duties prevented for some time its realisation.

In 1894, when she was inquiring for a place as governess, the secretary replied, 'There is but one name on our books, but it is too far from home for you. It is to teach English children in the interior of China in T'ai-yuen-fu.' She went away pondering and praying over what seemed God's answer to her heart's desire. Her father's consent was given, and soon she was on her way to China, and became governess in Dr. Edwards' family, of the Shao-yang Mission, where she remained over four years, and where her helpfulness and affection made her almost like a daughter. She gave singing lessons to the Chinese, and studied their language in her leisure time, but subsequently found she had not strength or opportunity to acquire it. After taking a furlough of eight months in England, she returned to China with Mrs. Farthing, of the Baptist Missionary Society, reaching T'ai-yuen-fu in May 1900, just after the arrival of the new Governor, Yü Hsien. She was naturally timid, but a strong sense of duty and a firm faith in her Saviour nerved her for all the trials of her lot, and the end was calm and peaceful.

THE HSIN-CHOU MARTYRS

Rev. Herbert Dixon and Mrs. Dixon. Mr. Dixon was connected with the English Baptist Mission for twenty-one years. Previous to this, he had been a member of Downs Baptist Church, Clapton, London, and a student of Regent's Park Baptist College. For about five years of his missionary career he laboured

in Africa, on the field which is now known as the Congo Mission, doing much heavy pioneer work, and only relinquishing it when, after severe illness, medical advice absolutely forbade his return to that country. He then consented to go to North China, and arrived, with Mrs. Dixon, in T'ai-yuen-fu in the spring of 1885. After some years of work from that city as a centre, he opened the new station of Hsin-chou, a county town some forty-five miles from T'ai-yuen-fu. Here opium refuge work, medical work, daily preaching, and country evangelistic work were diligently and successfully carried on. New premises had just been built, in order to accommodate the extending work. Younger men had come to give of their strength and vigour in service, and the work amongst the women was to be more vigorously prosecuted, and all was full of high hope and encouragement, and only for the time being are these hopes to be unfulfilled.

Mr. Dixon was a man of strong will, vigorous constitution, and restless activity. He felt, on receiving a letter from Mr. Farthing, that a crisis had come, but he did not flinch.

Mrs. Dixon, *née* **Williams,** was born June 14, 1855, at the Old Cross House, St. Davids. She became a member of the Calvinistic Methodist Church at the Tabernacle, St. Davids. She left St. Davids and became a nurse in a children's hospital in London, and then joined another hospital, where Mr. Dixon was getting medical instruction, and became engaged to him before he went out to Africa. On his return invalided, he went to the hospital where Miss Williams was engaged, and she nursed him back to convalescence.

On November 1, 1884, Miss Williams and Mr. Dixon were married; and in the spring of 1885 Mr. and Mrs. Dixon went out to China. She was a kind, gracious, and devoted woman, and, owing to her skill in nursing, a great help in the medical work carried on, besides

the work amongst the women. They leave four children to mourn their loss, three boys and one girl.

Rev. William Adam McCurrach was born in Aberdeen on March 30, 1869. After leaving school, he served his apprenticeship in an ironmongery warehouse. His family belonged to the Free Church of Scotland, but as a scholar in a mission school in Causewayend he came under the influence of teachers who were Baptists.

His conversion took place when he was sixteen years of age. On the morning after he made his great resolve, he joyfully confessed to the foreman of the workshop that he had become a Christian. The reality of the change was soon proved, and he rejoiced in making the fact known as widely as possible. He joined the local Y.M.C.A., and began to exercise his gifts as a Christian worker in connection with the Old Aberdeen Mission, where he laboured till he entered college.

About a year after his conversion he joined the Baptist Church at Crown Terrace, Aberdeen. After hearing Dr. Guinness and Mr. Pigott, who visited Aberdeen at this time, he resolved to apply for admission into Cliff College, with the object of engaging in missionary work in China. After two years in this college, he applied to the Baptist Missionary Society, but the committee advised him to continue his studies, and recommended him to apply to Rawdon College, which he entered shortly afterwards. At the end of his four years' course in Rawdon he was accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for work in China, and in the autumn of 1896 proceeded to that country.

He easily made friends, and always kept them. Of an open, frank, and kindly disposition, he was a favourite wherever he went. Although sometimes tempted, he never swerved from his original determination to become a missionary in China. The only thing he dreaded in this connection was, he said, 'saying good-bye to his mother.'

On April 20, 1900, the day on which Yü Hsien arrived in T'ai-yuen-fu, Mr. McCurrach writes of a visit which he and his wife had made with others to some stations about eighty miles north of Hsin-chou, and where the party had met with encouraging success: 'It is needless to say that such visits are not only helpful to the natives but stimulating to our own spiritual life. We are most grateful to our Heavenly Father for giving us the privilege of speaking to so many, and we look to Him to follow the preaching of His own Word with His richest blessing.'

Mrs. McCurrach, *née* **Clara Novello Scholey,** was born on January 30, 1869, in Bradford. For many years it was 'her ambition to become a missionary,' an idea which her family did not quite approve of. For six years before going out to China she was headmistress in the girls' school at Stairfoot, near Barnsley, and in this position proved very successful. In 1898 she was married in Shanghai to Mr. McCurrach. The last letter to her relatives proves her to have been a loving and faithful wife, and a true and earnest missionary.

Rev. Thomas John Underwood was born in Cheltenham on December 6, 1867. When he was five years old his family removed to Bath, where his father threw himself very heartily into the work of the Baptist Church meeting at Manvers Street. The young missionary's home-life was peculiarly fitted to develop all that was noblest in Christian character. His mother was a woman of rare sweetness, and her memory abides in the church at Manvers Street as one of its most precious treasures. With her son's decision for Christ at an early age came the desire to bring others to the knowledge of the Saviour, and his work in the Sunday school at the Bethesda Mission Station was marked by a thoroughness, regularity, and earnestness which gave the fairest promise for his future; and when he entered Bristol College in order to be trained for missionary

work in China, all his friends were assured that he was led into this course by God Himself. He became endeared to all his fellow-students, for if his outward demeanour was grave, his tenderness, his humour, his high honour, and his absolute devotion to his Lord, marked him off for the love and reverence of all who were privileged to know him intimately. His ordination took place at Manvers Street Church in September 1896, and he went forth to his work followed by the solicitude and prayers of many loving hearts.

Mr. Underwood arrived at T'ai-yuen-fu in the autumn of the same year. Rev. A. Sowerby, the only man on the Baptist missionary staff in Shan-si who survived the massacre of 1900, gives us the portrait of the young missionary at work in China:—'Mr. Underwood and Mr. McCurrach reached T'ai-yuen-fu one Tuesday afternoon somewhat earlier than was expected, and just as we were starting out to meet them. I well remember how we were impressed with the appearance of those fine, handsome young men, and the joy we felt that the Master had sent two such brethren to labour for Him in the mission field. Very pleasantly did the next few days pass, for the advent of new missionaries marks a red-letter day in the calendar of the lonely workers in Inland China; and after the long and toilsome journey, and the miserable accommodation of Chinese inns, newcomers are delighted to be once more in a home, and to be surrounded with friends. After discussion, it was decided that Mr. Underwood should remain in T'ai-yuen-fu. This decision was very gratifying to me, and during the winter Mr. Underwood was a most welcome member of our household. Thoroughly modest, quiet, and unassuming, he made his presence and influence felt, so that we speedily realised that it was a privilege to have him under our roof; and when the time for parting came, my wife and I agreed that his companionship had been a real blessing to us. He joined in the quiet life of the missionary community, spent several hours with his teacher, and took his daily

walk in the squalid streets of the Chinese city, getting accustomed to noisome smells and disgusting sights and uncouth tones, or went out to enjoy the fresh air in the fields. At the language he worked with so much patience, and by such an admirable method (as he had his notebook always at hand for new expressions), that he very soon became master of a good number of stock phrases. He made good progress from the first, and it is not surprising that he passed all his examinations in Chinese with great credit.

'The rapid progress Mr. Underwood made with the language soon enabled him to take part in the Sunday school, and ultimately he had the entire charge of the boys' school in T'ai-yuen-fu. There is a teaching not conveyed by words, and Mr. Underwood's kind and firm treatment of the boys was well adapted to the training of their character. It is greatly to his credit that at all times he worked in complete harmony with his colleagues, and that when Mr. Farthing left for a visit to the coast in the spring of 1900, he was well satisfied to leave the entire charge of the station in Mr. Underwood's hands.

'The martyrdom of Mr. and Mrs. Underwood was an unspeakable sorrow to those who knew and loved them, and a great loss to the missionary staff. Only a few of their colleagues were left to mourn for them, but those who remain will never fail to cherish their memory with the deepest affection and respect. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not divided," but together they passed through the last terrible strife, leaning on Christ, and together they heard the Saviour's "Well done," and entered into glory.'

Mrs. T. J. Underwood, *née* **White,** was left an orphan at a very early age. In her seventeenth year she entered a house of business in Bath, where by her dependableness and conscientious service she won the esteem and affection of her employers. In early life she gave herself to her Saviour, and joined the Manvers Street Baptist Church in Bath. After engagement to

Mr. Underwood, she spent a year in Mrs. Menzies' training home in Liverpool, where she gained experience in nursing and in addressing meetings. She took a full certificate in midwifery, in preparation for the work that lay before her. In the year 1898 she joined Mr. Underwood in Shanghai, China, and they were married there on October 24, at the same time as Mr. and Mrs. McCurrach. Then followed busy months in T'ai-yuen-fu of language study, sick-nursing, and dispensing a kindly hospitality as required.

At the time when the Boxer troubles broke out, Mr. and Mrs. Underwood were on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. McCurrach in Hsin-chou, and there shared all the trials and sorrows of the noble band of martyrs who were translated at that time. Mr. and Mrs. Underwood left no record, so far as is known, of their sufferings.

Bessie Campbell Renaut was a lady of considerable force and ability. She had been accepted for mission work in China by the Baptist Zenana Mission, and had arrived at her station in Hsin-chou only nine months before her death.

She was born at Leytonstone, England, in 1871. Before acceptance by the Missionary Society, she had proved her fitness for mission work by diligent teaching in the Sunday school at Leytonstone, and the use she made of the opportunities she had in the preparatory training home in Burnbank Gardens, Glasgow.

Her letters from China testify to her interest in the work of the station, of her visits to the homes of the people in company with Mrs. Dixon, and her intense earnestness of desire to be able to speak to the people the words of eternal life committed to her.

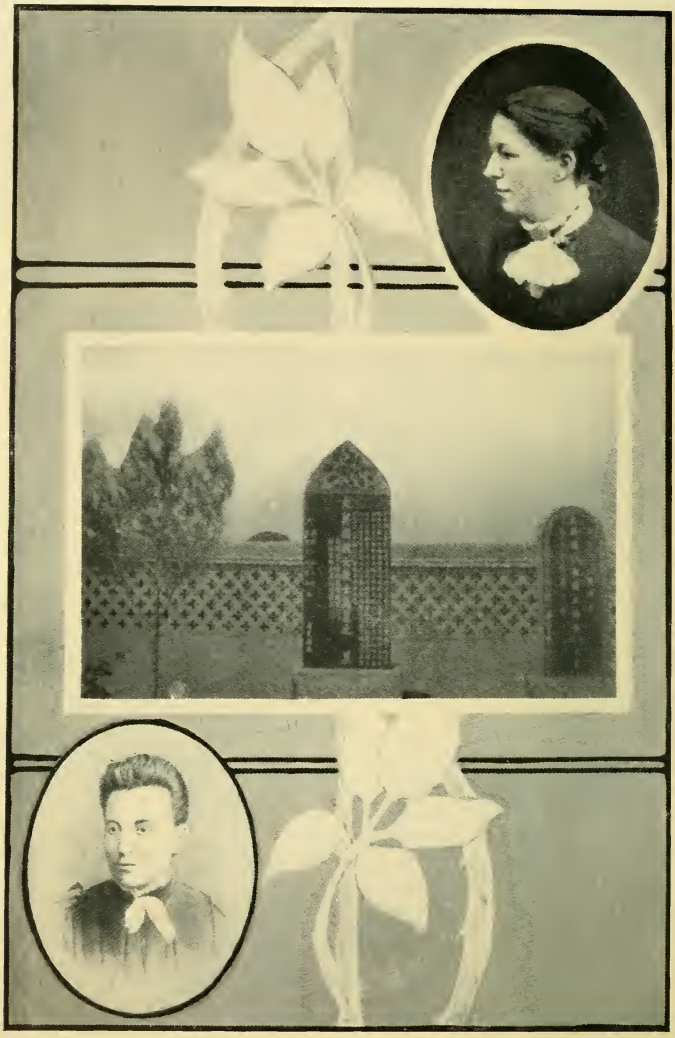
During the awful weeks of suspense and wanderings amongst the mountains, seeking to escape from their deadly foes, Miss Renaut managed to keep the diary from which extracts are given in Chapter V. The last entry in this diary is dated a few days before the end came. It was committed to faithful Chinese, who

managed to preserve it; and it is now held as a sacred legacy by her mourning relatives.

Rev. Sydney W. Ennals was born November 1, 1872, at Lewisham. It was his happy lot to be one of the best beloved of men. He was of an exceptionally winsome disposition, and his earnestness and strength of character made him a great spiritual power amongst those associated with him. Brought up at Bury St. Edmunds, where for many years his father was a deacon of the Baptist Church, his cheerful disposition made him a general favourite amongst his companions. When his schooldays were over, he spent five years in business at Ipswich and Cambridge, his leisure time being largely taken up in Christian work.

At Cambridge the long-cherished desire of his heart was moulded into a definite resolve to go forth as a missionary, and, notwithstanding many obstacles, he steadfastly adhered to his resolution. He sought and found opportunities for service in the villages and mission halls of the district, until in 1892 he entered Regent's Park College. There he speedily won a unique place in the affection and esteem of his fellow-students.

He entered whole-heartedly into the life of the college, and excelled in sports. At the close of his college career he passed the Senatus Academicus examination in the first division, and shared the prize for extemporaneous speaking. He was accepted by the Baptist Missionary Society for China, but was asked to wait until a vacancy occurred. For the intervening period he accepted an invitation to the pastorate of a recently formed church at Queenstown, Cape Colony. His pastorate commenced in January 1898, and lasted eighteen months, and was crowned with conspicuous success and blessing; a building was bought and fitted as a church, latent opposition was overcome by the manifestation of a brotherly spirit, and many recognised that his was a life of singular consecration.



THE HSIAO I HSIEN MARTYRS.

E. SEARELL.

GRAVES OF THE MARTYRS.

E. WHITCHURCH.

When the call came to leave for China, his loss was deeply felt and sincerely mourned by those to whom he had ministered. Although only a sojourner in Africa, he set himself to learn the Kafir language, in order to speak to the heathen around him; and though his knowledge of it was necessarily slight, he used his acquirement of it to the utmost, and was not wounded by laughter at his mistakes. He had a genius for 'personal dealing,' and showed continually that passion for souls which is one of the highest qualifications for effective service in missionary work.

After coming home to England for a few weeks, he left for China, September 11, 1899. Though originally appointed by the Baptist Missionary Society to work in Shantung, China, he arranged with the Rev. F. J. Shipway, who was appointed at the same time for work in the province of Shan-si, to go to that province instead of to Shantung, and by so doing he unknowingly joined the company of those who were destined to obtain the crowning glory of martyrdom.

THE HSIAO-I-HSIEN MARTYRS

Of **Emily Whitchurch** one who knew her well writes thus: 'About seventeen years ago, Miss Whitchurch heard from Mr. Hudson Taylor's lips of the needs of China. It was God's call to her, and with loving, glad, childlike obedience, which always characterised her life, she responded—terrible as the thought of going was to her at first—"If Thou art calling me to go, I know Thou wilt give me strength, and I am willing." Miss Whitchurch reached Shanghai in April 1884, and shortly after went to Chefoo. She remained in Chefoo some years as teacher in the girls' school which is established there in connection with the China Inland Mission.

'The school attained during her stay a high standard of efficiency as an educational institution, and was recognised as being well managed. When she gave

up the work, every girl in the school professed her faith in Christ as her Saviour. Meantime, she did what she could for the Chinese women around her, and several were converted; her heart, however, yearned to go to the regions beyond, and in 1887 she was set free from school-work and sent to Hsiao-I-Hsien.

'There Miss Whitchurch laboured "more abundantly" than ever, and continued unremittingly, with the exception of one short visit to the home land about seven years ago. God graciously owned her work and service of love, many souls were saved, demons cast out, the sick were healed, and opium-smokers reclaimed, testifying how mightily God can use even one yielded life.

'Her trust in God was uniformly simple and strong, and this made her life like a sunbeam to every one around her. She enjoyed trusting in her Saviour, and in times of physical weakness and intense trial of various kinds, her childlike faith rose triumphant over every obstacle.'

On May 8, 1896, after a year spent at the China Inland Mission school in Chefoo in teaching music, **Edith Searell** arrived in Hsiao-I-Hsien. There for four years she worked with all the powers of her energetic character, until she was called to wear the martyr's crown. She was amongst the first to go out from New Zealand to China in connection with the C.I.M.

Her excellent ear for music and her training in that art enabled her to acquire the Chinese language with great rapidity, so that very soon she became a help to Miss Whitchurch in the work of the station. She would often surprise the Chinese from other parts of the country by her accurate imitation of their local dialects.

From morning till night she was always busy; what with teaching, serving out medicine to the opium patients, visiting, and housekeeping, she never had an idle moment. Often in the daytime she would be found in the women's room, teaching them and speaking to

them earnestly about God. She was very merry, and would amuse them much at times, and by her friendly ways win their hearts. Constantly, Miss Searell and Miss Whitchurch were appealed to by the natives to come and pray for some sick one, and their prayer of faith was repeatedly honoured.

In the summer, when the opium refuge was closed, Miss Searell delighted to visit the neighbouring villages, and the villagers received her gladly, for she made herself entirely one of themselves, making friends with the children, eating the native food, and taking interest in all the affairs of the household. She was thus engaged up to the last Sunday before her fiery trial and final victory.

Miss Searell was not strong; she suffered at one time much from asthma and pneumonia, and retained this tendency to the end, but this did not prevent her from doing more work than many stronger people.

An extract from a letter written June 28, 1900, just the day before she died, is most touching. She says, in writing to a friend: 'You speak of the possibility of one place being safer than another; from the human standpoint all are equally unsafe; from the point of view of those whose lives are hid with Christ in God, all are equally *safe*. . . . "A mighty fortress is our God," and in Him we are safe for time and for eternity. Shall we murmur if we have less time than we expected? "The less of time, the more of heaven." "The briefer life, earlier immortality."'

THE T'AI-KU-HSIEN MARTYRS

Rev. Dwight H. Clapp was born in Middlefield, Ohio, on November 1, 1841. He graduated from Oberlin College in 1879, and from the Theological Seminary in 1884. He was married at Oberlin, June 3, 1884, was ordained on the 22nd of the same month, and sailed for China in September of the same year.

Mrs. Mary Jane Clapp, *née* **Rowland,** was born at Clarksfield, Ohio, February 18, 1845. She studied in Lake Erie Seminary, Painesville. Mr. and Mrs. Clapp went to the United States on furlough in 1894. Dr. Atwood, a colleague who was happily out of China at the time of these troubles, writes thus of them:

'How can we speak adequately of Mr. Clapp,—of his overmastering love of men, and zeal in their service, that stopped at no hardship and hesitated at no self-denial; travelling many hundreds of miles from village to village, climbing steep and rocky mountain passes, sleeping on the rude stone beds or k'angs in filthy, smoke-begrimed inns, where the air is suffocating with the sickening fumes of opium, that he might bring the light and hope of the Gospel to those who were without hope and without God in that land of a darkness that is tangible and appalling.

'Time would fail me to tell even briefly of Mrs. Clapp's heroic faith and bravery, in establishing and carrying on for so many years, and so successfully, the boys' boarding school at T'ai Ku. Naturally of a timid and retiring disposition, she was enabled, by the grace of God, to overcome all difficulties in making this school a model of its kind, so that it has been the means of winning scores of boys from heathen homes, and inspiring their hearts with ideals of a lofty career. Great hopes are at stake in the future lives of some of these young men.'

Rev. Francis W. Davis was born at Sparta, Wisconsin, September 8, 1857. He graduated from Oberlin College in 1889. He married Miss Lydia C. Lord on August 14, 1889, and they embarked for China in September of the same year. Mrs. Davis was in the United States at the time of the Boxer troubles, and so escaped the fiery trial which befell her husband. Of Mr. Davis, Dr. Atwood writes:

'In Mr. Davis, what sterling honesty, unswerving fidelity, and sincerity we all saw stamped in every

feature and illustrated in every act of his life! Christian service and helpfulness in all the varied work of the mission was the strong motive of his life, whether it was in mending a broken chair or the making of a treasurer's report.'

Another writer says that Mr. Davis' gifts lay in the line of practical effort rather than scholarly attainment. His labours as a missionary were devoted almost wholly to pioneering effort, sharing with one of his associates in the opening of the station at Jen-ts'un.

Rev. George L. Williams was born at Southington, Conn., October 4, 1858, graduated from Oberlin College in 1888, and the Seminary in 1891. He married Miss Mary Alice Moore, May 26, 1891, and they sailed for China in July of the same year. Mrs. Williams and her three children were in the United States at this time. Of Mr. Williams a friend writes:

'He was well equipped for missionary service, full of missionary enthusiasm and growing zeal in its prosecution. He was an excellent correspondent, speaking kindly of his associates and hopefully of the work in hand.'

Rowena Bird was born at Sandoval, Illinois, July 31, 1865, studied at Oberlin College, and embarked for China in September 1890. The testimony to her is:

'With what supreme loyalty of consecration to the work of the boys' boarding school, and to the Lord and Master whom she served, did Miss Bird bring the devotion of her earnest life and character, and also to the work amongst the women of the surrounding villages! Hers was no fitful or unsteady devotion to the work of the Master; she gave her whole soul to it.'

Mary L. Partridge was born at Stockholm, New York, March 27, 1865. She pursued her studies at Mount Holyoke, Rollins, and Oberlin Colleges, and

joined the mission in China on October 19, 1893. She is thus described:

'What tireless activity marked the brief sojourn of Miss Partridge among the people of China; not a whit behind the foremost in the thick of the fight, cheerfully bearing all hardships and dangers in long and tedious journeys, unattended except by a Chinese servant; going faithfully, in storm or sunshine, to distant villages to bring the cheer of her loving friendship for her Chinese sisters, whose souls she coveted for the kingdom, and whose lost and miserable condition appealed so strongly to her affectionate nature.'

THE FEN-CHOU-FU MARTYRS

Rev. Ernest R. Atwater was born at Oberlin, August 20, 1865, graduated at the college there in 1887, and from the Seminary in 1892; married Miss Jennie E. Pond, who was also a graduate of Oberlin, and who died at Fen-chou-fu, November 25, 1896. In the year 1898, Mr. Atwater married Miss Elizabeth Graham, who had been engaged in missionary work in T'ai-yuen-fu in connection with the Shao-yang Mission, and who had come originally from Ireland.

Dr. Judson Smith, of the Oberlin College, thus writes:

'Mr. Atwater was a man of fine scholarship, of high purpose, of great energy; his coming was a welcome event to the missionary force, and every feature of the work to which he put his hand has received a helpful impulse. Mr. Atwater was for many years secretary of the mission, a constant, clear, and valuable correspondent. No member of the mission took wider or more hopeful views of the work. Mrs. Atwater was of Irish origin. She was a woman of strong character, rare personal attractions, and warm interest in everything pertaining to the mission and its work.'

Mr. Atwater, in writing to an associate, says:

'The work in our mission is going right on, so let us

be up and doing. The next ten years will show a great change. I want you to be in it, and to have the satisfaction of it; you have put a considerable part of your life into it, and it seems to me it will pay to put the whole of it in. Let us do a work here which will be a joy and a satisfaction through eternity.'

Rev. Charles W. Price was born at Richland, Indiana, December 28, 1847, pursued his studies at Oberlin College, and graduated from the Seminary in 1889. **Mrs. Price,** *née* **Keasey,** was born at Constantine, Michigan, August 19, 1855. She was also a student at Oberlin. She married Mr. Price in 1873, and joined the mission in Shan-si with Mr. Price in 1889.

Mr. Price is thus described:

'The schoolboys at Fen-chou-fu never can forget the loving, smiling face of Mr. Price as he met them day by day for morning prayers or for daily lessons in the class-room. His face and presence were a continual benediction to all with whom he came in contact. The soul shone constantly through every look and gesture, and ever proclaimed a heart of deepest kindness.'

The last letter from Mrs. Price, dated May 9, 1900, breathes of such ministry to the sick and suffering. Her life abounded in these labours for the wretched and lowly among whom she lived. Though she found it hard to be reconciled to the thought of two homes, one in America and one in China, with an ocean rolling between, she still gave her life gladly and unreservedly to the service of the poor and wretched.

Mr. Price was in charge of the school at Fen-chou-fu, and Mrs. Price also assisted in this work.

A. P. Lundgren was born in Denmark in 1879. He went to the United States in 1887, where he became a naturalised citizen of the States. He sailed for China in 1891 as a member of the Scandinavian China Alliance Mission, and in 1898 he became a full member of the China Inland Mission.

Mr. Lundgren was stationed at Ku-hiu, which is about seventy miles from T'ai-yuen-fu, and not far from Hsiao-I, where he carried on opium refuge work and itineration among the surrounding villages. He was a faithful preacher and diligent worker, and preached the Gospel as fearlessly to the officials in the Yamen as he did to the peasants in the market-place.

In 1896, Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren returned to America, and spent two years in Chicago studying theology. Mrs. Lundgren was clever and persevering, so that, besides attending to the duties of her house, she followed certain courses of Bible study, and taught herself music. After a year spent in Mr. Lundgren's home in Denmark, they both returned to China in 1899.

Mrs. Lundgren, with her quiet, genial manner, received many women who visited her, and patiently taught Scripture verses and hymns to the patients in the opium refuge. She spoke the Chinese language well, and had a gracious manner and real love for the people amongst whom she laboured.

Mr. and Mrs. Lundgren had been invited by Mr. and Mrs. Price to Fen-chou-fu, as the officials there were friendly, and it was thought to be safer than at the outlying station of Ku-hiu.

Annie Eldred, of P'ing-yang-fu, was born December 22, 1871, and sailed for China in connection with the China Inland Mission on September 23, 1898. Her unselfishness was very marked, and made her a great favourite in every place, whether at home or at school, as an apprentice in a house of business, or as a Christian worker. Her life in China was a happy one, though headache sometimes stopped her study of the language. She wrote: 'I wonder what the end of it will be; it would break my heart to have to leave China, but I will leave it all to Him, and learn to be content, and gladly say, "Thy will be done." I do love the people so, and want to stay with them.'

She went to P'ing-yang-fu, South Shan-si, in May

THE FEN CHOU FU MARTYRS.

C. W. PRICE. MRS. PRICE.

A. ELDRED. MRS. LUNDGREN.

E. R. ATWATER. MRS. ATWATER. A. P. LUNDGREN.

1899, and was called to wear the martyr's crown on August 15, 1900, so that her life in China, though short, was glorious. She followed her Lord in laying down her life for the people she loved.

THE TA-TUNG-FU MARTYRS

Charles I'Anson, persuaded by a friend to attend the night-school classes at the Conference Hall, Mildmay, London, was there led to give himself to the Lord and to devote his life to His service. He began by taking a class at St. John's Church, Hoxton, and afterwards became a lodging-house preacher, and engaged in other forms of evangelistic work. Later, after a course of study in Dr. Grattan Guinness' Training College, he sailed for China in 1887. After four months spent in the Training Home of the China Inland Mission in Gan-king, he was stationed at Ta-tung-fu in Shan-si, where he remained, with the exception of a furlough in 1897, till his death. He married Miss Florence Emily Doggart in 1892. She was born in Sandon, Bury, Herts, in 1867, and had the privilege of careful training in a Christian home. While at school she became interested in missionary work through the influence of one of her teachers, and subsequently in 1884 joined St. Andrew's Baptist Church, Cambridge. She sailed for China in 1889, and seven years later, owing to failing health, returned to England, her husband following a year later. They with their two children returned to China in 1898. They all entered their heavenly home together.

Stewart M'Kee was converted at the St. George's Cross Tent in Glasgow in the summer of 1882. He at once became a home missionary, and led about a dozen of his workmates to trust in Christ as their Saviour. He was employed as tramway-guard, and continued for three years after his conversion to work in this capacity, using all his spare time in Christian work. Then the desire to preach Christ to the Chinese was born in him,

and soon became his one object, and God opened the way for him to go in connection with the China Inland Mission in 1885.

Mrs. Stewart M'Kee, *née* **Kate M'Watters,** was also converted at the St. George's Cross Tent in Glasgow, and became a worker in connection with it. She also went out to China, and afterwards married Mr. M'Kee there. At first their work was in Mid China, but as that region did not prove healthful they were transferred to Ta-tung-fu, where, with the exception of a short furlough, they laboured for ten years. Their work was peculiarly trying and difficult, yet God blessed their labours, and souls were saved by their ministry.

Maria Aspden was a native of Preston, where she was headmistress for over twenty years of Emmanuel Infants' School. In this work she was unusually successful, and secured from the school inspectors gratifying reports. She was converted to God in 1887, and long had the desire for missionary work, but duty to her parents kept her at home. Finally, however, the way opened up, and she went to China in 1892, and was stationed at Ta-tung-fu with Mr. and Mrs. M'Kee and others of the same mission. She made rapid progress in the Chinese language, and was soon able to speak fluently to the people in their own tongue. She had a great love for children, and they used to run and hold out their arms to her in the street, and their mothers were won to attend a sewing class, where texts of Scripture were given them, and they were taught hymns. She also did much work amongst the women in the surrounding villages, and amongst the patients in the opium refuge. One of her former fellow-workers writes: 'I am sure many in China will bless God that He sent her there.'

Margaret Elizabeth Smith was born in New Hamburgh, Ontario, Canada, in 1858. Her father

was a farmer from Durham, in England, who had gone to Canada as an emigrant, and settled there. She had godly parents and a refined home, where all the influences which these bring were amongst her early privileges. When twenty-three years of age, she was led to decision for Christ at the weekly Bible class which she attended. One of her sisters having gone to China as a missionary, and after a year's work there died of fever, this seemed to Miss Smith God's call to her to take up work for Him in that heathen land. After two years' training in Chicago and Toronto, she sailed for China in 1896 in connection with the China Inland Mission, and was stationed in Ta-tung-fu. There she spent three years of useful and happy service before she was called up higher.

Nathanael Carleson was born on January 22, 1867, in the province of Nerike, Sweden. His father was a member of the Council of the Swedish Holiness Union. He was the oldest worker in the field, having joined the mission in 1890, and was stationed in Tso-yun. He was a practical and energetic worker, and enjoyed the full confidence of his brethren. On coming to China the second time (in 1900), he left his wife and two children in Sweden, and they survive to mourn his loss.

G. E. Karlberg was born on March 18, 1869, and joined the mission in 1896. Before leaving Sweden, Mr. Karlberg did good work on the island of Gotland. He was dearly beloved and appreciated. He was in charge of Ing-cheo station.

S. A. Persson was born on February 25, 1873, and went out to China at the same time as Mr. Karlberg. Mr. Persson was a good speaker of the Chinese language. His only ambition was to glorify Christ and to save souls. He had charge of So-p'ing-fu station. Mrs. Persson was an out-and-out Christian worker.

O. A. L. Larsson was born in 1873, and had been in China only about two years. He was an earnest evangelist, and a never-failing peacemaker. **Mr. E. Petterson** had been only five months in China at the time of his death, and was hard at work on the study of the Chinese language.

Miss M. Hedlund arrived in China in 1894. She gave herself to work and prayer. In her last letter she says: 'As for me, I don't fear if God wants me to suffer the death of a martyr.' **Miss A. Johansson** was born in 1867, and went to China in 1898. She worked with Miss Hedlund. **Miss J. Lundell** and **Miss J. Engvall** arrived in China together in 1899. One who knew them writes: 'They were strong and faithful, meek and lowly, ready for any service, bright, cheerful, and shining for Jesus all day.'

Both **Mr. and Mrs. Emil Olson** left Sweden in the early years of their life, and went to America, when they, after many vicissitudes, consecrated themselves to the Lord's service. They arrived in China in the spring of 1893, and joined the first party of the Christian and Missionary Alliance which in that year went to Mongolia. After the death of the Rev. Emanuel Olson, of the C.I.M., they were appointed by the Rev. A. B. Simpson, D.D., of New York, to the superintendence in Kuei-hua-cheng over the North China branch of the C. & M. A. They were both well equipped for their position, and, being very zealous, practical, hospitable, and generous, they also won the confidence and love of their associates. Both learned the Chinese language easily, and were well understood by the natives. Besides the work of superintendent, Mr. Olson started a printing press, the plant being presented to the mission by a generous friend in America. He instructed the Chinese in printing, and two papers and other publications were published by him. Day schools and classes for women were also

held, as well as work done in the surrounding villages. With justice it was said about them, 'One cannot understand how they get time for all they do.'

C. L. Lundberg was born in Tjarstads, Socken, Ostergötland, Sweden, on February 27, 1867. He attended the Rev. J. A. Kilstedt's course of Biblical instruction in 1891, and was sent out as an evangelist of the Holiness Union in Sweden. As he met with hardships in this work he looked upon it as a training for the heathen field, and was often heard saying, 'I am devoutly thankful for the hardships I experienced in the home mission field, which have prepared me for service in China.' He was married in Kalgan, on the borders of Mongolia, to Miss Augusta Brolin in 1896, and after that took charge of the work in Chong-wei-hsien, Kan-suh, where he laboured till he was transferred to Kuei-hsia-chang, Shan-si, in 1899. **Mrs. A. Lundberg** was born on September 5, 1872. She attended the Rev. F. Franson's Bible school in Sundvall, after which she came out to China as a member of the C. & M. A. in 1893.

Edwin Anderson was born on January 14, 1871, in Sodermanland, Sweden. He attended the Rev. F. Franson's Bible school in Stockholm in 1892, and sailed for China in December 1892 as member of the C. & M. A. After one year's study of Chinese, he opened work in Tung-shui-ho-hsi, where he worked till he was transferred to Fo-to-cheng, Shan-si, in 1900, when Mr. M. Book returned home to Sweden. He was married in 1897 to Miss Emma Hasselberg of the same mission. They were both used in the Lord's service, and were instrumental in making not a few converts.

Emelie Ericson was born on February 12, 1862. She too attended the Rev. F. Franson's Bible school in Sundvall in 1892, and came to China in 1895 as member of the C. & M. A. She worked partly in

Kan-suh, and lastly in Kuei-hua-cheng, and there she received her call to martyrdom.

Besides the long roll of martyrs connected with the C. & M. A. who all died in trying to escape from the Boxers, we record the names of ten others who in different ways and places met death—the details of their sufferings are not yet known—and of the two families who suffered martyrdom at So-ping-fu, together with the Holiness Union missionaries.

Oskar Forsberg was born on December 23, 1871, in Wermland, Sweden. He came to China in 1896. Soon after his arrival he had a sunstroke, from which he suffered more or less afterwards, and which even hampered him in acquiring the language. Being very kind, and always willing to help, his assistance in practical matters was often called for by his associates. He married in 1898, Miss Anna Lindkvist of the same mission. She was born in Nassja, Ostergötland, on January 9, 1872, and came to China in 1896. She had a love for God's Word, and, being a walking 'concordance,' was often called for when a passage was wanted in a conference or meeting. Having a good memory, she easily learned her Chinese language, and was devout and earnest in her work.

Charles Blomberg came from Morlunda in Smaland, Sweden, and was born on May 8, 1873. He attended Rev. F. Franson's Bible school in Jonkoping in 1893, and came out to China in 1896 as member of the C. & M. A. His first years were spent in Kuei-hua-cheng as Mr. E. Olson's assistant. He was diligent in his study of the Chinese language, and succeeded well, giving promise of usefulness in the Lord's work. In 1898 he married Miss Laura Hanson of the same mission. After their marriage they went to Sa-la-tsi, Shan-si, to assist Mr. Aug. Palm in the work of the mission at that place.

Mrs. Blomberg was born in Göteborg on July 1, 1871. She also came to China in 1896. She was very tender-hearted, and used to weep over the sorrows of the Chinese. She truly loved them, and was allowed to die for the cause to which she had devoted herself.

Olof Bingmark came from Gotland. He was born on March 19, 1875, and came to China in April 1893, a young man of eighteen, as a member of the C. & M. A. Besides the Chinese language, he studied theological works, and even taught himself Greek. As an evangelist he was very successful, being earnest, devout, and never tired in conversation with the Chinese, whether at home on the station, or out itinerating.

He was married in Kalgan in 1896 to Miss Elisabet Erikson of the same mission. She was born in Dalarne, Sweden, on October 15, 1865, and came to China in 1893. Being straightforward and frank, she was liked by everybody in the mission, and loved and respected by the Chinese. As an example of her confidence in God and courage in danger, we give the following incident:—

In the city of Yank-hao, where she and her husband were stationed, the people were always very obscene, and hated foreigners, and more than once threatened to attack the missionaries. At one time a great crowd had gathered outside the gate of the station, wanting to 'kill the foreign devils.' Mrs. Bingmark wanted to go right out into the crowd, saying, 'If it be not the Lord's will, they can never hurt me; besides, I have wronged none among them.'

William Noren was born on August 11, 1871; Mrs. Noren (*née* Augusta Zoberg) was born on September 29, 1864. She had been a nurse in the Serafimer Hospital, Stockholm, before she came to China. Both attended the Rev. F. Franson's Bible

school in Stockholm in 1892, and sailed for China in the same year.

When the Boxer troubles broke out, they were stationed at Pao-teo, and report says that they fled out on the Mongolian plain in the hope of reaching Urga, but after long suffering died from starvation in March 1901.

Mr. Noren had met with outrage at Ho-pao-ing in 1895, when a mob attacked the mission there. The three missionaries, including Noren and Ogre, at that time hid themselves below the floor in the ash-hole belonging to the stoves of the brick beds which they have in that region, and escaped, as the mob never thought of looking for them there.

Martin Nystrom was born in Björnlunda county, Sodermanland, Sweden, on September 26, 1874. His father, who is still living, is a member of the S.M.U., and had two sons in China, Mr. F. Nystrom, however, escaped to Sweden.

Mr. M. Nystrom was of a quiet and earnest disposition, faithful in the Master's service, and of a peaceful nature. He worked in the province of Kan-suh, and although his day of labour was short, as he only came to China in 1896, he brought a good many to the Lord. His wife, Mrs. Anna Nystrom (*née* Johanson), was born in Oster Korsberga county, Ostergötland, on June 2, 1870, and came to China in 1896 as member of the C. & M. A. They were, in 1898, married in Kuei-hau-cheng, and returned to Ping-lo, in the province of Kan-suh. He also fled to the Mongolian plains, hoping to reach Urga, but was overtaken by the Boxers and unmercifully murdered.

August Palm was born in Nerike, Sweden, on July 23, 1871. He attended the Rev. F. Franson's Bible class in Orebro, and sailed for China in 1896. He worked together with Mr. Albert Anderson in Sa-la-tsi, and when he, in 1898, returned to Sweden, Mr. Palm took charge of the work there.

He married Miss Anna Anderson in Kuei-hau-cheng in 1898, but his wife died on Christmas Eve the same year. This was to him a severe loss, but the Lord comforted His servant in his grief. His motto was: 'Forward in the footsteps of Jesus. We cannot expect God to be with us if we choose our own way.'

Alida Gustasson was born on August 7, 1862, in Mörlunda, Sweden. She had been an officer in the Salvation Army, but, meeting with Rev. F. Franson in Stockholm, she heard about the need of the Chinese women. After this she had only one desire, namely, to save the Chinese, and she sailed for China in 1893. She worked for some years in Yang-kao-hsien, Shan-si, but was transferred to Tong-tsing-tsi, where in 1897 she opened up a station, and where she stayed most of the time alone. She was zealous in proclaiming the Gospel, and feared no hardships in her Master's service. Now she has obtained what she often longed for, 'a martyr's crown.'

Klara Hall was born in Nyölby, Ostergötland, on August 13, 1849. She was, when she met Mr. Franson in Stockholm, an officer in the Salvation Army. Hearing of the spiritual needs of the Chinese, she decided, after much prayer and waiting on the Lord, to leave the Army, and go to China, where she arrived in 1893. She was converted in 1873, and often spoke of this great event in her life thus: 'I can never forget that moment in that little hut by the roadside on the 15th of March, when the Lord worked that wonder in my soul.' In 1880 she was called to take charge of a home for prostitutes in Norrköping. Here she became acquainted with the Salvation Army, which she soon joined, and in which she became a zealous and successful officer.

She followed her Master through hardships and ease, yea, even in prison, where she was put because she openly confessed the name of Jesus. About this

she said: 'I was very happy in my cell, but one thing grieved me during the first few days, for which I even wept, that was the loss of my Bible, which I was not allowed to have with me.' She received it a few days later on special application. Seeing many orphans in China left to die, her heart ached, and she made a special appeal to friends in Sweden to help her to open an orphanage. This she was able to do in 1898 in Sha-ri-tsing, Shan-si. It was a great comfort to her when Miss Kristina Orn in the spring of 1900 arrived from Sweden as her associate. At that time they had probably over thirty children in the orphanage, and they and the children were probably all murdered together.

THE CHU-CHOU MASSACRES

David B. Thompson sailed for China in 1880, in connection with the China Inland Mission. He was then twenty-six years of age, an enthusiastic and vivacious Scotchman. He had been trained in the East London Institute, and had been for two and a half years the superintendent of Mr. Quarrier's Home for Boys, Govan Road, Glasgow. Early in 1885 he married Miss Agnes Dowman, and together they went to China, and began work in Chu-chou-fu, in the province of Chekiang. As this city is near the borders of Kiangsi, part of the work in that province was also placed under his superintendence. Mr. Thompson was able to say that, by the grace of God, he had baptized and received into the Christian Church sixty-two Chinese, after six years' labour in Chu-chou city.

While in England on furlough in 1891, he undertook much evangelistic work, and had many signs of blessings on his labours. While at the seaside in the summer, he would show his Chinese dress to attract attention, and go to the beach and collect an audience and preach to them the word of life.

A visitor to the Thompsons in Chu-chou in 1898 thus describes the scene:

'The whole scene is photographed on my mind. The bright welcome when we arrived,—Mrs. Thompson's and baby Sidney, then six weeks old; little Edwin, a sweet child of three years, eager to take us round the garden, part of which was well stocked with English flowers and vegetables. . . . Christian women were at work under Mrs. Thompson's direction, and the evangelist in and out, every one busy and always busy. A joy-tone was about that spot that will never fade from my memory. The work was hard, the people proud and unyielding, yet they were sowing in hope of a glorious harvest.

'The medicine shop, in one of the busiest thoroughfares, was open all day, and the Christian man in charge was freely distributing Gospel tracts to each customer. About six o'clock the selling of medicine stopped, seats were arranged, and all the evening spent in Gospel work. Night after night the shop was filled with an ever-changing congregation of men of every rank, from the scholar to the coolie. I spent one evening watching the interesting scene,—Mr. Thompson and two evangelists at work, singing, preaching, and answering questions. The number rarely went below seventy throughout the three hours I was present. What a sowing of the good seed!'

Mr. Thompson had access into many homes of all classes in the city, and was constantly sent for in times of sickness. The work was enlarging on all sides; new premises had been built, Mrs. Thompson's meeting had an attendance of eighty women twice a week, and the out-stations were prospering, when the storm burst upon and swept them to 'the other side.'

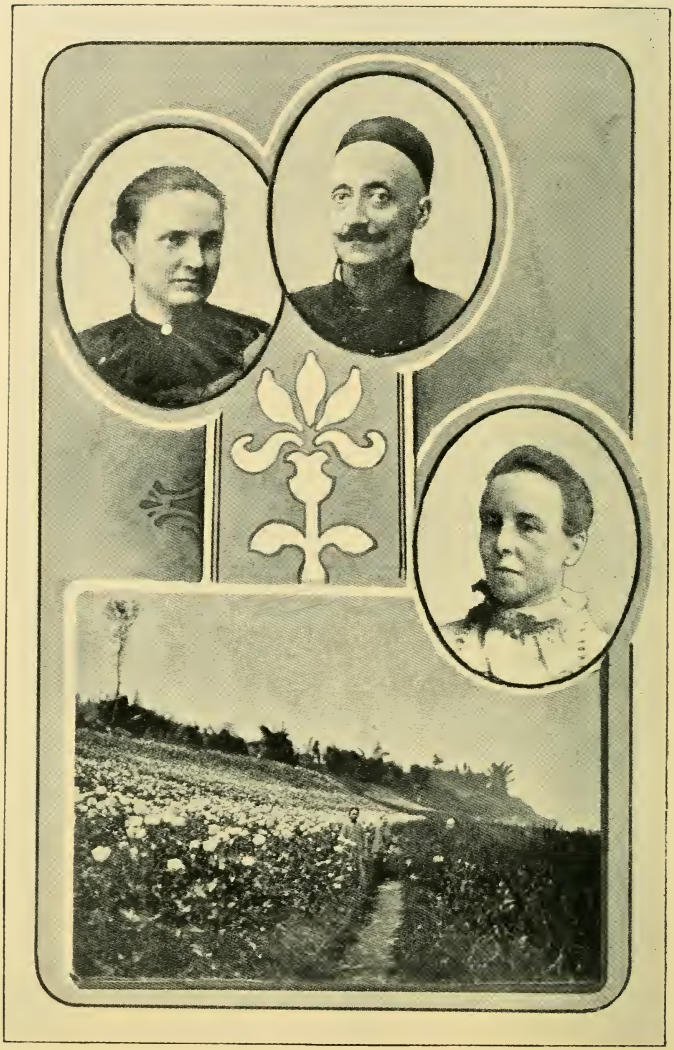
Josephine Desmond was born in West Newton, Mass., in 1867. She was of Irish descent, and her parents were Roman Catholics. Miss Desmond, however, became a Protestant, and sought, along with her change of heart, the mental culture to be obtained in Mr. Moody's schools at Northfield. She remained at

Northfield five years, and during her course of study there received God's call for service amongst the heathen, through the lips of Mr. Robert Speer, who was visiting the seminary at the time, and had taken the opportunity of pressing the claims of the heathen world upon the attention of the students. On finishing her course at Northfield, she went to Mr. Moody's Bible Training School at Chicago, where she spent some months in definite Bible study.

She then offered and was accepted for mission work in China in connection with the China Inland Mission. She spent some time in the mission home in Toronto, where she took a full course in the art of nursing, and was incessant in good works amongst the poor in that city. She arrived in China in December 1898, and, after taking the usual course of study in the Chinese language, she joined Miss Britton, who was in charge of the station at Shiao Shan, and, on Miss Britton's return to England on furlough, she went to Chu-chou to help in the work there. She was thus only eighteen months in China before the call to 'come up higher' came to her.

M. E. Manchester was born in Edmeston, New York, on November 11, 1871. She was reared in an atmosphere of true piety, and so the passing from 'death into life' was with her a gradual process, but when about nineteen years of age she gave herself definitely to the Saviour and to His service. She received a fair education in her native place, and engaged for some time in school teaching.

She offered for mission work in China in connection with the China Inland Mission, and, after two years of training in the mission home in Toronto, set sail for China in 1895. After a preliminary study of the Chinese language, she joined Miss Fuller at the station of Ch'ang Shan, in the province of Chekiang, where she remained for two years, until Miss Fuller became Mrs. Ward. She then removed to Chu-chou, and worked in happy association with Miss Sherwood. She had heard of her father's



CHU CHOU FU MARTYRS.

G. F. WARD.

MRS. WARD. E. A. THIRGOOD.

A CHINESE POPPY FIELD.

failing health, and was preparing to return to the home-land to attend him, when the summons came which called her to her Father's house above. A friend in writing of her work says:

'She loved the people, and, having got on well with the language, constantly spent weeks together itinerating from village to village. Many women had been brought to Christ, and there were many inquirers. Mr. Thompson's last letter told of baptisms, and great encouragement in the work all around.'

Edith S. Sherwood was born on April 11, 1854. From her youth up she was one of those to whom service for Christ seems to be natural, growing with her growth of mind and body. While in school, her bright example was blessed to her young companions, and even on her journeys home for the holidays she would produce little penny Gospels that she had bought with her pocket-money, and confidentially present them to fellow-passengers 'whose eyes were getting too old to read small print.' As she advanced to womanhood, her powers and opportunities of service increased. Her natural force of mind and will made her services valuable, and her talents were in constant demand.

She worked in connection with Christ Church, Barnet, amongst the sick and poor, and also amongst militiamen there, and amongst soldiers at Aldershot and Colchester, and for a time assisted in Miss De Broen's Mission in Paris. A friendship formed with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson was the providential link which led her to China, where she accompanied them in 1893, and where she spent the last seven years of her busy life. Her home in Chu-chou was in the midst of native houses, and as she looked out upon these from her balcony, she prayed and longed for the salvation of the people. She visited freely amongst them, and was always well received, and for them she was called to lay down her life.

G. F. Ward was 'born again' at a meeting of the Y.M.C.A. held in Aldersgate Street, London, in 1890, and from that time he earnestly desired that others might know the Saviour whom he loved. He was soon led to feel the urgent need of 'China's millions,' and he offered himself for work there in connection with the China Inland Mission, undertaking to pay all his own expenses. His joy on receiving a favourable reply was unbounded, and this joy of his Lord was his strength, the well-spring of which was his unfailing supply until the day on which he was called to lay down earth's burdens and take up the martyr's crown. He accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Thompson to China in 1893, and was ultimately stationed at Ch'ang-shan, in the province of Chekiang.

Mrs. G. F. Ward, *née* **Etta L. Fuller,** was born in Iowa in 1866, but left an orphan at an early age. At the age of twelve, she gave her trust to her Saviour, and served Him with all her might from that day on. She had some training for her future life in the Minneapolis Training Institute. She felt called to go forth as a worker in China, and finally arrived there in connection with the China Inland Mission in 1894. She was ultimately located in Ch'ang-shan, in the province of Chekiang, where she was engaged in the ordinary work of the mission until her marriage with Mr. Ward in 1897.

The work took new life from that date, and in two years the number of church members and inquirers had doubled. A little son, named Herbert Calvin, also added much to their joys, and became a great attraction to the natives who surrounded them. It was thus amidst the most hopeful and encouraging circumstances that the blow came which called them all, as a united family, to enter the presence-chamber of the King.

Emma Ann Thirgood from her earliest years was deeply interested in spiritual things. As a scholar

in the Sunday school, and afterwards as a teacher, she devoted herself to the conversion of those in her class. She became also an active worker in connection with the Christian Endeavour and Young Christians' Band in connection with her church. In 1889 she sailed for China, and spent six months at the China Inland Mission Training Home at Yang-chau. She was stationed at Ts'ing-kiang-pu, on the Grand Canal, and afterwards at Chi-chau, in the province of Gan-hui. She became so enfeebled by her labours that she had to return to England after seven years in China, where she remained over two years, returning to China in October 1898, and was then stationed in Ch'ang-shan to help Mr. and Mrs. Ward in the work there.

THE SIEGE OF PEKING

Professor Francis Huberty James was born at Upton, Berkshire, in June 1851, where his father kept the village store. From his mother he inherited his sympathetic disposition, and from his father the tenacity of purpose and strength of will which were his chief characteristics.

At the age of twenty-five he applied for mission work in connection with the China Inland Mission, and went to China under their auspices in 1876. For the next two years Mr. James travelled over the greater part of North China, and did much valuable pioneering work. He, with others, did a good deal of hard and hazardous work in connection with the relief of the famine-stricken sufferers in the province of Shan-si in 1877. His labours in this way so reduced him that he was compelled to return to the coast to recruit.

In September 1878 he married Miss Marie Huberty, a Belgian lady who had come out as a missionary in connection with the China Inland Mission, and at that time took from her the name of Huberty and placed it before his own surname. In 1881 he returned to England, and in 1883 joined the English Baptist

Mission working in the province of Shantung. He was first stationed at Ch'ing-chou-fu, and afterwards in Chi-nan-fu in that province, where he did much useful work in consolidating the native Church in the prefectural city and district, and in opening up communication with the officials in the provincial capital. In 1890 he prepared a paper, which was read at the Missionary Conference in Shanghai, on the Secret Sects of China. Little did he anticipate then that at the hands of members of one of these sects he was to die.

In 1892, owing to fundamental changes in his religious beliefs, he resigned his connection with the English Baptist Mission and returned to Europe. After some time spent in England and Germany, he settled in the United States, where he remained several years, and engaged in lecturing, preaching, and literary work. In 1895 he secured the Lowell Lectureship in Boston, U.S.A., following the famous Professor Henry Drummond, and delivered a series of lectures on the History, Literature, Philosophy, and Religions of China. These decidedly revealed 'an unusual amount of careful research, keen criticism, and a fine analytical instinct, combined with great familiarity with every important phase of Chinese thought, history, and belief.' (These Lectures are expected to be published, the manuscript being left in the competent hands of Dr. Morrison of Peking.)

In 1897, Mr. James returned to China, having taken the post of translator at the Imperial Arsenal, near Shanghai. This position he held for about a year, and he was then invited to join and accepted a place on the staff of the Imperial University in Peking, which appointment he held at the time of his death. He was in Peking at the commencement of the Boxer outbreak there, and exerted himself most heroically, along with Dr. Morrison, in securing for the native Christians, some two thousand in number, the shelter of the force which was fighting within the walls of the British Legation.

The Legation authorities naturally did not relish the

idea of adding to their already heavy responsibilities the care of feeding and housing so large a multitude of natives, and at first refused to undertake it, declaring it to be impossible. Undaunted by this refusal, Mr. James with Dr. Morrison proceeded to 'accomplish the impossible.' Together they appealed to Prince Su, whose palace was only separated by a narrow canal from the British Legation, and secured from the prince the permission to take the native Christians within his spacious premises.

This effort was a most happy one for all concerned, for not only were the lines of defence extended and so the British Legation made more secure, but the Christian natives most willingly undertook the heavy coolie work of mining and countermining, and the still more arduous work of building ramparts of sandbags, without which the whole foreign and native community, who were besieged for two months, would undoubtedly have perished from the assaults of their enemies.

This was Mr. James' last and crowning effort. On June 20, 1900, about five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day on which Baron von Ketteler was murdered, Mr. James left the British Legation grounds,—for what purpose no one seems to know definitely,—and, crossing the dry moat, made for a bridge situated a little distance to the north of the Legation gate. He was met by some Chinese soldiers, one of whom was about to fire on him, when he threw up his hands to show that he had no weapons, and was seized and led away. It is said that he afterwards suffered decapitation, by orders from Jung Lu, who was then engaged in directing the siege of the foreigners in the Legation, and that his head was stuck on a spear and exhibited to the passers-by, some of whom recognised it.

Honour has been done to Mr. James' memory. A public meeting was held in Boston, U.S.A., on February 5, 1901, presided over by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., at which Rev. Dr. Clark (so well known in connection with the Christian Endeavour Movement)

and other influential gentlemen were present. The meeting endorsed the following resolution, which was signed for presentation to the Chinese Government:—

'At a public meeting of the citizens of Boston, we were requested to prepare a memorial which should express our sense of the value to mankind of the services of Francis Huberty James, lately Professor of the University of China. Mr. James visited America in the year 1893 with the single object of interesting us in the welfare of the people of China. He knew them by having lived there for sixteen years.

'When he returned to China in 1897, the value of his work was made evident to the Imperial Government, and he was invited to take an important post in the Imperial University which he held at the time of his death. Had he been left, his services to peace would have been invaluable to-day.'

Rev. J. Stonehouse. While Professor F. H. James was murdered at the beginning of the siege of the Legations in Peking, Mr. Stonehouse's murder may be said to have marked the close of that terrible and trying ordeal: although it did not happen for some months afterwards, yet it was the direct outcome of the state of anarchy of which the siege of the Legations was the climax. Mr. and Mrs. Stonehouse with four children passed through all the horrors of the siege, which almost killed their youngest child.

Mr. Stonehouse was on the committee for the defence of the British Legation during the bombardment, and rendered able assistance to Mr. Gamewell, the chairman of that committee, in superintending the Chinese Christians in their work on the fortifications.

Mrs. Stonehouse and the children returned to England in the autumn of 1900, but Mr. Stonehouse felt it to be his duty to remain at his post and help to reorganise the work of the mission, which the events of the previous months had almost destroyed. He had been engaged in this work for some months, and was

at the time of his death visiting some of the country stations under his care,—work which he always loved, and for which he seemed specially adapted. On March 23, 1901, he was crossing the river Tung-huo, near Lo-fa, the railway station midway between Peking and Tien-tsin, in a small Chinese ferry-boat, when a band of robbers appeared on the opposite bank, and, after several shots had been fired, Mr. Stonehouse was mortally wounded, and died some hours afterwards. The British troops who were encamped at Lo-fa, on receiving word of this shocking occurrence, sent out a detachment, accompanied by Dr. Macfarlane, of the L.M.S., Tien-tsin, and recovered the body, which was buried in Peking on March 27, 1901. Mr. Stonehouse's funeral was attended by a very representative gathering, including the British Minister, Sir Ernest Satow, K.C.M.G., and a large number of native Christians.

The Rev. T. Biggin, B.A., the colleague of Mr. Stonehouse, made touching reference to his friend and brother in the address he made at his funeral, from which we make some extracts as follows:—

'I feel I must say, however brokenly, what during this last year and a half Stonehouse has become to me. Many of you have known him longer, but I doubt if you have known him so intimately. They took me—a stranger here—into their home, and let me share their lives there, and that is where I first learned his worth as a father and husband, and these were the centre of his life. The home was full of love, and his love was the strongest and richest there.

'It is only lately that Stonehouse the missionary has grown greatly on me. A new-comer cannot understand much, but it was the same here as in the home—the Chinese Christians were his children, and he loved them as he did his own. There was here, as in the home, a certain abruptness that a careless observer might mistake,—and Stonehouse would be too proud to heed such a man,—but there was burning beneath the same, devoted, fervent, and jealous love—greater than any of us realise.

These last few months have been to me a revelation. With a work to do hard and thankless, but whose sorest difficulties those outside his circle cannot know, he has done that work, and done it well. At last, when the work is almost done, the Master called him away suddenly, strangely. Do not pity him; he died at his post, as a man may wish to die.'

Mr. Stonehouse was a missionary of the London Missionary Society, stationed at Peking at the time of his death. He was born in Middlesborough in 1854, and was trained at Rotherham College. He was ordained at Saddleworth, Yorkshire, on July 27, 1882, and sailed three months later for his station at Shanghai, China. Two years later he married Miss Gertrude E. Randle of Huntingdon. In 1886 he was removed to Peking, and engaged in work in the East city there for the next six years, when he came to England on furlough, returning to Peking in 1894, where he remained till his death. At the meeting of the directors of the London Missionary Society held in London shortly after the news reached England of the murder of Mr. Stonehouse, the Rev. George Cousins expressed the grief which all present felt at the sad intelligence lately received. He said: 'Mr. Stonehouse had gone into a country district near Tien-tsin to relieve famishing native Christians. He had done similar work repeatedly of late, and had been in peril once or twice. He had, however, felt it to be his duty to push out and open up communication with the Christians who had endured so much, and he had acted with the bravery characteristic of him.' The chairman, W. Crossfield, J.P., of Liverpool, stated that the latest communication received at the mission house from Mr. Stonehouse was an account of a memorial service to the native Christian martyrs in China, and he began his article with the words, 'It is not given to many Christians to suffer martyrdom for the cause of Christ.' Mr. Stonehouse had himself now joined the band of martyrs.

THE PING-YANG-FU AND THE LU-CH'ENG SIAO MARTYRS

P. Alfred Ogren was born in 1874 at a little farm near Jonkoping, the place noted for the manufacture of 'Swedish safety matches.' When he was fourteen, his parents moved into the city. As a lad he showed a disposition for study, but means not being forthcoming, he had to take to some practical work. He became a carpenter, and laboured as such until 1892.

Soon after his arrival at Jonkoping he was converted, and from the beginning was out-and-out in his confession of Christ. As a member of the Y.M.C.A., his friends say he was never absent from a meeting, and was a diligent labourer in every department of Christian work. Although busy as a carpenter, he found time for much prayer, Bible study, and other educational pursuits, often reading far into the night.

When the Rev. F. Franson visited Jonkoping in 1892, Mr. Ogren responded to the call for labourers abroad. He then entered with greater zeal into his studies.

In China the Lord blessed his work, helping him in his study of the Chinese language, also Greek and Latin. He became a successful preacher. His colleagues in China say that when he was spoken of, the Chinese would—as their custom is—lift up the thumb and say, 'Mr. Ogren! oh yes, he *is* a missionary.'

He was accepted as a full member of the C.I.M., which his friends in Sweden greatly appreciated. His day of service was, however, limited. To him has been given the martyr's crown. He leaves a sorrowing widow and two children.

When the tidings reached Jonkoping, a memorial service was held at the Y.M.C.A., where his friends one after another rose and praised God for the blessing Mr. Ogren's life had been.

He was young, of humble circumstances, and not highly educated, yet, full of zeal, meek in spirit, abounding in joy in the Lord, always ready for service, he has left a memorial more precious than is given to many.

Mrs. A. E. Glover, *née* **Florence Constance Kelly,** was the second daughter of Rev. J. A. Kelly. She was born on New Year's day 1872, in Dover, England. From the first, her parents dedicated her to God and His service, and she was always the child of much prayer. When her father left Dover for Preston Gobalds, near Shrewsbury, she then took an active part in the Lord's work, holding classes for men and women, and doing much visiting, and God owned and blessed her efforts.

It was here, in 1894, she married Rev. A. E. Glover, M.A., one of the curates of the Rev. Prebendary Webb-Peploe. One of the links which drew these two souls together was their common desire to preach and live for Christ in China.

In 1896 the way seemed opened for Mr. Glover to proceed to China, under the auspices of the China Inland Mission, and he was settled in Lu-an, along with Mr. Stanley Smith, well known in connection with the mission as one of 'the Cambridge seven.'

A year later, Mrs. Glover, with two children, a baby boy and a little girl, joined her husband in China, worked quietly at the language, and later had classes for women, and visited among them in the city and surrounding villages. Only three short years of service did they have together, and then came the final trial which ended in the 'martyr's crown.'

Hattie Jane Rice was a native of Massachusetts, U.S.A., where she was born in 1858, and was thus at her death forty-two years of age. In 1888, while attending Mr. Moody's Convention at Northfield, she heard Mr. Hudson Taylor speak, and then decided

to give herself to her Master's service in China. In 1892 she left for China in connection with the China Inland Mission, and became located in Lu-ch'eng, in the province of Shan-si,—first of all along with Mr. and Mrs. Lawson of the same mission, and subsequently with Mr. and Mrs. Cooper and Miss Huston, after the Lawsons had left on furlough.

A fellow-worker in a neighbouring station thus writes of her: 'Always a busy worker in the villages, I am sure there are many who have been led to know Jesus as their Saviour through her instrumentality. . . . In a time of great trial, she was a great comfort to me, and always ready with some word to help and encourage.'

Another writer says: 'For some time after the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Lawson on furlough, Miss Rice bravely carried on the work alone, which must have been no light strain to one naturally nervous as she was. That she could do this was owing to her deep heart-rest in the Lord. She was much respected by the people, and most conscientious in steady, plodding work, both among the opium patients at Lu-ch'eng, and in visiting the members of the church in their homes in the country.'

Mary E. Huston was born in the State of Pennsylvania, U.S.A., in 1866. In 1894 she entered the Gospel Training School at Abilene, Kansas, and had as a fellow-student Miss Troyer, who afterwards became Mrs. Young, and who also suffered martyrdom in Shan-si about the same time as her college companion. Miss Huston sailed for China in connection with the China Inland Mission in December 1895, and was, after the usual course of study at Yang-chau, appointed to Lu-an in Shan-si. However, when Mr. and Mrs. Lawson left Lu-ch'eng on furlough, it was arranged for Miss Huston to join Miss Rice in that city. This arrangement proved a most happy one, and a friendship ripened between them which was most helpful to each.

Miss Huston is described as 'a woman with a big warm heart and devoted to children.' She found scope for her motherly love and unselfishness in nursing the opium patients in the refuge. She too worked hard at the language, and made good progress. She also spent much time in the villages amongst the Chinese women, and could hardly be persuaded to take a holiday.

On that terrible journey to Hankow, when Miss Huston with Miss Rice got separated from the others of Mr. Saunders' party, Miss Huston, at the time that Miss Rice was beaten to death, got severely wounded. After she had done what she could for Miss Rice's poor battered body, she endeavoured to make her way to Tseh-chau. While on the road, she met some men who had been sent from Tseh-cheu by the magistrate to bring her some clothing, and to bury the body of Miss Rice. Miss Huston was then taken to a temple, and the gods consulted as to her fate. The decree being favourable, she was saved from death by violence at that time, and was carried on a stretcher till she rejoined her party. Two days, however, before reaching Hankow she died of exhaustion, and was buried in the foreign cemetery in that place.

One who was with her in her last hours writes: 'She said to me again and again that it was a great joy to her to be counted worthy to have fellowship with Christ in His sufferings.' The same writer says: 'Miss Huston was very bright and affectionate. She was always ready to shower love on all who came within her reach. From the first the Chinese children loved her dearly, and long ere she could make herself fully understood, she gathered the little ones round her on Sunday afternoons and taught them what she could. It was sweet to hear the school children call her "Auntie." They would climb on her knees, play with her clothing, and fondle her, just as children elsewhere do with those they love.' Through her

loving ways, not a few were gained for God and His cause.

Mrs. E. J. Cooper, *née* **M. Palmer,** arrived in China December 1887. During the voyage out, she did what she could in speaking for Christ to those who were her fellow-voyagers on board ship, and this although she suffered much from sea-sickness on the way. After four months' study at the Training Home of the China Inland Mission in Yang-chau, she took up work in the Receiving Home at the headquarters of the mission in Shanghai. Her services there are lovingly remembered by many who came under her care, as she did all in her power to help every one, even the Chinese servants.

In 1891 she married Mr. E. J. Cooper, who joined the mission in 1888, and as he was originally an architect by profession, was engaged in erecting the present headquarters of the C.I.M. in Shanghai.

The home of the Coopers became a centre of Christian influence, especially amongst the sailors, many of whom date their conversion from the evenings spent in their house. After a time, as a building for the mission was required in Hankow, their quarters were transferred there, and subsequently they resided in Chefoo, where Mr. Cooper's talents were worthily employed in designing and raising the noble buildings in which the Boys' and Girls' Schools of the C.I.M. are now amply accommodated.

While her husband was engaged in this work at Chefoo, Mrs. Cooper was for a time left in charge of the sanatorium at that place. All this work was, however, undertaken as a necessary duty, while really their hearts were set on the work in the interior amongst the heathen. This long-cherished wish was fulfilled on their return from England in 1899, when they were appointed to the station of Lu-ch'eng in Shan-si, which they finally reached only a few months before they were compelled to take that awful journey which

ended in Mrs. Cooper's death, and that of their nearly two-years-old boy, named Ernest Brainerd. The two found also their last resting-place in the foreign cemetery in Hankow.

While wounded and suffering on her last journey, Mrs. Cooper said to her husband, 'If the Lord spares us, I should like to go back to Lu-ch'eng if possible.'

CHAPTER XXII

Reflections and Forecasts

That the missionary body in China in 1900 passed through a most serious crisis, was apparent to the most superficial observer. That it was the intention of the reactionaries in the Imperial Court to expel by force not merely all missionaries from the interior, but even all foreigners from China, seems to be almost certain. The advisers of the Court supposed that the immense preponderance which China possessed in point of numbers was sufficient, if exerted, to defy all the might of all the Powers of Europe. England was understood to be fully occupied in the Transvaal; Russia had not yet completed the Siberian railway; France and other nations were perhaps less interested, might possibly be indifferent, and at any rate might be treated without much ceremony.

The Boxer movement was skilfully utilised, and turned from a possible danger to the dynasty, to active participation in its defence. The eighth day of the intercalary eighth moon was said to be the date fixed as the auspicious or lucky day for a simultaneous uprising. Events, however, forced the hands of the conspirators. The Boxers in their new-born zeal could not be held in check, and so what was intended as a catastrophe became very much like a fiasco. 'China against the world' was intended for an astounding assertion of strength, but

speedily degenerated into a contemptible exhibition of weakness, and merely showed the utter madness and folly of those who were responsible for its initiation. That China had such statesmen as Chang Chih Tung, Liu K'un-i, Tuan Fang, Governor of Shen-si, and Yuan Shih K'ai, Governor of Shantung, is, under God, the reason why she is not now dismembered and brought to irreparable ruin.

The weight of the intended blow fell on the helpless and unoffending missionaries and their converts, especially in the province of Shan-si. There it was the work of the infamous Yü Hsien and his likeminded colleagues, backed by the usual truculent and cowardly ruffians who are always ready to act when restraint is removed and encouragement given. Of the total number of Protestant missionaries and their families who suffered martyrdom in this uprising, one hundred and two adults and forty-one children were killed in the province of Shan-si alone, besides about four hundred Protestant Christian converts and thousands of Catholic Christians. Outside Shan-si, with the exception of Pao-ting-fu in Chih-li and Chu-chou-fu in Chekiang, the missionaries in nearly all cases escaped with their lives.

Destruction of mission property was more widespread, and the death-roll of Christian natives was extended by additions from at least all the northern provinces. Manchuria perhaps suffered in this way more severely than any other part of the Empire. The cities of Peking and Tien-tsin, owing to the military operations, were severely handled, and the destruction caused by the ravages of war in those places will take a considerable time and heavy expenditure to restore to anything like their former condition. Missionary property in the province of Chih-li was almost

entirely destroyed. Pei-tai-ho, the summer resort of the Tien-tsin people and largely frequented by missionaries, was ravaged by looters.

When, however, the possibilities of damage are considered, and also the entire helplessness of the missionaries and their converts throughout the interior provinces in the hands of those who were their enemies, we can only be devoutly impressed with the fact that the loss of life was not even greater, and the area affected so restricted. Well might we say with the Psalmist, 'If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us: then they had swallowed us up alive' (Ps. cxxiv. 2, 3, R.V.). As an illustration of the restraining hand of Divine Providence over what seemed the unrestrained purposes of lawless men, the siege in Peking stands conspicuous. When all praise has been rendered for the bold and heroic stand made by a mere handful of troops against the 'fearful odds' arrayed against them, it is evident to any candid mind that the Legations in Peking could have been taken and destroyed, and all within them massacred, as it was with too much probability supposed that they had been, if a determined and simultaneous rush had been made by the forces besieging them, any time within the two months of the siege. The cowardice of the assailants will not sufficiently account for the fact that this was not done, and to the devout mind it seems almost miraculous, that with an enemy so close, with destructive weapons of the latest pattern so numerous, and supplies of ammunition so abundant, so little damage was done and so few lives were lost.

The sovereign mercy of God was seen, not only in sparing the lives of the foreign community sheltered in the Legations, amongst whom were so many missionaries

with their wives and families, but also in preventing the Chinese from committing an act of unparalleled atrocity which would have deserved and most certainly have received condign punishment. Another reason for profound thankfulness is the fact that, although so many foreign nations were concerned in the punishment of the Chinese Government, and such antagonistic elements as German and French, British and Russian, prominently engaged in the military operations and subsequent negotiations, yet peace was happily preserved amongst them, and no European complications arose out of it, as there was frequently too much reason to fear might be the case. A protocol was signed as honourable to the Powers concerned as it is moderate and merciful to the Chinese, who had every reason to expect much more onerous terms.

The weight of the outburst of persecution against the Native Christian Church fell mainly on those converts who resided in the provinces of Shan-si, Chih-li, Manchuria, and a section of Shantung. All others were, comparatively, undisturbed; and in those provinces referred to the loss of life was not overwhelming, and large numbers of Christians escaped at least with their lives.

It has been pointed out as providential that the outbreak occurred in the summer-time, when the fields were clothed with tall millet, which not only afforded concealment to many fugitives, but also food in their distress. Had the wave of persecution burst in winter the fields would have been bare, and escape almost impossible, and consequently the loss of life would have been even more appalling.

The Boxer uprising, which developed with such extraordinary and even portentous rapidity, was as

speedily suppressed. In Shantung the vigorous measures of Governor Yuan Shih K'ai held the movement in check for a time, and eventually crushed it. In Shan-si the flight of the Court from Peking gave pause to the violent action of Yü Hsien, and the taking by the German troops of the Kukuan Pass through the mountains on the road to T'ai Yuen Fu led to a panic amongst the officials which caused many of them to seek safety in flight. Then all persecution suddenly ceased.

In Manchuria the Boxers were divided into the Tsai Li and I Ho Chuan sects, and these finally quarrelled and fought with each other. Anarchy would soon have prevailed in the province had not the Russians sent troops, which scattered the bands of plunderers and blackmailers into which the Boxers had finally degenerated. In Shen-si, the Governor, Tuan Fang, although a Manchu, had the courage to suppress the edict of extermination against foreigners issued by the Government, and by his strenuous exertions is said to have saved the lives of over two hundred missionaries and their families, who were resident in or passing through his jurisdiction.

Of course other Governors, such as Chang Chih Tung, Liu K'un-i, and Yuan Shih K'ai, were equally courageous in suppressing the edict already referred to, and it is owing to the action of such far-seeing and patriotic statesmen that the Boxer uprising was kept within bounds, and multitudes of innocent and helpless people preserved from a cruel and violent death.

That the Emperor was finally restored to his rightful place in Peking, after all the vicissitudes which had been his lot in the last few years, was, we think, a cause for praise and gratitude to God. If what is reported is true, that he feels that he has a great work to perform in the

restoration of his nation to an honourable place amongst the nations of the world, and that he has been preserved from a violent end in order to fulfil this mission, then the expressions of devout reverence and gratitude to a higher Power with which he is credited are natural and becoming, and augur well for the commencement and continuance of important measures of reform. These measures have indeed already begun, and are being vigorously and successfully pushed in many directions, and even in most unlooked-for places.

Shan-si, the centre and vortex of the storm of persecution and anti-foreign violence, is to-day occupying a prominent position in inaugurating measures of educational reform. The Rev. Timothy Richard, D.D., had the honour of being specially called upon in May 1901 to propose terms which the Chinese Government might accept as a settlement for the claims which the awful tragedies enacted in the Shan-si province in the previous year had made imperative. The terms proposed were so generous and reasonable that they were immediately accepted by the authorities, and the sum of £66,000 was at once set apart for the founding and equipment of a Government University in T'ai Yuen Fu, and the whole arrangement of the project was left in Dr. Richard's hands. Thus the policy of sound education based on Christian principles was the answer which Christian missionaries gave to the ignorance and fanaticism which were mainly responsible for the awful scenes enacted in Shan-si in the closing year of the century.

In Shantung the new educational policy has been actively pushed forward. The college in the provincial capital began in temporary premises with over a hundred students in residence. New buildings to hold at least three hundred resident students have been built, and as

time goes on and men and means are forthcoming, colleges are to be erected in every prefectural city and county town in the province.

In Shanghai a site has been given by the municipality, and funds have been subscribed by wealthy Chinese and foreign merchants, to erect a college for the instruction of five hundred Chinese students. Other schools for Chinese children and a public library for Chinese are also in course of construction in Shanghai, from funds provided for the most part by wealthy and public-spirited Chinese gentry.

Other parts of China, notably Canton and the authorities in the province of Kiangsi, are beginning to move in educational matters. Imperial decrees have been issued abolishing the 'Wen-chang,' or literary essays, which have formed from time immemorial the principal feature in the Government examinations, and substituting for these a knowledge of 'Western laws, constitutions, and political economy.' All the provincial capitals are to have properly equipped universities for Western learning, and all existing Government school buildings are to be at present utilised for these purposes.

Military examinations are to be in future tests of the knowledge of the candidates in tactics and strategy, not absurd exhibitions of skill in the use of bow and arrow and feats of strength, as they have been heretofore.

Another decree is to the effect that young men of ability are to be selected in all the provinces, and sent to Western lands at Government expense, to be trained for the future service of the Empire. This decree has been anticipated and acted on by Chang Chih Tung, the late Liu K'un-i, and the Manchu Governor of the province of Such'uan, named K'uei Chun, who are

specially mentioned in the edict referred to, and commended for the patriotic action they have already taken.

Another sign of the marvellous change now passing over China has been the extension of the postal system in most of the provinces of the Empire. And this took place amid the disasters of the Boxer disturbances, and the inevitable difficulties of the initiation of new means of postal communication. Communication by letter with the outside world is now convenient, cheap, and fairly reliable. English-speaking clerks are to be found in most places where foreigners reside, and the extension of the postal system to the whole eighteen provinces is merely, let us hope, a matter of a year or two.

Telegraphic communication has been maintained and extended throughout the Empire, and is steadily gaining in public favour. A communication in English can now be sent by wire to any country in the world where the telegraph is in operation, from most if not all the large cities of China.

Railways are slowly creeping into prominence. In Manchuria the new Russian line is complete, and the Germans are pushing on their trunk line through Shantung. The great railway from Peking to Hankow is being proceeded with, and it is interesting to observe that the Emperor in returning from Hsi-ngan-fu to Peking used this line for the last part of his journey. Another great trunk line between Hankow and Canton is projected, and is even now (1904) in process of construction.

Inland steam navigation, long resisted by the Chinese, has now become an accomplished fact. The Yang-tzu gorges can be passed with comparative ease and safety in suitable steam vessels, and in as many days as

it formerly took weeks to accomplish. Other rivers, canals, and lakes are now being traversed in this way, and rapid and cheap communication for passengers and goods is gradually becoming an important factor in everyday life in China.

As soon as the Boxer movement collapsed and the excitement caused by it had subsided, missionaries whose work had been stopped, mainly in the northern and north-western provinces, began to return, until in a short time everywhere in the eighteen provinces work was resumed. The missionaries on their return were uniformly received with ostentatious respect by officials and gentry, in marked contrast, at least in some places, to the hostility shown by many of the same people only a few months previously.

Missionary work has not only been resumed, claims for compensation, where these were made, were settled with a fairness and promptitude which left little ground for reasonable complaint. The native Christians, who suffered by far the heaviest part of the catastrophe, for the most part stood the test with a patience, courage, and fortitude worthy of all praise. While, under pressure of persecution and appalling danger, many native Christians gave way to their fears and outwardly abjured their faith and denied their Lord, yet by far the larger number of these have been reclaimed, and have in tears and bitterness of heart confessed their sin, and received forgiveness. Recantation was, alas! too common, yet the roll of native converts who freely gave their lives and suffered as martyrs for the cause of God was as illustrious as in any previous age of the history of the Christian Church, and the proportion of those faithful unto death as high. There is reason, therefore, for devout thankfulness that so many were strong

enough to lay down their lives for Christ's sake, and that the native Church has suffered less than was feared, and has come forth from the fiery trial, chastened and subdued, perhaps, but all the purer and richer in the Divine life for the experiences they have passed through.

The next decade will probably bring great and marvellous changes in the life and character of the Chinese people. Education is taking a new place in the thoughts and plans of responsible Chinese statesmen. Everywhere Western learning is superseding the old leaven of Confucianism, and the demand for foreign literature is almost as great as before the *coup d'état* in 1898. As the new educational movement is largely in the hands of missionaries, it may be confidently anticipated that the next generation will be largely influenced towards a favourable reception of Christianity, and 'The miracle of China Christianised in fifty years,' to which Sir Robert Hart referred in one of his recent articles, will, we may devoutly hope, be successfully accomplished. Whether that actually occurs or not within the stated time, it seems almost certain that the next fifty years will see changes such as have not occurred in China in previous millenniums.

Evangelisation will be more rapid, as the means of communication, such as railways and good roads, are introduced, and the cry of 'China for Christ in this generation' has thus better prospect of realisation than ever before. The Christian Churches in Western lands will, we trust, be roused to adequately seize the opportunities awaiting them, and push forward their choice young men and women for the great work now before them, and sustain them in their efforts until their designs be accomplished.

Statistics prove that converts have more than doubled within the last ten years, and if this rate of progress be continued the aim will be easily attained ; but may we not anticipate that progress will be in geometric proportion, and that therefore the final issue will be sooner realised ?

Already there are signs that idolatry is everywhere becoming discredited. The writer in his itinerating work has observed frequently, and it is a common experience, that the mention of the worship of idols in the heathen temples usually excites a laugh or a smile in the hearers, as if the thing itself were ridiculous, a sure sign of decay in belief, and a precursor of a speedy and final overturning of the system.

During the persecutions it was observed that the priests of the heathen temples were the most active and bitter in their efforts to extinguish the new light. This proves that the vigorous propagandism carried on by Protestant missionaries during the last quarter of a century has been so successful as to excite the jealous hate of those who are about to be superseded.

There is every reason to expect a great extension of missionary work in every direction throughout the eighteen provinces of China. Everywhere missionaries are penetrating. Hunan, so long the stronghold of anti-foreign opposition, has completely capitulated, and missionaries are now triumphantly occupying Ch'ang-Sha, the capital of that province, and many other important centres in it—a fact which a year or two ago appeared impossible.

Shan-si, where mission work has been so arduous, and the results of long years of labour seemed only beginning to appear, furnished more martyrs than any other province in China in the history of Protestant

missions in that land, and the prospects of speedy extension were never more promising than now. The change in the attitude of the officials, and the consequent absence of opposition, give great hope for the success of missionary effort in the near future.

Shantung, Chih-li, and Manchuria are being opened up in a way which would have seemed incredible ten years ago. Railways are piercing a pathway through each of these provinces; mines are being opened, and coal, iron, and other minerals are being obtained in abundance—thus affording easy communication and a means of livelihood to multitudes.

The new cities of Tsing-tau and Dalny vie in prosperity with the older commercial centre of Tien-tsin; the latter, however, by skilful and daring use of the opportunities which recent events have afforded, and by means of the Provisional Government, the new River Conservancy works, and other innovations, seems determined to hold its own against all comers.

Missionary enterprise has not and will not lag behind commercial enterprise in any of these provinces, but from present appearances will be prosecuted with redoubled vigour, and undoubtedly with even more success than has ever yet been attained, though these results have already been more conspicuous in these northern provinces than in other parts of China.

Missionaries throughout China are combining in a way never known before. A missionary organisation having its headquarters in Shanghai already acts as the mouthpiece of almost the entire body of Protestant missionaries now working in the eighteen provinces, and gives promise of becoming a means of focussing opinion and voicing convictions which will be more impressive, when the fact is realised that they

are the utterance of the United Protestant Church of China.

Surely the events of the sorrowful years 1900 and 1901, and the sufferings so patiently and bravely borne, may be looked upon as but the birth-pangs of a new era in China.

APPENDIX I

The Memorial Services for the Martyrs

I. T'AI-YUEN-FU

Exactly a year later than the massacre, on July 9, 1901, a party of missionaries, representing the various Missions concerned, entered T'ai-yuen-fu, at the invitation of the Governor of the province of Shan-si, and were received with every mark of respect. After paying and receiving complimentary visits to and from the officials of the city, arrangements were made for the memorial services for the martyred dead, and by the evening of July 17 everything was ready. Outside the west gate of the entrance to the Governor's Yamen, and near the place of the massacre, a large pavilion had been erected, stretching across the street. About fifty yards farther to the south-west is the Prefect's Yamen. The centre of the inner court of this Yamen had been covered with an awning, under which were arranged twenty silk banners, about twelve feet high, on which were inscribed in gilt letters the names of the Protestant martyrs, both foreign and Chinese. The officials had also prepared a number of wreaths, which were placed on wooden frames and covered with cloth.

About nine o'clock on the morning of Thursday, July 18, nine sedan chairs, each having four bearers, were brought to the place where the missionary party lodged, and in these they were carried to the Prefect's Yamen. At the Yamen they passed through a court decorated with wreaths and banners to a hall, where

they were courteously received by all the officials of the city except the Governor, who was absent, but who sent a written apology for the crimes which had been committed by Yü Hsien, which was read at the graves of the martyrs.

When all was arranged, the procession started, headed by a hundred soldiers, who had had some smattering of foreign drill, and who marched in fairly good order to the sound of drum and bugle. The officials followed in their sedan chairs, and after them came the memorial banners and wreaths. The foreigners, as chief mourners, came last, and the procession was closed by about thirty cavalry.

A halt was made at the pavilion near the Governor's Yamen, and a short service was held on the spot where the massacre took place. The missionary who conducted the service stood on a raised platform, and in front were ranged in order of rank the officials and other functionaries, and at the back of all the street was densely packed with spectators. How different the scene then to the sight many of the bystanders saw about a year before! Then the martyrs stood pale and silent in presence of their persecutors; now the officials stood silent and abashed in presence of the missionaries. The contrast was striking, and to the thoughtful must have afforded suitable food for reflection.

The service ended, the procession re-formed, and passed through the city and out of the east gate to the newly prepared cemetery, about two miles distant, where the remains of the martyrs had been buried. It took the procession nearly an hour and a half to reach the spot, and on arrival the foot-soldiers presented arms to the sound of bugle and drum as a token of respect.

An awning had been erected in front of the cemetery gate, and there the mourners were met by the officials and ushered into an adjoining tent, where light refreshments were provided. Meanwhile, the wreaths had been deposited on the graves, and the banners arranged outside the tents, and after inspecting these, two

specially selected mandarins ascended the pavilion, and one of them read an apology for the crimes committed a year previously, written by the Governor of Shan-si with his own hand. The other officials then bowed three times towards the graves, after which one of the missionaries, in the name of all, thanked the officials for coming, and for what they had done in the way of public reparation for the great wrong committed in 1900. Finally, Shen Tao-t'ai handed over the apology written by the Governor, to be kept as a permanent record.

Representatives of the gentry then came forward and paid their respects to the mourners by making a low bow, after which the Chinese Christians gathered round the pavilion, and were addressed in suitable terms by Mr. Hoste, of the China Inland Mission.

After returning to the city, the missionaries and Major Pereira, of the Intelligence Department of the British Force in China, who accompanied the party from Peking, had an interview with the Governor in his own Yamen. After being formally introduced to His Excellency, and some refreshments partaken of, special mention was made by the Governor of the occurrences of the previous year in T'ai-yuen-fu and elsewhere, and he expressed his great regret for the crimes committed by his predecessor in office and at his instigation in other places in the province of Shan-si.

After further conversation, the guests withdrew, and were escorted to the door of the courtyard by the Governor in person.

II. HSIN-CHOU

On July 26, 1901, Messrs. Edwards, Duncan, and Creasy Smith left T'ai-yuen-fu for Hsin-chou, to hold memorial services for the martyrs of the English Baptist Mission who were massacred there in August 1900. They were escorted by troops, and received and supplied with food by the proper officials through whose juris-

diction they passed *en route*. At two places on the way they occupied rooms which the Emperor had occupied in his flight from Peking to Hsi-an-fui, and which were suitably fitted up, the roofs in yellow paper and the walls in red, and made as clean as Chinese inns will admit of in a general way.

When five miles from Hsin-chou, an official reception was prepared, attended by all the leading officials and gentry of the place. A procession was formed, and with all outward tokens of respect the party was led through the city to the house formerly occupied by Mr. McCurrach, which had been fitted up for their reception.

Of the six places formerly occupied by the martyrs in Hsin-chou, two were completely destroyed, and two looted of everything of value in them. Following the example set in the capital of the province, public funeral services were held for the eight members of the English Baptist Mission who were massacred with such brutality in August 1900.

III. T'AI-KU HSIEN

At the city of T'ai-Ku were buried the remains of eighteen British, American, and Swedish missionaries, who were formerly located at T'ai-Ku, Fen-chou-fu, and Hsiao-I. They were publicly interred in a garden, which was previously the property of one of the leading Boxers of the place, but which was confiscated to the public use to which it has now been put. This was done at the suggestion of Dr. Atwood, of the American Board Mission, who thought that this grove-lined garden would make a suitable burying-ground, and at the same time be, in a small way, some reparation for the crimes and excesses committed by the Boxers.

APPENDIX II

The Relief of Native Christians in Shan-si

When the news reached Chefoo in December 1900 that the native Christians in the province of Shan-si were in dire distress, a profound impression was created. This was owing to the letter received from Mr. Graham M'Kie, of the China Inland Mission, who was then in P'ing-yang-fu, he being with his party the last survivors of the missionaries in that province. The letter stated that the Christians were wandering about without homes, worse than beggars, as, owing to the anti-Christian proclamations issued by the Governor of Shan-si, Yü Hsien, and his successor in that office, named Hsi Liang, and his subordinates, no one dared show them any kindness or minister to their necessities. The letter also stated that, unless help was soon received, many must perish of starvation.

When the missionaries in Chefoo, who with refugee missionaries from other parts formed a considerable body, had time to consider the matter, it was decided to form a committee to devise means to help the Christians in their distress. This committee consisted of—Rev. H. Corbett and Dr. James Boyd Neal, of the American Presbyterian Mission; Dr. G. W. Guinness and Mr. E. Tomalin, of the China Inland Mission; Rev. S. B. Drake and Mr. R. C. Forsyth, of the English Baptist Mission. This committee appointed Dr. Corbett chairman, and Mr. Forsyth secretary, and met promptly to discuss plans.

After much earnest thought and prayer, the conclusion was forced upon the committee that, in the absence of any missionary in Shan-si (Mr. M'Kie, of course, expecting to leave soon), and the uncertainty and danger of placing sums of money in the hands of messengers, the only alternative seemed to be to approach the Chinese authorities, through the Powers

then assembled in Peking, and get pressure brought to bear on the Governor of Shan-si to render such help as was needed. After some negotiation, it was decided to entrust the matter to Dr. G. W. Guinness, and he willingly undertook the commission, himself paying all costs of travel.

The plan decided upon was to enlist the sympathies of Dr. Morrison, the *Times* correspondent in Peking, who was a personal friend of a member of the committee, and through him get the British Legation to take the matter up. Dr. Guinness, after a very trying journey in the depth of winter, reached Tien-tsin, *viâ* Shan-hai-kuan, and together with Mr. Mills of the same Mission, stationed in Tien-tsin, proceeded to the capital. The following extracts from the British Blue Books on China will describe the result:[1]—

'On January 16, 1901, a deputation of the China Inland Mission, consisting of Dr. G. W. Guinness and Rev. Dennis J. Mills, called at this Legation, and represented to Mr. Tower, that in the province of Shan-si some two thousand to four thousand native Christians belonging to the China Inland Mission, the American Board Mission, and the English Baptist Mission, were in a state of extreme destitution and misery, and in danger of starvation. They stated that this information had reached them from Mr. M'Kie, Mrs. Ogren, Miss Way, and Miss Chapman, who were still at P'ing-yang, and that food and clothing were being withheld from them by the provincial authorities on account of their professing the Christian faith.

'It being impossible, in the present unsettled condition of the province, for direct relief to be afforded by Mission establishments here or at Tien-tsin, or for the transmission of funds for distribution on the spot, I immediately addressed a communication to Prince Ch'ing and Li Hung Chang, recounting the information which I have received, and urgently pressed them to

[1] See Blue Book, China, No. 6, 1901, page 125.

cause telegraphic instructions to be addressed to the Governor, Hsi Liang, that these Chinese subjects should be properly protected, the same treatment being meted out to them as to other Chinese in the province. I based my representations upon Article VIII.[1] of the Treaty of 1858 and other Treaty provisions, as well as on the score of common humanity.

'I received an immediate reply on the 18th inst., to the effect that a telegram had been despatched to the Governor in the sense desired by me. The United States Minister, Mr. Conger; the French Minister, M. Pichon; the Italian Minister, Marquis Salvago; the German Minister, Herr von Mumm, addressed identical notes to the Chinese Plenipotentiaries on behalf of their converts in the province of Shan-si.

'I have communicated to Dr. Guinness and Mr. Mills the steps which I have taken on their representations, and I enclose herewith copy of their acknowledgment of my action. (Signed) ERNEST SATOW.'

The following letter was sent by Sir E. Satow to Prince Ch'ing and Li Hung Chang:—

'PEKING, *Jan.* 17, 1901.

'It has been brought to my notice that in the province of Shan-si there are several thousands of native Christians in a state of extreme destitution, and that unless immediate relief is afforded they will inevitably perish of hunger and cold.

'That they have been reduced to such extremities is the consequence of the persecution to which they were subjected at the hands of the late Governor, Yü Hsien. They were persecuted, killed, plundered, and robbed

[1] Article VIII. of the English Treaty of 1858 reads thus:—'The Christian religion as professed by Protestants or Roman Catholics inculcates the practice of virtue, and teaches man to do as he would be done by. Persons teaching it or professing it, therefore, shall alike be entitled to the protection of the Chinese authorities, nor shall any such peaceably pursuing their calling and not offending against the laws be persecuted or interfered with.'

because they were Christians; and because they are Christians, such as have survived find it impossible to procure relief. They are, I am told, not even allowed to ask for alms.

'It is needless for me to remind your Highness and your Excellency of the Treaty provisions regarding the obligations of China to protect all professing Christianity who suffer solely because they profess the religions of the West; and that His Majesty the Emperor is not unmindful of this fact is evidenced by the Imperial Decree of December 23, 1900, wherein His Excellency Hsi Liang is instructed to afford due protection to missionaries and converts.

'From the information which has reached me, I am, however, convinced that the protection by itself is insufficient to relieve the distress of the native Christians; they stand in immediate need of food and clothing.

'They are all the children of His Majesty the Emperor, and as such entitled to his protecting care, and I feel certain that His Majesty would never allow them to die by the roadside, could steps be taken to prevent such a calamity.

'My object in addressing you, therefore, is to ask you to be good enough to telegraph to T'ai-Yuan, and suggest to the Governor of Shan-si that he should at once institute some satisfactory system of relief whereby the lives of these poor people may be saved before it is too late.

'There should be no distinction of creed or biassed discrimination; the question is one of saving life, the importance of which duty is recognised by all laws of humanity, and by all who have to safeguard the welfare of the people. His Excellency the Governor of Shantung has, I believe, most promptly and effectively afforded such relief as was found necessary in the province under his jurisdiction, and it is manifestly unjust that the boundaries of a province should form a dividing line between life and death.

'I trust, therefore, that you will see fit to telegraph

in this sense to T'ai-Yuan, and if necessary support your suggestion by a telegraphic memorial to the Throne, asking that instructions be issued in this sense.—Awaiting your reply, etc.'

On January 18, 1901, Dr. Guinness wrote to Mr. Tower from Peking the following letter:—

'DEAR MR. TOWER,—It is with true thankfulness that I have read your letter conveying the news that Prince Ch'ing and Li Hung Chang have telegraphed the Governor of Shan-si in the sense agreed upon at our interview with yourself. There is every reason now to hope that adequate help will be given, is there not?

'Sir Ernest Satow and yourself have been to no little trouble to help those who are far away and cannot express their gratitude, but you have the knowledge that "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me," and this cannot but bring you deep satisfaction.'

It is only necessary to add that, although the announcement was received with incredulous surprise by some, yet from letters which were sent by the native Christians in T'ai-yuen-fu to their friends at the coast, the Governor of Shan-si, Hsi Liang, was compelled, owing to the instructions received from Prince Ch'ing and Li Hung Chang, to give substantial relief to the native Christians, thus completely reversing his own previous policy, and giving the poor Christians not only a respite from suffering, but also favour in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen.

The following letter, which was received by Dr. Guinness from Reginald Tower, Esq., Secretary of the British Legation, Peking, dated February 3, 1901, will show what was done by the Governor of Shan-si in response to the instructions sent him:—

'DEAR DR. GUINNESS,—With reference to our con-

versation while you were in Peking, it will be of interest to you to read the following telegram which has been addressed by the Governor of Shan-si on January 31 last to Prince Ch'ing and Li Hung Chang, in reply to their instructions to His Excellency to afford relief to missionaries and Christian converts.

'The Governor has "long ago" (?) issued repeated instructions that measures for the relief of the converts throughout the province should be energetically and efficiently carried out. The places which have already reported the action taken in obedience to those instructions are: Yang-ch'u, T'ai-ku, Hsu Kow, Chiang-chou, Kuei-hua, and Feng-chen.

'The population is most numerous in the chief district (*i.e.* Yang-ch'u), and the difficulties of investigation are also the greatest there. In the city and suburbs there are altogether over six thousand Roman Catholics and Protestants, while in the other places the numbers vary from under a hundred to seven or eight hundred.

'The methods of relief are sometimes to give money and sometimes give money and grain. In famine-stricken districts there is special exemption from taxation and special grants of relief. The converts are never suffered to be homeless ; if their property has been seized, inquiries are made and restitution effected. As regards distressed missionaries, the local authorities in the province have relieved them either by paying out of their own pockets, or by advancing money on loan.

'The British missionaries at P'ing-yang, M'Kie and others, six in all, who started last month for Hankow, were given two thousand taels (say £300 or $1500 gold), and were escorted by the district magistrate, Ch'eng Shou-t'ai, and one hundred soldiers. Within the last few days the Italian missionaries at Huan-chen and others returning to Peking were presented with five hundred taels (say £75 sterling, $375 gold), and a district magistrate, Pan-Li-yen, was also deputed to escort them safely northwards with a detachment of

troops. All the expenses of these journeys were defrayed from the revenue of the province.

'All these are true facts, showing the action that is being taken. If there are any officials who do not do their duty in the matter, they will, of course, be removed and denounced.'

It will be seen from this letter that much stress is laid on what *has already been done*, especially towards the foreigners; but nothing would have been done for the latter unless by the representations of Sir Ernest Satow, as the Blue Books inform us, on action taken by him in November 1900; and it is equally certain that nothing was thought of the *Christian* natives before this movement was made, which compelled attention to their needs, and forced the authorities to act in an adequate manner in supplying their wants.

APPENDIX III

The Punishment of Officials concerned in the Massacres

I. THE CHU-CHOU MASSACRES

The execution of fourteen persons connected with the murder of missionaries in and around Chu-chou last year took place at Hangchow, on August 25, 1901. The following is a condensed report of the proceedings from a reliable eye-witness of the events. He says:

'Captain Chou, the commander of the garrison in Chu-chou last year, was to be beheaded in the Prefect's Yamen. A great crowd had gathered, and the flags and other paraphernalia were in evidence at the outer hall, for the criminal himself, being of official rank, had to worship towards the north (towards the Emperor)

At the prison gate the prisoner's son and grandson stood weeping, having been refused entrance by the jailer to see him for the last time.

'Presently the provincial treasurer and judge arrived, and were announced by the great drum being struck three times. The officials when seated called for the prisoner, and the runners brought him in. He came on foot, escorted by soldiers. He was clothed in black, wearing boots, but no hat. He was short, stout, white-haired, growing bald, apparently about fifty years of age. He was offered wine, which he declined, and remained silent.

'According to the rule for criminals of rank, he now knelt and worshipped towards the north, to thank the Emperor for his will. The crowd was increasing. Strong men pulled the criminal away, and thrust him into an old topless sedan chair, and carried him to the execution ground outside the Ts'ing-p'o gate. About a thousand soldiers and probably ten thousand spectators accompanied them. Going out of the city, the criminal was in front and the provincial judge behind. Some ten steps from the gate three bamboo sheds had been erected, the central one being for the tablet containing the Imperial decree of decapitation. As the doomed man came in view of the tablet, he sighed deeply, stroked his beard, seated himself on the ground, and said to the executioner, "Finish it up well." His hands were placed behind his back, and with two strokes the head was severed from the body. When all was over, the head was sewn on to the body, put in a coffin, and carried off by the members of his family.'

II. EXECUTIONS AT HANGCHOW

'Early on the morning of September 8, 1901, five civil officials and two military officers assembled in the Governor's Yamen at Hangchow to conduct the proceedings connected with the execution of thirteen criminals connected with the massacres of the preceding

year. The drum having notified their arrival, the four superior officials bowed the Governor into his seat. Then, as it was yet dark, the place became suddenly bright with torches and lanterns. The Governor's deputy called for the tablets with the prisoners' names, which the Governor marked with a vermilion pen. The prisoners were named Ch'eng-kuei-seng, Ts'ui-yuan-h'ao, Chou-ta-ts'ing, Ch'eng-lao-wu, Chou-siao-keng, Tsiang-yung-lu, Hsu-chang-kow, Wang-chung-kuei, Li-chang-keng, Ch'eng-mo-tz, Lao-fan, Ch'en-yung-chi, and Shao-king-yung.

'The prisoners were brought into the hall in cages, and some were heard protesting their innocence, and one young man standing in the hall appealed for his relative's life, but was pushed aside. Suddenly the order was shouted out, "On with them," and as day was breaking they were hurried out of the gate, and seated in order on the ground. At the sound of a gun, the executioner came forward and proceeded to decapitate the prisoners one by one till all were beheaded. An officer wearing red garments and a red hat held aloft in both hands the Imperial tablet ordering the execution.

'Some of the prisoners, before execution, seemed full of impudent boldness, four or five kept silent, while one wept. The hardiest of all was Ch'eng-lao-wu, and the bystanders wasted no pity on him and some of his associates, saying they were not good men, and came to the end they deserved. It seemed clear that so far the people are persuaded that the right persons are punished. Their sense of justice rises above any ill feeling against the foreigner.'

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